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Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1980

BLONDIE:
SEX SYMBOL OF THE 80s

DON DUNSTAN ON BISEXUALITY
PLUS MAX HARRIS ON PRIVACY

TAKING A DIVE:
THE NEW SEX REJUVENATOR

ALAN RENOUF:
FRASER'S RUSSIAN FAILURE

MARK RICHARDS
SURF'S NEW KING

PETER BROCK
A CANDID INTERVIEW

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Australian
PENTHOUSE®
The International Magazine for Australian Men/April 1980

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The Art of Loving

The Hawke Enigma

Hawaii's Big Wave Battleground

Manipulating the Media

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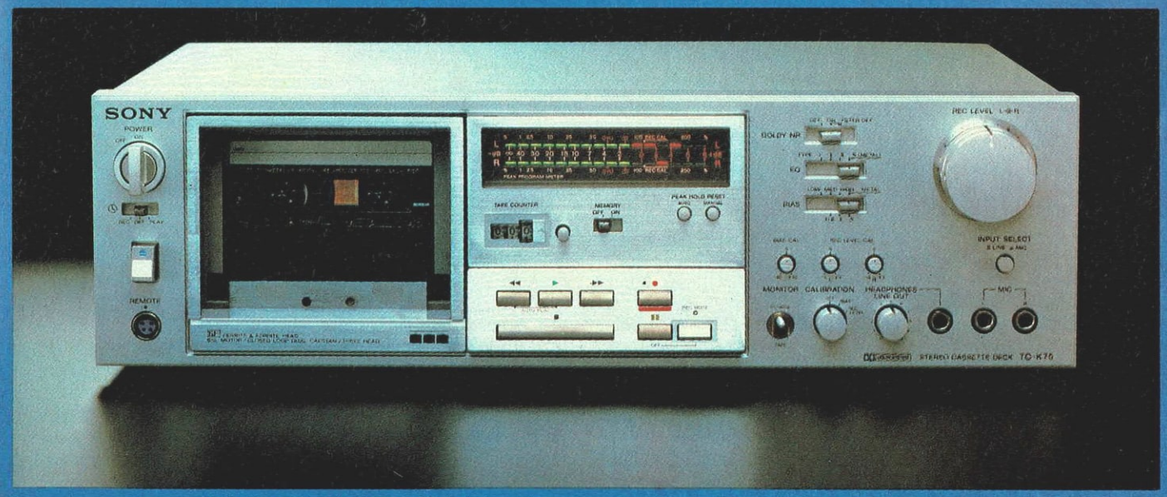

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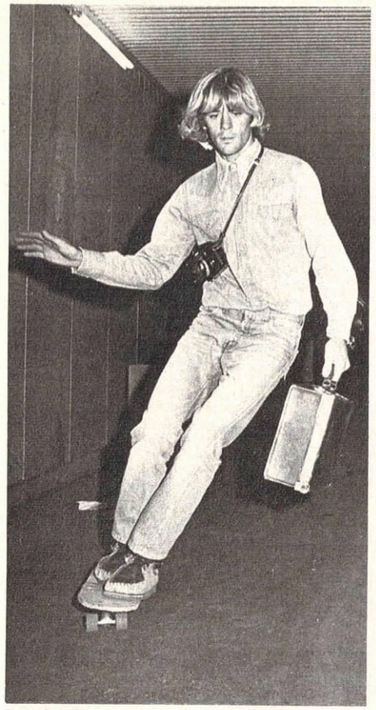
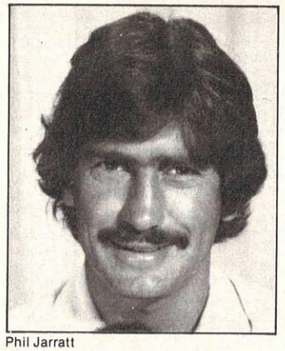
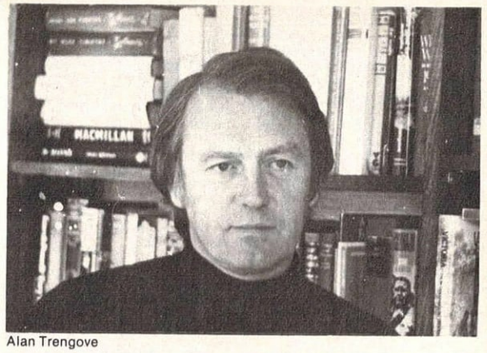


Peter Crawford



Phil Jarratt



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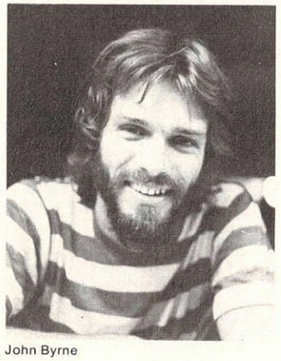
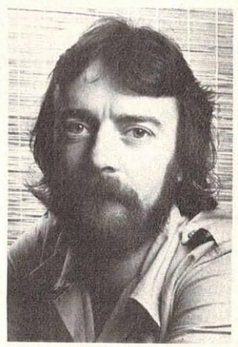


John Byrne

Max Teichmann



Danny Burke

HOUSECALL

The issue of privacy is one which has been the subject of increasing debate in Australia during the past decade. The discussion is not likely to lapse during the Eighties, particularly as draft proposals for the enshrinement through legislation of privacy rules have been put forward by the Australian Law Reform Commission. This magazine is guided by the philosophy that the individual is paramount, and individuals may choose to live out their lives in any way they please, so long as their actions do not cause hurt or harm to others. This freedom, of course, covers an individuals' sexuality — he or she should be free to choose to partake in any or all forms of sexual expression (short of those which cause violent abuse of others) without comment or condemnation. On this basis the book *It's Grossly Improper* (Wenan Pty Ltd) is, as **Max Harris** says on Page 34, grossly improper itself. But the book raises other questions as it make a series of allegations about the personal life of former South Australian Premier **Don Dunstan** and it it is to these questions both Harris and Dunstan himself address themselves in this issue.

Our cover this month is Debbie Harry, who is quick to remind everyone she is *not* Blondie. Blondie is the name of the group with which she sings — a group which combines Debbie's sex and sass with its punkish music style to emerge in the Eighties as the hottest rock 'n' roll band in the world. **Debra Rae Cohen** profiles Debbie (Page 40) in this *Penthouse* special.

This month, as summer sport gives way to the winter codes, we have a strong sporting flavor, covering cricket, tennis and surfing. **Noel Carstairs** profiles Trevor Chappell (Page 90), the other brother who played the best season of his career but still failed to get a Test berth. The outstanding art is by **Danny Burke. Phil Jarratt** went to Hawaii in December to cover the world surfing championships. It was his fourth visit to the North Shore, famous for its big waves and bad vibes directed by the locals at interlopers from across the Pacific. But, as Jarratt reports on Page 94, the Aussies had it all over the competition, taking the top three places in the world ratings. **Peter Crawford**, one of the world's most committed and top surf photographers, took the pictures. And on Page 138, **Alan Trengove** confronted the question: what's wrong with Australian tennis? We used to produce the world's best. Now we are very much an also-ran nation.

Sport of another kind is the subject of **Ann Beveridge's** report on a remarkable new medical discovery on Page 118. Ann travelled 60,000 miles to ferret out the secrets of eternal youth and wrote the book *The Road to Shangri-La*. On her way she uncovered the strange and wonderful side-effects of hyperbaric medicine. Doctors who operated on patients in high-pressure simulated underwater depth chambers reported a remarkable increase in their libidos. And now special depth chambers are being constructed for jaded businessmen to give the term "taking a dive" new meaning. The art is by **Greg Somers.**

Australian Penthouse regular **Max Newton** makes another appearance this issue probing what really goes on behind the scenes of the nation's news media. Newton says (Page 124) it is becoming increasingly fashionable in these days of media takeovers and corporate shakeouts to bewail the monopolisation of the media and to shudder at its supposed manipulative power. But the truth of the matter is that the media is more open to manipulation than those who read/watch/listen to it. All you need is to know how. Bob Hawke is one who knows, and as **Max Teichmann**, senior lecturer in politics at Monash University (making his second appearance in *Australian Penthouse* on Page 58) says, Hawke is a product of the media. The striking art is by **John Byrne.**

On top of all this, so to speak, we have a caressable line-up of Pets — **Cherie Marsh** (Page 69), another delightful lass from Queensland's Gold Coast, is our Pet of the Month; **Roxanne** (of the Riots) represents Sydney (Page 49), and from America we present the stunning pictorial the *Art of Loving* (Page 101).

Finally, with this issue we are able to confirm that *Australian Penthouse* is firmly in front as Australia's best-selling men's magazine. Final figures show the average sales of our first three issues was in excess of 258,000. Most recent audited sales of Australian Playboy are 234,400.

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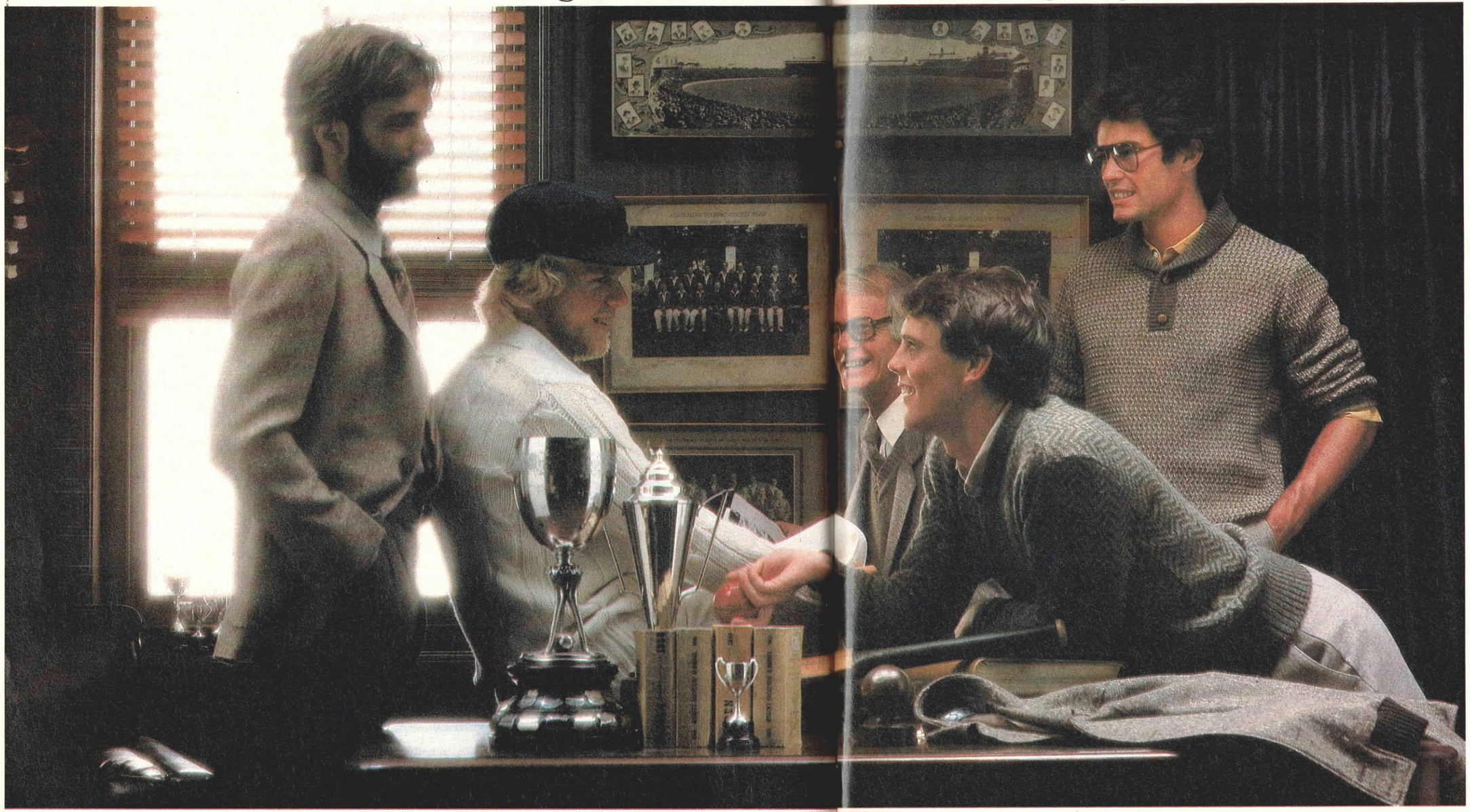

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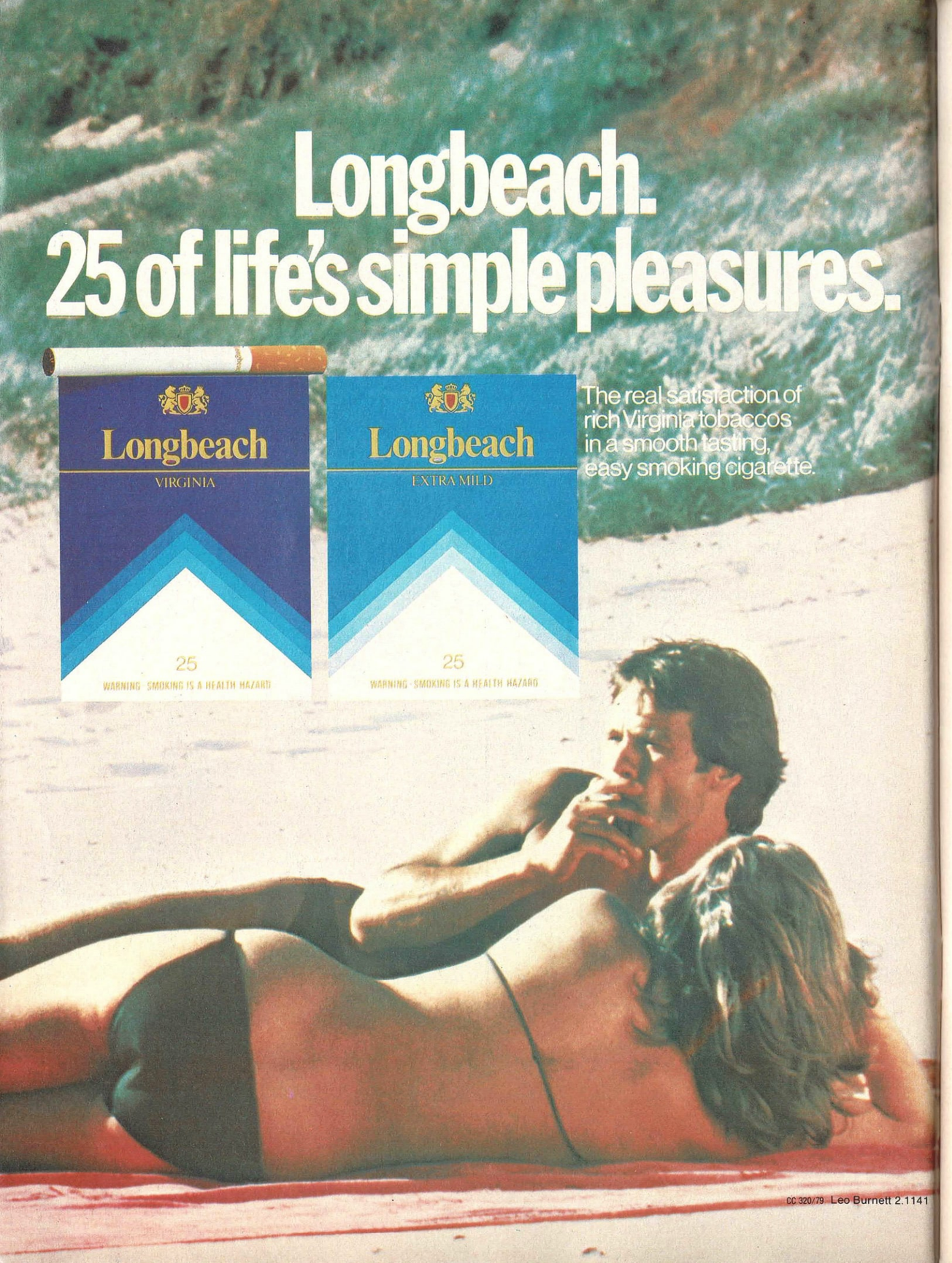

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Lights, camera, action

It was not until this past year that I was able to share an experience like the ones which appear in your pages.

As a member of a university entertainment committee, I had responsibility for many aspects of an upcoming rock concert. The days before the event were exhausting and hectic. Finally, on the night of the concert, as the band took to the stage, the house lights went dim and I could finally relax. I thoroughly enjoyed the show, especially from my perch behind the stage.

A young, nubile lass had found the conventional seating arrangements a bit too crowded and was trying to convince me to allow her to watch the concert from my vantage point. Being a bit worn out and in admiration of her healthy lungs, I agreed.

Because of the stage lights, my perch was in the dark and unseen by the crowd. As the girl and I began to enjoy the concert, we found ourselves in a mutually appreciative hug. She went groping at my thigh, and my arm went from her shoulder to her full chest.

When she moaned, I slid my hands under her tight jumper until I found her plump breasts.

Meanwhile, she had freed my member and was stroking away. I had her full breasts exposed at this point, and in the darkness I began to undo her jeans.

She broke away long enough to shed her jeans and bikini panties and I hastily slid my pants to my ankles. She continued to work my rod with her hands and then lowered her lips to it.

By this time, the combined surge of the live music and the young lady's technique nearly drove me into sensory overload. But I maintained my cool long enough to position my head between her warm thighs.

We brought ourselves to a frenzied climax, but neither she nor I was satiated. With her tongue she teased me until I was erect again, and pushing me on to my back, she proceeded to straddle her moist lovebox above my hips. She lowered herself and began gyrating her hips as I kneaded her breasts.

It was at the height of a particularly hot guitar solo that I felt myself come. She came shortly thereafter in an equally satisfying manner. We eventually collected ourselves, got dressed, and enjoyed the remainder of the best concert the university has ever had. — *T.J., Sydney, NSW.*

Lingerie unlimited

My wife is a very beautiful lady, physically and mentally. We are very much in tune with each other, and so our sexual life is great. One of the things that attracts me most about her is that she is always seeking ways to look better.

She is aware that how she looks affects our sexual pleasure. Not only does she arouse me, but I can also see she gets equally excited.

Lately, she has been wearing very pretty and sexy underwear, so for her birthday I decided to get some very expensive fashion lingerie for her.

More often than not we went shopping together for clothes, even for her underwear. I always felt a bit uncomfortable in those lingerie departments and would wait for her in the men's section. When I decided to surprise her with some lingerie, I knew it would be a trying experience.

I chose the most expensive women's shop in the city and proceeded to the lingerie section. Instead of fingering the displayed merchandise, I thought it best to ask for help.

Behind the counter stood two gorgeous females. This was going to be harder than I thought! I asked the blonde for help while the brunette waited on someone else.

This girl had a body as good as my wife's. I was getting a hard on as I stammered something about a gift for my wife.

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APRIL

She sensed my embarrassment in talking about such private things, and she was easy on me.

I told her I was interested in a camisole, a few bras and panties. She commented on my generosity, and I said my wife deserved the gifts.

She also gave me a look that almost made my cock burst through my pants. She asked me for my wife's size, and then she said: "That's a coincidence — I am the same size." To that I said, "I wouldn't doubt it" leering right back at her.

Since I wanted to get the best, she led me back to a separate more private room. She explained that this was where their preferred customers came to look and get fitted. I joked that I didn't think I would need a fitting.

The blonde left for a while as I looked around. Everything was so beautiful and sinfully sexy. I picked out some things that I liked and was about to pay for them at the counter when the blonde returned. The brunette was with her. Katie (the blonde) said, "We are alone now. No one will bother us," closing the door behind her.

So here I was, alone in a private room with two gorgeous girls. Thoughts of infidelity raced through my mind, and judging from the looks I was getting, these girls didn't exactly find me unattractive. Katie said: "I see you've picked out something. You know, there's a store policy that lingerie can't be returned. So I suggest you make sure of the size." I said I was sure, but she ignored me, saying, "Since I'm the same size, I'll try them on, and we'll be sure." I said okay, figuring she would go to a fitting room. Instead — and I couldn't believe this — she started slipping her wraparound off. With her skirt around her ankles, she started unbuttoning her blouse.

Meanwhile, Judy (the other girl) stood and watched, smiling. Katie said: "Why don't you get her something like this?" She was wearing this stunning petticoat with a deep neckline and transparent lace bodice. My hand unconsciously went to my dick, stroking it. I didn't know what to do, but I wasn't leaving before I enjoyed one of these women.

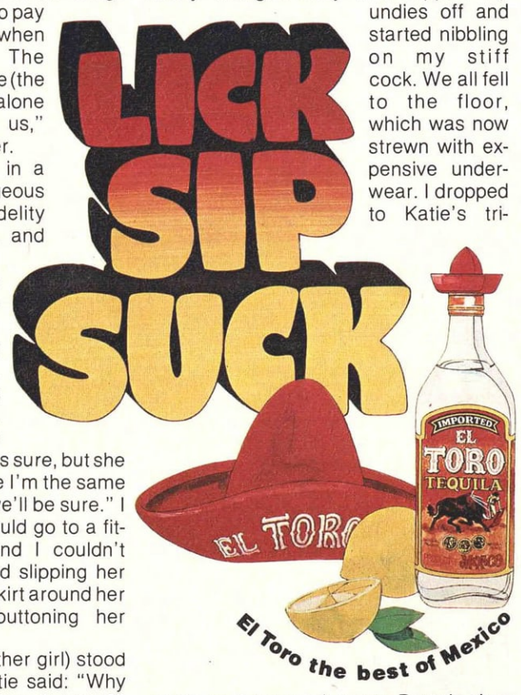
Katie started unzipping Judy's dress, and soon she, too, stood before me in her underwear. She wore a bra and panties, but they were lace and very brief. Judy's body was slimmer, but her tits were mesmerising.

Katie took the lingerie I had chosen and some more off the racks and went behind a dressing screen. I couldn't wait for her to return.

Meanwhile Judy sat next to me, telling me to relax because all their favorite customers "get the best service". She rubbed my cock as she talked and it was difficult to keep my hands off her. At last Katie came out from behind the screen, dressed in the camisole and panties I had chosen. She said: "They fit perfectly. It always pays to make sure." Judy changed into some different panties to show them off, but Katie had to make sure they were "the right size".

I had taken off my jacket and tie by then. Katie didn't bother with the screen anymore — she changed right in front of me.

She told me to help her take off her underthings and put on something different. As I was about to do this, Judy undid my pants and pulled them off. I tore off my shirt and started kissing the naked Katie and working my way down to her lovely triangle. Judy had slipped my undies off and started nibbling on my stiff cock. We all fell to the floor, which was now strewn with expensive underwear. I dropped to Katie's tri-



angle and tongued away. By this time Judy had brought me off, so I switched to Judy, fingering her as Katie sucked me. I guess she reminded me of my wife.

She came more than once as I entered her, and as I pumped, Judy's breasts filled my mouth. She was straddled across Katie's mouth so Katie could enjoy her.

Judy's breasts were remarkable. Once I saw them, I couldn't take my eyes off them.

Despite their size (36C), they didn't need a bra. They were lily-white, soft, perfectly rounded mounds. One could not resist tracing their high-riding curves, and that's just what I did. Her nipples were large and standing up proudly, and she loved it as I gently bit them. We hugged each other afterwards, and I savored the feeling of her hard nipples and warm, fleshy mounds pressing into my chest. Her gentleness was most attractive. I could have held her for hours. I felt I could fall in love with her very easily.

Meanwhile Katie was caressing either one of us as we carried on. Occasionally, I would kiss her deeply. Her tongue was acrobatic. I could not believe this was happening to me. It was all so dreamlike. I would've done anything with or for them if they asked.

This went on for quite a while as we tried every combination. I was so sexually high I can't remember all the details. The girls got it on alone, too, as I watched. There something about one girl fondling another girl's breasts. They seem to enjoy it much more.

Exhausted, we all retired to the bathroom, where we washed one another. I helped dress each of them afterward. Even this was a turnon — to pull on their lingerie.

After I gave my wife the gifts, which she loved, I told her the whole story. She was so turned on that she did her own version, trying on all the underwear. She forbade me to touch her until she finished. We had our best love session that night. You can bet I won't ever again be shy about buying lingerie. — *S.C., Cremorne, NSW.*

Extra, extra

I am a 21-year-old woman and I would like to relate to you an experience that I had during this past summer.

My sister, a year and a half older than I, married a man from a wealthy family a year ago and moved to a very flash suburb.

This summer she and her husband went to Europe for two months, and they asked me whether I'd like to look after the house while they were away. I loved the thought of having the house all to myself for the summer; so I jumped at the chance.

My sister met me at the airport and drove me back to the house, where she showed me all the things I'd have to know during the summer. While her husband was at work, we put on our bikinis and went for a swim in the pool in the secluded backyard.

At about three, the paper boy came to the door to collect the paper money. My sister smiled at me and said: "I drive this poor kid crazy." I saw what she meant.

She met him at the door in her wet, clingy bikini (which didn't really cover too much of her). She told the paper boy that she'd be away for the summer, but that I'd be watching the house, and that he should continue delivering the paper.

I had put on a towelling robe and said that if there was no answer when he rang the bell, he should come around to the back of the house because I'd probably be around the pool. She went to get her purse to get the two dollars to pay him, and she "accidentally" let the money fall to the floor when she got back. The kid bent down to pick it up, but she bent down, too, and really let him have an eyeful of her breasts.

She handed him the money and smiled; I could see him getting hard in his pants as he turned to walk away. He was about 18 or 19 and really a good-looking kid. I then decided that maybe I'd play around with him during the summer.

The next week I was swimming in the pool, wearing a skimpy bikini bottom and a T-shirt, when he came around to the pool; he said that there had been no answer when he rang the bell. I slowly and seductively got out of the pool, the wet fabric clinging to me so that he had a really good view of my breasts.

I thought his eyes were going to pop out of his head when I saw him staring at my tits. I decided that I'd really tease him so I walked into the house, and he followed, staring at me the whole time. I pretended that I didn't know where my purse was; so he followed me through the house. I knew what was on his mind and we walked from room to room, and I finally found my purse on the television in the den.

I opened it, facing him, and bent over to look through it, letting him feast his eyes on my body. I was starting to get a little turned on. I found the two dollars and looked at him to give it to him, but he was staring straight at my tits.

I looked down and saw his bulge, and I had to muster up a lot of courage then, but I grabbed the bottom of the T-shirt and, with one swift motion, pulled it over my head and threw it on the floor. He looked at me and then stared back at my tits, and I put my arms around him and kissed him.

He put his hands on my tits and started to fondle them. I was really getting turned on by the whole scene — standing there kissing a man younger than me, with his hands on my tits, his tongue in my mouth, and I didn't even know his name!

I started rubbing my thigh against him, and I was moaning loudly. He dropped his hands to my bikini bottom and quickly stripped it off me, and I was completely nude in front of him.

I broke the contact between our bodies long enough to take his shirt off him. He kicked off his sneakers and then pulled off his underwear.

I flung myself at him, both of us falling to the floor. He began to suck my tits, and I went crazy as he flicked his tongue over my nipples. I stroked him with my hand.

He rolled me on to my back and I spread my legs wide apart and guided him into me, gasping when he entered. I wrapped my arms and legs around him, shoving my tongue into his mouth and meeting every thrust of his with a thrust of my own. Soon I felt an incredible orgasm building up inside me, more intense than I'd ever felt before. I'd never been this horny in my entire life. Just as I felt myself ready to come, he started moving violently, grunting. "I'm coming . . . I'm coming!" Hearing him say that really intensified my orgasm. I grabbed him, dug my nails into his back, and screamed.

My orgasm must have lasted for a full minute while I moaned, grunted, and screamed in ecstasy. When it finished, I relaxed, drained, and slumped into a lifeless state. I fell asleep, and when I awoke half an hour later, he was gone. He had left a note on my stomach. It said: "Thank you."

The next week I was lying on a blanket in the backyard, completely nude, when he walked into the yard. He was already hard, and I met him with a kiss, took his hand, led him into the house. We screwed again.

We screwed at least three times a week for the rest of the summer, and I became the sexy, tempting woman I'd always fantasised about being but never had the nerve to be.

It's over now, at least for a while. I told my sister what had happened when she came home, and she said that she had thought of seducing him for a long time but never had the nerve. She and her husband are planning to go to Europe again next summer. I can't wait. — *Name and address withheld.*

"Maid" to order

I am a uni student and I have had my share of sexual experiences, but last year I had an experience that most people only dream about.

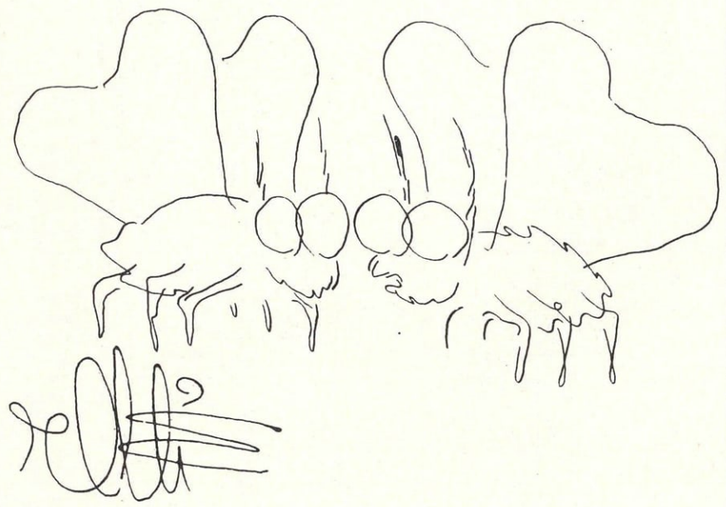
It was the last day of classes before the Christmas break. My ride home wasn't leaving until later that evening; so I thought a hot shower would refresh me for the long ride ahead. Little did I know how right I would be!

I was lathering my head with shampoo when I heard the bathroom door open and close. This surprised me because I knew that the other students who live in our boarding house had already left for home.

I recognised the voice as that of the maid informing me that she was just going to give the floor a quick scrub before going home. I paid no further attention and continued with my shower.

However, as the sound of her scrubbing came nearer to my shower recess, I found my thoughts drifting back to her. She was young, in her mid-twenties, with a slim, attractive figure. She had a small bum, and her breasts filled her smock nicely.

When I thought that I heard her leave I turned off the shower and reached for my towel on the hook. I was surprised to find



"That's the trouble with being a 'gay moth', Bernie. You spend most of your life trying to get into *the closet."*

that it was gone, and then I noticed the maid sitting in the far corner of the bathroom, clad in only her panties and my towel, which was wrapped around her top. In a sexy voice, she told me to come and get my towel if I wanted it.

Not needing any more encouraging, I lunged after her. She avoided me the first time, but I caught up with her and she pulled me into the shower stall and turned the warm spray on.

I kissed her and our tongues darted in and out. She reached down and grabbed my now erect organ and took me in her mouth, and she sucked me until I came.

As we collapsed on the floor, I began to squeeze her breasts which glistened in the shower, and her nipples became erect as I pulled and squeezed them.

She moaned softly as I played with her tits while at the same time inserting my finger into her. She started to moan louder and louder as my fingers teased her. By now my prick, again on the rise, was offering to replace my fingers. She readily agreed to my suggestion that we continue this in my room; so we gathered up our belongings.

In moments we were deeply involved in hot lovemaking. She obviously knew what to do in a bedroom, and soon I was nearing an explosion. The mighty orgasm sent us both rocking. Before long we fell asleep in each other's arms.

I woke up an hour later, and my partner soon woke to my caressing hands. With less than an hour to go before my ride was to come, we took a shower together, doing nothing more than playful petting. We got into our clothes and went our separate ways.

She sure *maid* my day! — *Name and address withheld.*

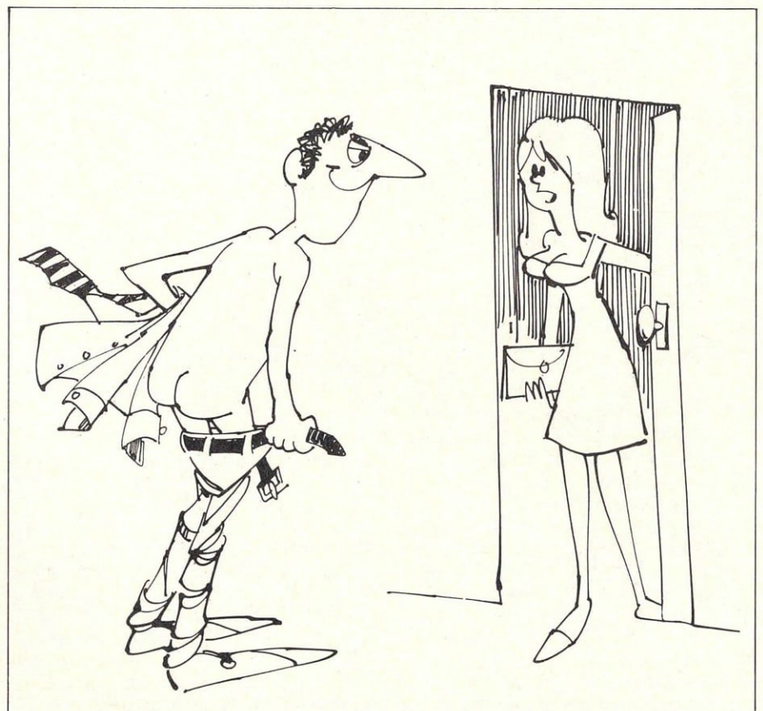
Farmer's wife

Living in a small town, I never thought that I would even encounter anything out of the norm as far as my own sex life is concerned. The women around here are still somewhat dull and puritanical, sexually speaking, even in this day and age.

Being single and very much a loner, I am not overly choosy, but I find possessive girls to be a nuisance and avoid them religiously. Therefore I must get my rocks off by either masturbation or infrequent one-night stands, usually with unattractive single girls.

But something happened to me not long ago that changed all that and has made me a much happier person.

Until recently I had been working for a chemical distributor, delivering fertilisers to many of the farm supply stores. I met a lot of people in my work, mostly farmers and other truck drivers. But one person whom I met — a beautiful 35-year-old woman, whom I will call Connie — did things with me that I thought I would never be lucky enough to experience.



"It's been such a lovely evening, let's not spoil it now."

Connie's husband is a successful farmer who buys his chemicals directly from the warehouse (because he also runs a crop-dusting business on the side). I became informally acquainted with Connie through my deliveries to her husband.

One Friday I was on my way to make my last delivery of the day. It was to Connie's husband. I always liked to make deliveries there because Connie was nearly always hanging around and always wore something very sexy.

I watched her every chance I got unless her husband was nearby. Then I would pretend I didn't notice her.

I pulled the truck into their lane at about five o'clock. Nobody was around, and I began unloading the truck myself. When I was through, I was still alone. So I walked up to their house to get the sales slip signed.

I went to the back and knocked on the kitchen door, and it was Connie who answered the door. She was gorgeous, as usual. Her jet black hair, which she usually had in a bun, was now combed straight and hanging down her back, almost reaching her bottom.

She said, "Hi", and asked me to come inside and rest awhile. Unloading the truck all by myself had been hard, and I felt a little foolish standing there, sweating on to the floor, but the air conditioner was on and I began to cool down.

She took my clipboard from me and signed the sales slip and took her receipt, then asked me if I would like a can of soft drink. I was going to say no, but something inside me made me say yes.

She went to the refrigerator and got my drink, then put it on the table and motioned for me to sit down. I watched her like a hawk while she was doing all of this, my dick getting harder every second.

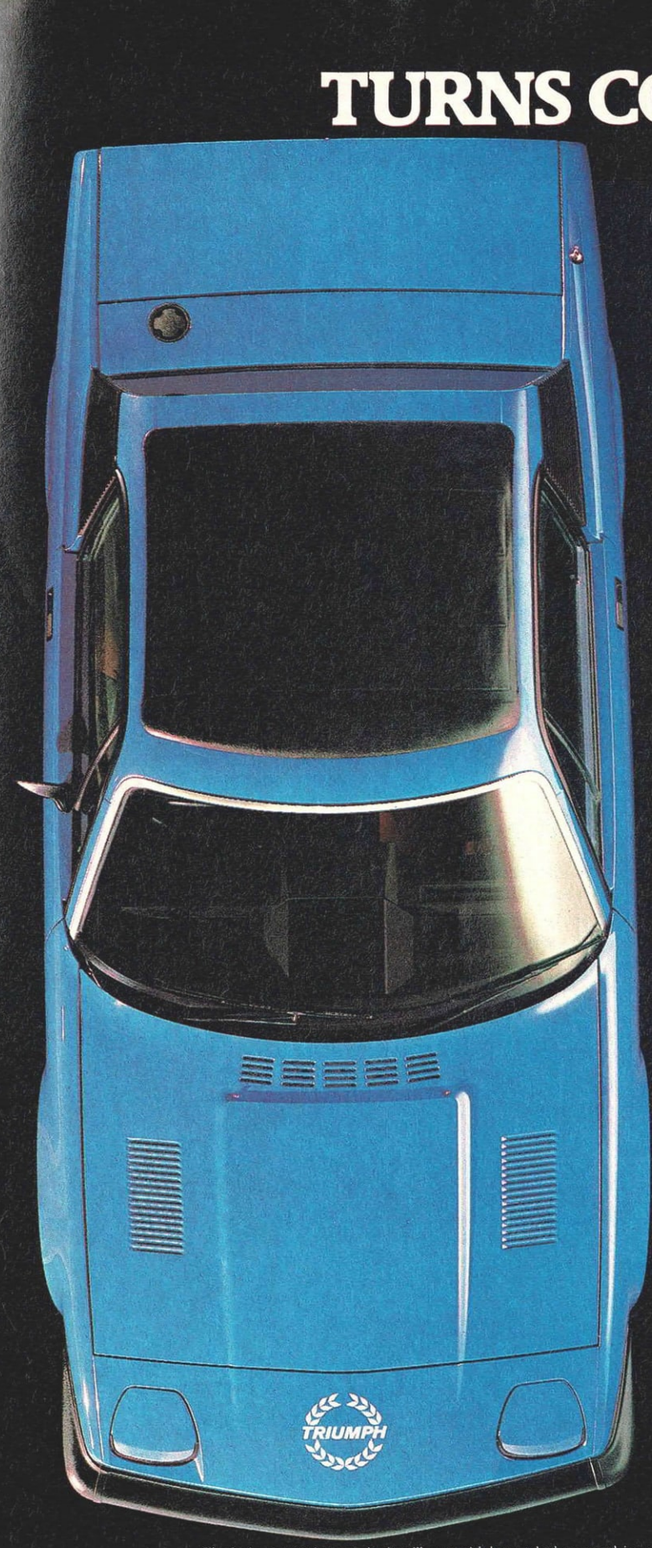
She was wearing a pair of cutoff jeans that were so short that at least a fourth of her bottom was hanging out. And in front I could see a hint of black, glossy pubic hair.

The top she was wearing had been shortened so that her breasts peeked out from the bottom. Her nipples were erect and were more than a little distinguishable through the thin material.

She had given me such a tremendous hard-on that I would have had trouble hiding it if I had not sat down at the table. While I sat drinking, I gazed at her body over the top of the can. She came closer to the table and stood about one foot in front of me.

She asked me how old I was, and I told her that I was 23. Then she started to turn around slowly and asked me how old I thought she was. I truthfully told her she looked about 27 or 28. She smiled and told me that she was 35.

Standing so close and acting so strange, she was making me feel uncomfortable. Then, out of the blue, she told



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me that she thought I was cute and asked me if I would like to screw her.

I almost creamed in my pants when she said that. I didn't know what to do. I just sat there like an idiot, holding my can of drink and not able to talk.

She told me that she had seen me staring at her and decided that I would probably like to screw her. Saying that, she began to take her clothes off right in front of me.

Being barefoot and not having any underwear on, she was soon totally naked. She said her husband was away for the weekend — there was nothing to worry about.

She took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom. All the way I just kept watching that beautiful body of hers as it moved so sensuously at every step she took.

Her milky white skin and her jet black hair made a very erotic contrast. We stood in the middle of the room, and I let Connie slowly undress me.

When she was done, she planted a wet kiss on my arse and told me to go into the bathroom and take a shower. I was covered with the smell of chemicals and was happy to clean up.

I was in the shower for about a half hour, and when I came out I got a very pleasant surprise. While I was washing, Connie had shaved her pussy as clean as a whistle. She held up a can of shaving cream and a razor and told me it was my turn. The prospect of having Connie shave me was very inviting and made my dick even harder than it already was.

I lay down on the big double bed and made myself comfortable while Connie put lather on my pubic area and proceeded to shave me. She did it very slowly, bending over every once in a while to kiss and lick the end of my cock.

Starting at her well-manicured feet and working my way up her body, I managed to cover every bit of her with my tongue. I played with her beautiful arse for a long time, kissing and caressing those silken cheeks. She was beginning to moan and was slithering on her stomach like a snake, so I slipped a finger into her. I knew it would not be long before she came and when she did we lay there for a long time, kissing and enjoying the feel of each other's body.

After a while we went down to the kitchen — still naked — to get something to eat, or so Connie said. The kitchen was very large, and the floor was covered with smooth tile and looked clean enough to eat off.

Connie rummaged through the cupboards and brought out a large bottle of cooking oil. She sat down on the floor with it, and I then realised why she had shaved us.

I lay down on the floor next to Connie and let her rub the oil over every part of my body. I was soon slick and glistening. Then it was my turn to oil Connie. I oiled her as thoroughly as she had done to me.

She was slippery and hot, and she cupped my balls in her hand as I glided my own hands up and down every inch of her slick, hot flesh. The feeling I got from doing this was sensational, and I never wanted to stop.

We slithered and swam over each other's bodies — like fighting eels — for what seemed like hours. Later I found myself between her thighs. Connie raised her legs and dangled them loosely in the air as her hands flew from her breasts to her thighs to her bottom, rubbing and squeezing herself as though she were bread dough.

She came like before; screaming and moaning. She grabbed me by the hair and pushed my face into her, pumping and grinding against my nose and chin. I never wanted to be in her more than I did right then. Connie was still recovering from her orgasm when I grabbed her hips and lifted her bottom off the floor. I was on my knees now, and I entered her and began thrusting. Her whole body rocked from the force of my thrusts.

I came. It felt as though everything in my body was shooting out of me. I felt deflated, but I also felt very good. Sex with Connie had been the best I've ever had.

After it was over, we filled the big bathtub with hot water and washed each other off. We kissed and fondled, but neither of us had another orgasm that night.

I see Connie in town every once in a while, and we say hello, but I get the feeling that she doesn't want a repeat performance of what we did. I don't pressure her, and I think she appreciates it. Maybe she is just waiting for her husband to take another trip out of town. I hope so. — *Name and address withheld.*

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Bedside manner

I'm a 24-year-old, medium-built, good-looking guy and recently I had a part-time job at a hospital working as an orderly.

One night I was working the 3 to 11pm shift, and I was getting pretty bored with the patient load. I was walking down the hall when I noticed a fairly good looking woman about 35 or 40 years old watching television. I thought I would go in and talk with her until it was time to go home.

I entered and casually asked her what she was watching. She said she really wasn't paying much attention. At the same time I noticed the gown she was wearing exposed most of her small but firm tits. I thought to myself that this was going to be a nice visit as I have always enjoyed women who exposed their bodies slightly.

We began to talk about what she was in for, and I learned her illness was not major. After a while she mentioned that the hospital bed had made her back awfully sore. I then asked her whether she would like a back rub, which she accepted eagerly.

I went to her bedside table and took a tube of lotion from the drawer and when I turned around, she had taken off her gown and was lying nude on her stomach.

I went straight to the door and shut it and thought this was going to be fun.

She had her eyes closed, but her arse was looking gorgeous. I began to rub the lotion on her back, working my way down to those golden globes.

As I rubbed in the lotion, she started to moan softly and then said my hands were really talented. Her legs were slightly spread, and I began to work her crack very slowly to see if she approved. She made no resistance.

About this time I was about to burst out of my pants. I then asked her to flip over so that I could rub her legs. She obeyed my command but her eyes remained closed as I applied the lotion to her thighs.

I rubbed them for about 30 seconds and then went straight to her love box, and as I fingered her, she moaned with shock and pleasure. Then she reached for my head and pulled me to her lips, and we kissed passionately for several minutes.

This was getting me so hot that I couldn't stand it any longer, so I asked her to come to the bathroom adjoining her room.

I unbuckled my pants and let them drop. I sat down on a shower chair and had that beautiful middle-aged woman straddle my lap. After a few moments she started to moan louder as she bucked up and down. After a few minutes of this we both reached long and loud orgasms.

We told each other that we have never had this happen before to either of us. We exchanged phone numbers and have met several times since.

I have always wanted to make it with an older woman, and now I know that it is the best thing I have ever done. — *Name and address withheld.*

Surprise! Surprise!

One Friday night, when I came home from work, I noticed that the lights were off in the house. I walked in the door, and suddenly the light went on: it was a surprise party for me.

Everyone had a few drinks, and after a while someone suggested playing Spin the Bottle. My wife and I decided not to play; so we just watched. After a while everyone was rolling around the floor naked, having the time of their lives. My wife was looking extra-sexy and suggested we go to the bedroom. And then the fun began.

Her figure is 40-25-35, which is good as I've always been a big tit man. I told her to go upstairs and put on a sexy outfit for me to look at.

She walked in wearing an ivory-satin string bikini with matching nylon-net underwear. I had real difficulty concealing my erection, which nearly ripped my pants off.

When she disrobed, all she had on was a little patch covering her snatch, which she modelled for me. Jokingly I examined the little garment, during which time I had a little peek inside. I put my hand up to her tits and said that their good form was due to the fine care I gave them.

I started kissing and nibbling her nipples until they stood up as if they were going to burst. I pulled out my cock, which was already jerking, and entered her. Then we screwed in every way imaginable. It really caused me to come and come as if I were having one continuous orgasm.

By this time, my wife was burning hot, and after a small break I attacked her cute muff with renewed vigor. My fingers teased her until I was ready again, and then I gave her the wildest and hardest screw she had ever had. That beautiful pussy of hers was quivering, and I had two shattering orgasms.

I hope I have another surprise party next year. That was the best gift my wife could have given me. — *Name and address withheld.*

"Hello girls."

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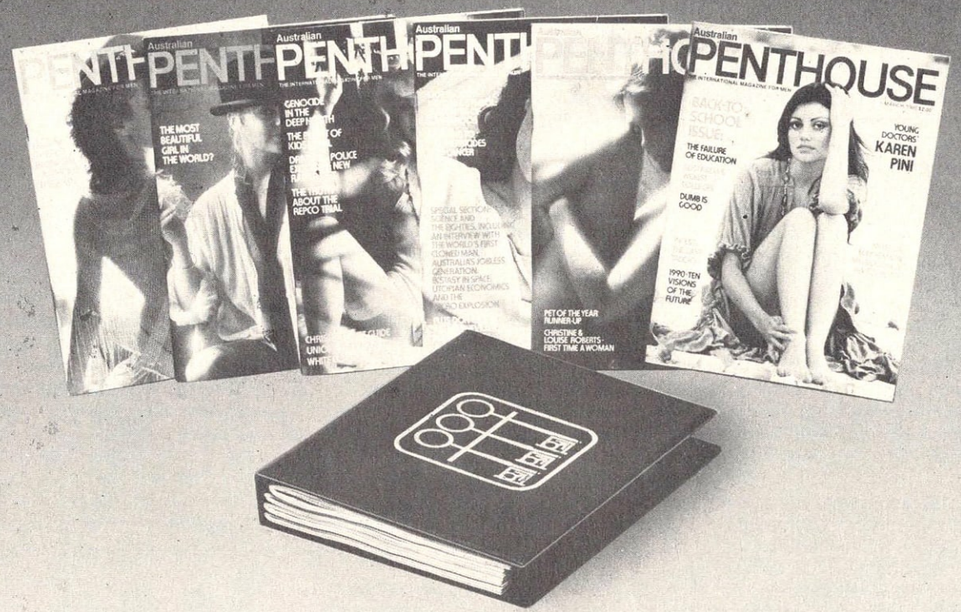
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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

For the record

As a straight-laced square I am not a devotee, but nevertheless, keep up your "stirring". I welcomed your article on Globetrotting Politicians in the February issue, particularly the plug that I am renowned for diligence to my electorate.

However, to put the record straight, I spent far more than the CPA travel allowance of $8000, out of my own pocket, on a three months' trip in the Northern Hemisphere winter when Parliament was not in Session.

I prepared a voluminous report on a great range of matters, especially on democratic government, big city planning and transport, which were my CPA charter.

Your writer somehow obtained access to a short private document prepared solely for the President and Members of the CPA Victorian Branch, on fraternal visits to other Parliaments — quite another matter. This inevitably concentrated on social lunches and similar convivial gatherings where, nevertheless, extremely valuable views were exchanged.

But the data obtained by me (I brought back a big case full of material) has been most helpful in Party Committee and Parliamentary debate and in making me a far better servant of the people. — *Morris Williams, Member for Doncaster, Victoria.*

Super Saab

As a Saab traditionalist, I was fascinated to read about the new Saab 900 (*Australian Penthouse*, February). But what was better — John Hampshire's comments or the super photograph depicting Phantom jets taking off behind this racy European beauty? After driving my Saab I can appreciate the writer's imagery — like being on cloud nine . . . — *J.P., Summer Hill, NSW.*

The photograph was taken by John Hampshire.

Waste of money

I have just finished reading an article by John Hampshire, entitled Parliamentary Jetsetters. This is the first complete report on wasted money that I have read, and an excellent one at that!

I was furious to read how our taxes pay for the joyriding holidays of the men that are supposedly running our country. They spend so much time and money, it's a wonder they really do run this country of ours.

What makes it stink even more is that we are slugging our guts out to pay for it. It's not very often that you read about this type of thing in the newspapers, so I would like to congratulate John for his efforts in putting this article together. Keep up the good work, Penthouse — *Gary Ey, Paraburdoo, WA.*

Reader's choice

I am writing to praise you on the informative article, Aliens of the Dreamtime, in the February issue. I have always been interested in this subject of "early spacemen" and I was very pleased to learn some facts I had not known before.

Also I must congratulate you on your colorful choice of girls, of which Miss Danielle Ginibre is my favorite so far. Keep up the good work. — *Cameron Miller, Reservoir, Victoria.*

Here's your favorite again, but we are sure you'll enjoy this month's Pets, too.

Top cartoon

I just wanted you to know how much I enjoyed your February issue, particularly the article by Richard Neville and the cartoon which was signed simply "O'Hara".

You seem to have discovered a cartoonist of equal, if not superior talent and originality, to America's Gahan Wilson. Please let us see more of this man's work — *Brian Lake, Richmond, Victoria.*

More rock

Jimmy and The Boys (*Australian Penthouse,* February) may have at last struck nation-wide fame, but at my old school, St Ignatius College, it's hysteria, not fame. Having a member of this great Australian group as an Old Boy is really something to be remembered. From what I hear, there were a few raised eyebrows from the school's masters when a copy of *Penthouse* finally trickled back into the plush waterfront grounds. And for some of my student mates, it was more than raised eyebrows. We read with interest the story of this super Aussie rock band, their straight past and now intriguing success.

Please, a few more features on our rock stars and talented groups. It makes tremendous reading! — *L.C., Mosman, NSW.*

Brutal treatment

Thank you for the article by Martin Riordan on Kids in Jail (*Australian Penthouse,* December).

I spent quite some time (1964-68 on and off) in Riverbank, and would not wish that place on my worst enemy.

The officers (screws) were animals. One in particular was an Irishman — a former sergeant-major who would bash the kids for no reason. His favorite pastime was to make us run a five-mile race on a hot day and wait for us at the office corner with a golf club (with the club of the stick removed). When we ran past him, he would lash out with it, causing great pain and welts that would remain for days.

We had to run the five miles in 30 minutes — and please take into account that we had to run on a cement surface which had been highly polished (by the kids on their hands and knees). If we didn't do the five miles in the 30 minute we would have to do it again and again.

If you think that is easy, try it after a day's work and when it is 38C.

The only time I can recall that we were treated like kids was when a kid committed suicide in the metal shop.

That is but one of the things which happened at Riverbank. In the years I spent there, I saw and experienced some of the worst things that could befall a child.

It is hard to believe that society could

let things like that happen to children of 13-16 years. The brutal treatment dished out to kids in the early to mid-Sixties had to be seen to be believed.

I am in prison now doing seven years, but the time at Riverbank did me no good — maybe only harm.

Thanks for letting the people know how kids are being treated, now and in the past. — *K. Flett, Bunbury, WA.*

Outstanding

I have just obtained my March *Penthouse* and must congratulate you on yet another outstanding issue.

I am particularly delighted to see there is another leading contribution by Maxwell Newton who, by his brilliant coverage in your initial issue on the Seven Witless Years and his later revelation in December in the important subject of the Unions v Freedom, has demonstrated his ability to maintain a high standard of feature reporting not controlled by any political philosophy such as that which prevails in the presentation of some of the periodicals available.

Keep up your high standard — *S. Graham, Newcastle, NSW.*

Local view

I wish to congratulate you on a fine magazine dealing with topical items.

The article on 2,4,5-T scares me. With several hectares of blackberries at home and as a volunteer firefighter I notice the many large clumps growing by the side of the road and on many neighboring properties. This previous season has been a bumper one for these weeds.

Although using 2,4,5-T appears to be dangerous, it seems I must continue using it as it is the only alternative offered. It is ideal for destroying blackberries as it is able to kill the large underground root systems of these plants.

It is fortunate that *Australian Penthouse* gives community issues the space to be aired. The opportunity to give a local view provides you with a much more informative magazine than your competitors.

Kerrie Williamson, who appeared in your January issue, is certainly one of the most gorgeous ladies to appear in your magazine. She is certainly 10 steps ahead in looks to any girl who has appeared in your competition or your American edition. — *P. Ians, Pearcedale, Victoria.*

Bubble trouble

Paul Day's article, Bring on the Bubbles (*Australian Penthouse,* February) perpetuated one myth of which he, and your readers, should be disabused. After a garden-party afternoon of cannily (or so I believed) cutting my wine intake in half with soda water, I found myself, to my amazement, in that state of mentality which wants to get everybody together, and go out on the Harbor Bridge armed with buckets of water to try to drown the sharks.

Experiments conducted at the University of Sydney have shown that when alcohol is mixed with "bubbly" it is absorbed into the system more quickly, in more than direct ratio to the amount consumed — you taste the alcohol less, your thirst is being assuaged, and you are becoming more and more prone to putting lampshades on your head.

Even if you drink at the normal rate, wine or liquor cut with soda gets you drunk faster. — *R.D., Woollahra, NSW.*

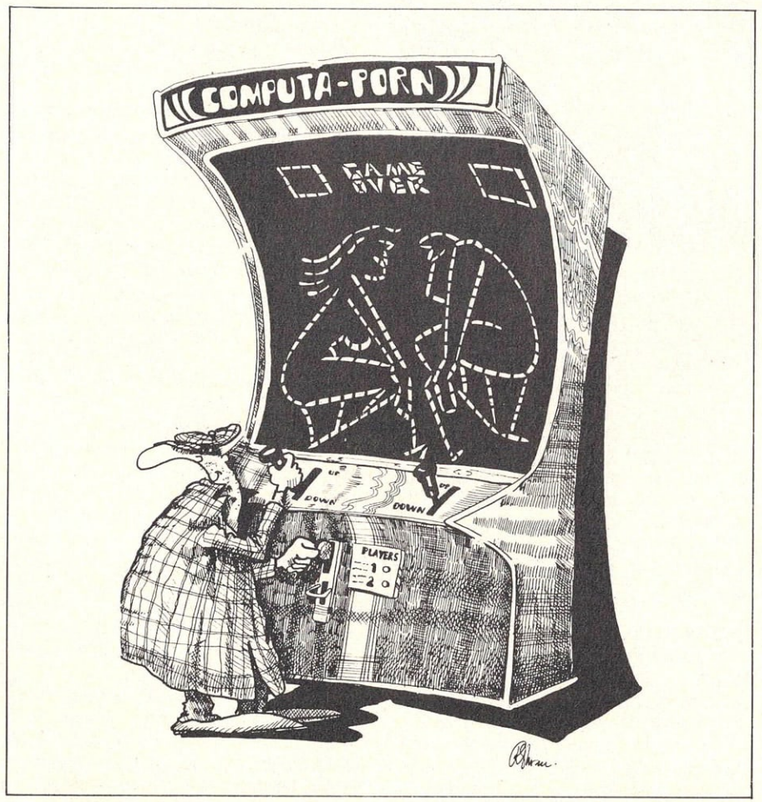
Our wine writer replies: Alcohol, not bubbles, make you orry-eyed. If you drink, say, one bottle of wine on its own you will be affected by its alcohol the same way as one bottle of wine diluted with an equal part of soda or an effervescent mineral water. The effervescence does hasten the absorption into the bloodstream, but countering this is the fact you have to drink twice the quantity of liquid. It depends on the speed at which you drink. Try mixing your wine with water, but don't use your best bottles.

Marvin fan

Reading about Lee Marvin (*Australian Penthouse*, February) brought back a flood of memories of the old days and those great old movies.

And how appropriate that this tough guy of the movies ends up making legal history. It seems Marvin is not just a tough guy on the screen.

As much as I enjoyed reading about Marvin, I prefer reading about Australians. There must be hundreds of top local personalities waiting to be questioned and their lives revealed. Or what about some Australian artists performing overseas, like Rolf Harris and others? — *M. Bray, North Brisbane, Queensland.*



MOANS & GROANS

In your magazine you provide space for, as you say, readers and editors to discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*; its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. I fail to see how the egotistical ramblings of nameless individuals fits into any of the above requirements.

Please, if this space cannot be used productively by readers, dispense with it and replace it with an interview or an article, or even a pictorial.

Oh, by the way, Mr T.D. from Armidale (*Penthouse,* February), two Tooheys cans on top of one another would produce an object of some 11 inches high, 3 inches across and about 10 inches around. I suppose you will be telling us next your member has a rip top. — *P.G.A., Hobart, Tasmania.*

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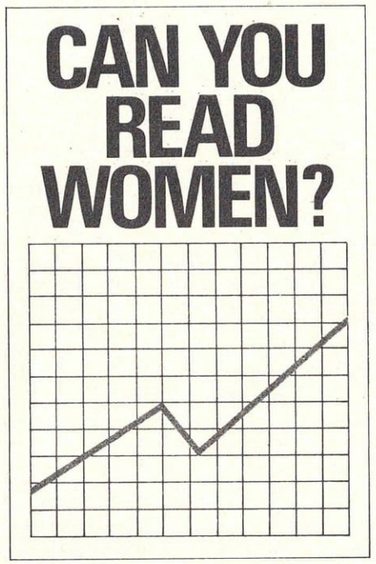
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Are you getting the message? Twenty questions to tell if you can read body language.

CAN YOU READ WOMEN?



Lady Macbeth knew how to read her men. "Your face, my thane, is a book where men may read strange matters" was how she put it. But the really important question is: can *you* read *women*?

If you've lived on this planet for any amount of time, you have noticed that people don't always say what they mean or mean what they say. You've probably also noticed that the messages coming out of their mouths don't always match the messages emanating from their bodies. The unspoken dialects of the body can reveal a man or a woman's deepest hopes and fears. Scientists call this nonverbal communication; the rest of us call it body language, and that's what this psychograph is all about.

Dozens of studies have shown that women use body language more than men do. Women also decode nonverbal cues well. Men, however, tend to be lousy at this game, which puts them at a decided disadvantage. Yet there are men who do pick up on body language, and that can be a key to their ability to forge more effective relationships with women.

Professor Ray Birdwhistell, an anthropologist who has been one of the seminal forces in the field of nonverbal communications, says that no more than 35 percent of what we communicate is carried by our words; the rest is revealed by our faces and bodies. He has discovered that when boy meets girl, there are 24 specific nonverbal cues they must exchange if they are to end up in bed. Other researchers have found that you can even tell about a woman's childhood by the way she sits.

This is the type of research we've used to construct this quiz. Various female cues are given. It's up to you to decide what they mean. If you plan to put into practice any lessons you learn from this psychograph, remember: body language — like spoken language — isn't always as precise as it seems. While individual cues are likely to have the same meaning whenever they show up, no cue exists in isolation. You shouldn't act on the basis of one cue alone.

As you take this questionnaire, you might want to mimic some of the gestures we describe in front of a mirror. That will help you visualise the cue and may increase the accuracy or certainty of your answers.

1. You've worked with a woman at the office for quite a while. Lately you notice that when she speaks to you she uses more gestures and is more animated than usual. This is most likely to mean:
   (a) she's got problems at home
   (b) she wants you to stay away from her and is using the gestures as nonverbal barriers between the two of you.
   (c) she wants you to like her

2. A woman who sits with her knees and feet together and with her legs extended forward a bit probably is
   (a) an impulsive person who loves change and novelty
   (b) an orderly person who likes life to be neat and predictable

3. If a woman likes you, she tends to cross her legs
   (a) at the ankles
   (b) at the knees

4. You and a lady are in a restaurant together. As you talk, she is running her finger around the rim of her wine glass. She is probably thinking:
   (a) "This guy is a boring creep. I wish I could get out of here."
   (b) "I wish I could touch him, but it would be embarrassing here."

5. You are in the same restaurant, but the lady is absentmindedly tracing the pattern of the tablecloth with her finger. Does this mean she is attracted to you but too shy to say so?
   (a) yes
   (b) no, it probably means that she's interested in texture and pattern

6. When a woman talks to you, she'll flick her eyes occasionally to her right or left. The direction she favors can give you a clue to her personality. One of the descriptions below is characteristic of "right-glancers"; the other, of "left-glancers". Which describes the "right-glancer"?
   (a) She's sociable and relaxed. She may be in a career that involves helping people. She's a "humanist."
   (b) She may have a job that involves science or math. She chose her career early and stuck with it. She may have a lot of nervous tics

7. You're discussing a business deal

with a woman. As you're talking, she removes her glasses and cleans them in a slow, careful manner. This probably means:
(a) she's thinking of other things she has to do during the day
(b) she's considering carefully the proposal you're outlining
(c) she's signalling you to stop talking so she can say something

8. The same situation as Question 7. This time the woman crosses her legs and turns her body a little to the side as she leans back in her chair. This probably means:
(a) she likes most of what you are saying but may want to compromise on one or two points
(b) she accepts your argument without reservation
(c) she feels that you've put her on the defensive, and she's unlikely to agree to your proposal

9. You're sitting across the breakfast table from the woman you live with. You notice that she doesn't seem to make eye contact with you lately as much as she did in the past. This is an important indicator that she may be depressed.
(a) true
(b) false

10. You're sitting on the sofa with a woman at a party. You ask if she'd like to come back with you to your apartment. She says yes and at the same time makes a slight swivelling motion with her hips. The message she's most likely conveying is that
(a) she wants to go quickly; she's hot
(b) she wants to go, but she doesn't want to go; her inhibitions are arguing with her passions, and you'd better take it easy

11. As you talk with a woman, she scratches her neck or cheek lightly. This is likely to mean:
(a) she feels angry and aggressive about something, maybe you
(b) she's wondering whether you're good in bed

12. When a woman folds her arms across her chest, it is likely to denote
(a) self-confidence and relaxation
(b) stress and anxiety

13. You walk into a party and spot an attractive woman across the room. When she notices you looking at her, she pulls a mirror out of her handbag and starts examining her makeup and patting her hair. The message she's sending is
(a) "Look someplace else. I don't want anything to do with you."
(b) "Come on over. You look interesting to me."

14. One of these two gestures indicates that a woman is interested in you. The other indicates that she's not. Which shows interest?
(a) she brushes her hair away from her face
(b) she takes a lock of her hair, pulls it around to the front of her face, and examines it

15. The woman seated across from you at dinner yawns. If she yawns one way, it shows that she's attracted to you. The other way means that she's probably not (it may also mean that she just has to yawn and isn't thinking of you one way or the other). Which indicates attraction?
(a) as she yawns, she covers her mouth with the palm of her hand
(b) as she yawns, she covers her mouth with the back of her hand

16. If a woman tilts her head to one side and places her hands on her hips, there's a better-than-average chance she likes you.
(a) true
(b) false

17. You're giving an involved explanation of something you did at work today. The woman who's listening to you opens her mouth slightly and places her finger on her lower front teeth. This indicates:
(a) she knows just what you're talking about . . perhaps better than you do yourself
(b) she's perplexed; she doesn't know what you're talking about

18. As a woman speaks to you, she strokes her wrist with her finger. This probably means:
(a) she's got her mind on other things
(b) she's available and wants you to know it

19. You're out with a woman for the first time. During the course of the evening, you notice that several times she quickly and absentmindedly rearranges her clothing. Nothing big: a little tug here, an adjustment there. This most likely indicates:
(a) she's dissatisfied with the clothing that she's wearing
(b) she's dissatisfied with her life
(c) she wants you to like her
(d) she's vain and materialistic

20. If you prefer dominant, extroverted women, you should look for those whose voices are
(a) loud
(b) breathy
(c) high-pitched
(d) nasal

ANSWER KEY

When you deal with body language, you can never be *absolutely* sure that an isolated nonverbal cue means precisely the same thing in every instance. However, communications psychologists can pin down what a given gesture is most *likely* to mean, which is what our questions and answers reflect.

1. c	6. b	11. a	16. a
2. b	7. b	12. b	17. b
3. a	8. c	13. b	18. b
4. b	9. a	14. a	19. c
5. a	10. b	15. b	20. b

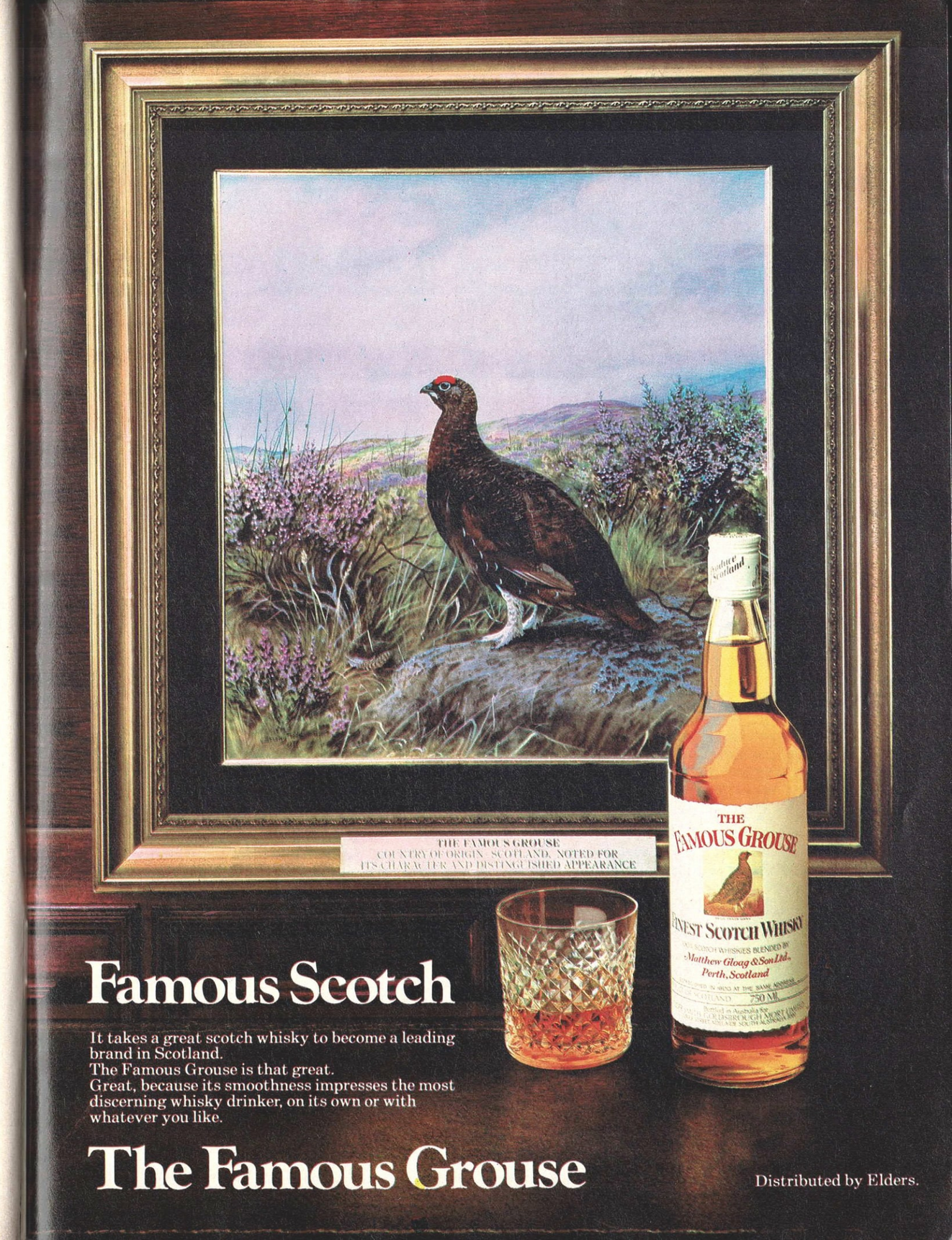
SCORING

Give yourself five points for each correct answer.

If you scored 75-100 points: You can look at a woman and read her like a book. You appear to be extraordinarily sensitive to the enormous amount of information that's floating around when man meets woman face to face and body to body. Your acuity, however, is a mixed blessing. There's a good chance that you're outrageously successful with women, but there's also a good chance that you have trouble sustaining relationships with them.

40-70 points: You catch a lot of nonverbal cues, but then you miss a lot, too. When you're really in tune with a woman, you may be surprised how "intuitive" you seem to be, how quickly you "sense" her moods and desires. But much of the time you just don't pay close enough attention. You listen to her words, but you don't open up your sensory receiving channels, and so you miss the nonverbal messages. You probably are pretty good at picking up on a woman's anger, nervousness, sadness, and happiness, but you may have trouble identifying the nonverbal signs for the more complex emotions of fear, love, and surprise. Nevertheless, men in this category may have some of the strongest relationships. They sense and respond to many of a woman's moods.

0-35 points: Nonverbal communication is a foreign language to you, which means that you probably don't pay very close attention. You may have a hard time meeting women because you can't tell which women are interested in you and which are not. One thing you don't have to worry about: since most nonverbal cues go right past you, you'll never be taken in by someone who uses deliberately deceptive body language to manipulate people. Recent studies have shown that people who understand body language can be undone by it. They can be suckered. If a skilled user of body language sends out a deceptive cue, they will fall for it. ○+■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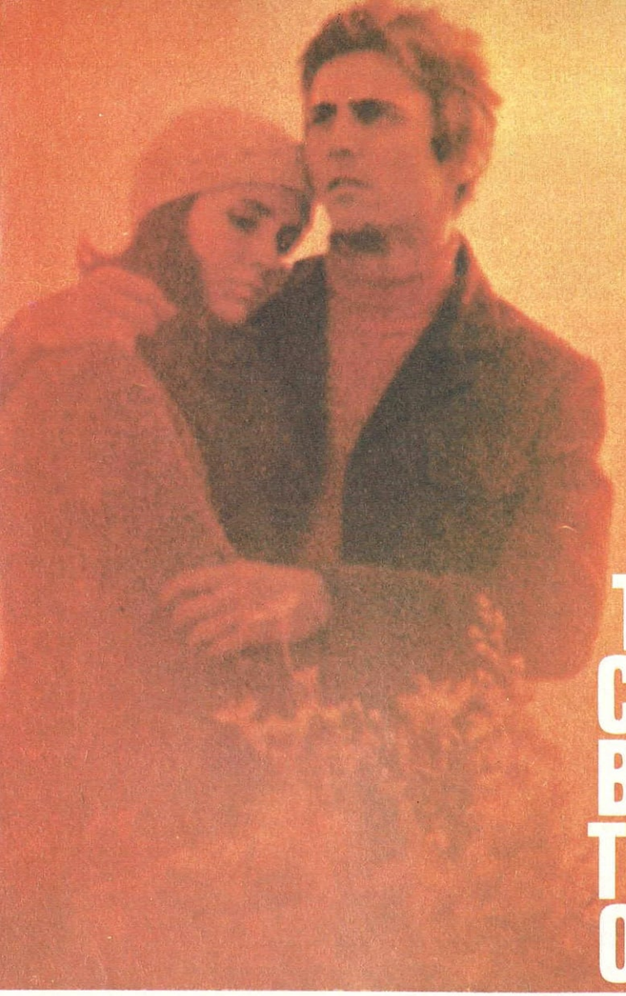

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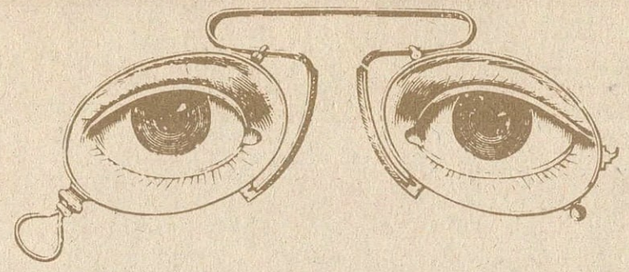


VIEW FROM THE TOP

BRING BACK THE SIXTIES

BY JOHN HINDLE

As we lurch on our drunkard's walk into the Eighties, commentators are making fortunes remembering, dissecting and interpreting the Seventies. Every burp and hiccup of that flatulent decade has been weighed and examined to the point of boredom.

The same fate befell the Fifties. The motor mouths and hired pens of our society (who are, after all, the priests and deacons of the born-again religion of Nostalgia) have now spent the best part of 20 years dashing up and down the bleak and sterile dead-end corridors of that charmless Menzies Era. They hoped that their freneticism and *louche* emotionalism would be rewarded by the discovery of Something Significant. It never was — so, in an anguish of necessity, the mouths and pens invented Trivia.

This was apposite. The Fifties *were* Trivial. Menzies insisted on this. There was a marked lack of something about old R.G., more so in the Fifties than the Sixties. Perhaps it takes practice to become an anachronism . . .

But, make no mistake, Menzies was woven — warp and weft — in the fabric of the Fifties and the Sixties. He bestrode the era like a daddy-long-legs, or a Metrecal'd colossus, and clung grimly and fervently to the tired old dugs of Britannia. Even when the man was in the greenstick youth of his senility, Menzies insisted that Australia look to Britain for our past and our future.

I harp on this because it is important. In the Fifties, Menzies may have had a point. But the Sixties saw us move inexorably away from the old man's ideal. We responded to a sort of Continental Drift of the psyche, and we looked to America for comfort and inspiration. Menzies told the Queen that he "did but see her passing by, and yet I love her till I die": a bare two years later, Menzies' successor announced that we'd go "all the way with LBJ".

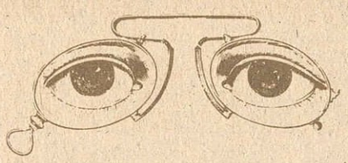
This bifurcated philosophy was traumatic — but it was also interesting.

Australia's mongrel ethos, which was discovered in the Thirties, exposed in the Forties and lamented in the Fifties, was actually glorified in the Sixties. Sweet reason prevailed over prejudiced sensibility. At last it was possible to throw some international currants into the bland damper of our intellectual diet.

Menzies' cultured bellows provided a background to the music of Dylan. By the mid-Sixties, the bedevilled Prime Minister was pinned in a fixed position on the wheel of progress. This must have been uncomfortable for the poor man, for, as the poet remarked, "No one but a fool, fixed in his folly, thinks he turns the wheel on which he turns". And all the while, the siren song of a spotty-faced American barbarian reminded him — and us — that the times "they are a-changing".

And they were. The experience of the Sixties made for a new culture of the young. We were able to groove on the happiness of Britain's death throes — swinging London, and all that — but the best of America was also available. Dizzying impressions of freedom formed the young intellects of the Sixties, and inspired poets like Denis Kovaks, who later wrote a poem that summed up the Agony of St Robert Menzies: *I am Australia's lorikeet, And I wrote this very fast. You are a beaut, I thee salute, Elizabeth the Last.*

I met Jean Shrimpton. Broke bread with her. Fell in love with her. Not that she noticed, of course. *Everyone* fell in love with Jean Shrimpton. She was the face of the Sixties. The *Look*. She came to Melbourne in 1965, to ply her trade as a model, and she made the mistake of going to the Melbourne Cup in a fashionable dress. The matrons were outraged. They couldn't handle being upstaged by someone so beautiful, especially by one who could be casual about her own perfection. Their values were those of *old* Australia. They believed that respect was due to those who bought it. They could not adapt to change, not even when the evidence of

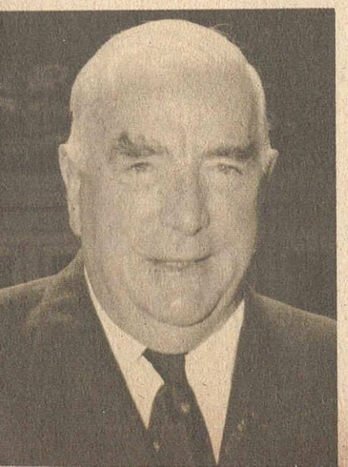


change was baring its beautiful legs in front of them. Some of these outraged harpies were given credit for being conservative, when all they were was bumbrained.

Overseas, the Sixties were called a "prolonged happening". However, the periphery of the party reached out and enveloped us, and nothing was ever the same again. Dylan, The Beatles, Mary Quant (with her heart-shaped pubic bush), Kesey, Leary, Screaming Lord Sutch, and hundreds of other new-wave superheroes funnelled their way into our collective consciousness, often through the cathode tube — our new "open window" of cultural input. The incredible irrelevance of Menzies, and of the Fifties, became more apparent each day. Happiness and self-fulfilment became the preoccupations of the era. We threw away the jeremiad and reached for the jeroboam.

Menzies didn't like this. No more did the grey puppets in his Cabinet — those Akubra-hatted buffoons who measured life in dotted lines and judged men by the shortness of their Rotary-luncheon haircuts. Menzies continued to orate in tones that indicated his conviction that life was really one vast eisteddfod, but we were listening to the

Sir Robert Menzies



twangy, plangent voice of Mr Robert Zimmerman, a.k.a. Bob Dylan: *"Let me forget about today Until tomorrow . . ."*

There was a lot to think about. Sounds, words, ideas and waves of feeling were all around us. A good friend once lamented that "It's all too hard. I can't keep up with it. Yesterday it was Jethro Tull, today it's the Yes. I want it all, so I'm as busy as a one-armed paper-hanger with crabs".

I sympathised. I knew just how he felt. And I understood when he took up serious smoking, and when he made the claim that "mind-tobacco makes all this effort so much easier". In the Sixties, kids took to grass with evangelistic zeal, much the same way that we took to sex in the Fifties. They thought that they had invented cannabis, just the way we thought we had invented coitus.

The touchstones of the Sixties may have been imported, but they were respected. Sometimes, they were even loved. Vietnam was a divisive issue, but both pro and con sides valued the ethical problem it provided. In many ways, Vietnam was larger than morality: its gestalt was a totality far greater than the sum of its parts.

The Sixties taught us to spread ourselves, to be missionary about such things as serenity, contentment, fulfilment and love. This must have been anathema to the old reactionary in Canberra. For years he had preached that all of the virtues and personal rewards flowed from the holds of the good ship "Liberalism" — it was subversive to think that men and women could do their own thing, and *enjoy* it. The terrible dinosaur, *Pig-Ironus Rex*, was sinking to extinction in a tar-pit of its own making.

But Menzies never conceded defeat. One had to admire his cause — even when it was at its most ridiculous. Consider the matter of the change to decimal currency . . .

There was lively debate in the media about what we should call our new money. The old "pound" was no longer appropriate, of course, and Menzies let it be known that he would favor the adoption of the name "Royal". It figured . . . Whatever, we ended up with the dollar, and good luck to us all, but the argument seemed to symbolise the direction of the entire decade.

I really miss the Sixties. Little things . . . It was possible, for instance, to live a busy life without owning a watch in the Sixties — I was never late for appointments (unless I planned to be) and I always knew what time it was. You see, watches had *hands* in the Sixties. It wasn't until the mean old paranoid Seventies that the time on a man's wrist became a secret matter, for his eyes only.

Soon, the Sixties will be rediscovered. The era will become important. Now, wilting flower-children tell *their* children about the great days, when love walked freely on a sun-filled planet, and when young men and women *cared*. As history, it is betwixt-and-between — too far away for a clear view, too recent for mythology. But it's there, and it will emerge as a potent, revitalised commodity — sure as I've got finger-cymbals in my desk drawer. Hear me, purveyors of trend, the time is ripe!

The Sixties formalised the trauma of our family life. We bade farewell to Mother England and said Hi! to Uncle Sam. And, to anyone who doubts this, I offer two questions as proof: can you remember where you were when you heard that Kennedy had been shot? And, secondly, have you any idea at all where you were when you learned that Churchill shuffled off the coil?

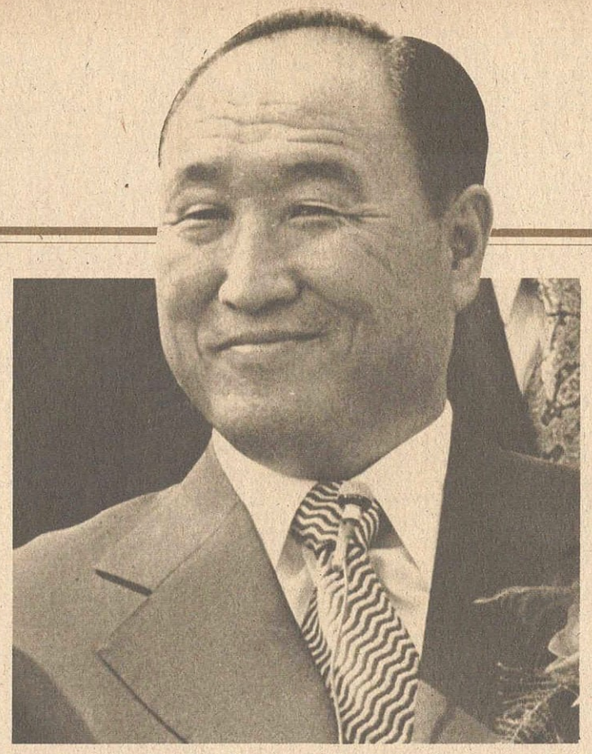
Hmmm?

SCENES

BRAIN WASHING

A cautionary tale for would-be Moonies who might be drawn to the sect's Canberra headquarters in search of inner peace. Sydney engineering student Mark Redmond recently returned from a Californian holiday which was briefly, but somewhat alarmingly, interrupted by a firsthand look at the Moonie brainwashing technique. Redmond arrived in San Francisco and, like any red-blooded 22-year-old, set off in search of the action, his backpack and guitar spelling out the fact that he was a hip young traveller.

With luck seemingly on his side, he was immediately accosted in the street by an attractive young lady who invited him back to her place to meet her friends and play some music. Says Redmond: "There were about a dozen people at the house, all very friendly. I didn't really need to be asked twice when they suggested I spend the weekend with them at a farm north of the city. We drove up there on the Friday night and I was amazed to find about 150 people there. I figured it was some sort of community based on religious ideals but there was nothing heavy being laid on me, so after we had dinner around the camp fire I agreed to go with them to another camp."



The Rev Moon: cautionary tale.

Redmond spent the night on a mattress in the all-male dormitory and was woken at dawn by a bunch of singing, guitar-twanging young people. From that point on he had barely time to collect his thoughts. The new arrivals were whisked from discussion groups to encounter sessions (in which the sins of past lives were revealed) to lectures. The "family" consisted largely of cleancut, short-haired students whose basic philosophy seemed to revolve around peace on earth and goodwill to all men. The rookies were spared the details. It all seemed harmless enough. Redmond had no idea that the "Father" they gave thanks to was in fact the Korean munitions tycoon Rev Moon.

By Sunday the atmosphere at the camp had become more intense. The new arrivals were allowed only six hours sleep and every waking moment was supervised by a Moonie-appointed "shadow". "My guy just hung with me all the time," Redmond recalls.

By Sunday night the niceness had become overbearing. Redmond announced that he would be leaving in the morning. Suddenly group attention was focussed on him. His new friends crowded around and pleaded with him to stay. Confused and exhausted after a weekend's soul-baring, Redmond agreed to stay on for another week. But he made the decision with some reservations. He had already met young travellers who had come for weekend visits six and eight months earlier — and still hadn't left.

Redmond was beginning to worry about some of the stories he'd heard, like the one about the girl who'd been caught kissing a man in the kitchen. She'd been publicly ostracised and "clonked", knuckled on the forehead to remove Satan from her head.

On Monday Redmond signed a form relieving the Moonies from liability for any physical injuries he sustained at the camp, and became aware for the first time that he was in the hands of the Unification Church. The name meant nothing to him but he had already decided to leave at the first opportunity. The lectures and discussions continued and as the new recruits became versed in the basic philosophies the more bizarre beliefs of the Moonies were gently suggested. Redmond began to understand the hold the sect seemed to have on young people when his group leader explained the "ring of truth" theory. This stated that the family had discovered real truth while other religions had only touched on it. Non-believers, like friends and kinfolk, could no longer play any part in the life of a member of the family. Redmond learned of one girl who was not allowed to see her dying father because he was an outsider.

During the meditation hour on Tuesday (the only time free of his "shadow") Redmond wandered down to the front gate and struck up a conversation with a nun who was trying to contact her sister. She explained the workings of the Moonie cult and persuaded Redmond to leave with her. He collected his pack and walked out, fending off the pleas of the followers as he went.

He was taken to a house nearby and introduced to some former Moonies who began the "normalisation" program.

Back in Sydney he confessed: "I still don't really understand what happened but I'm glad I got out when I did. I met a lot of ordinary people who just didn't know how to leave."

HERBICIDE REACTION

Disclosures in the January issue of *Australian Penthouse* (Spray To Kill) about the lethal effects of those ghastly herbicides 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D sparked off a chain reaction among Vietnam veterans and governments.

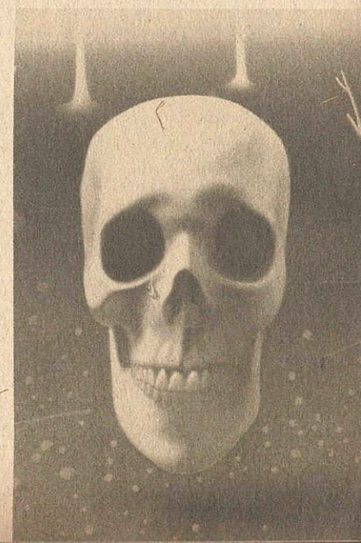
The scare about the herbicides, used in Vietnam as a 50/50 mixture known as Agent Orange, sprayed over jungle as a defoliant, resulted in a number of veterans combining to organise legal action for compensation and official government inquiries about the herbicide's true effects. Most local governments in Sydney have banned its use.

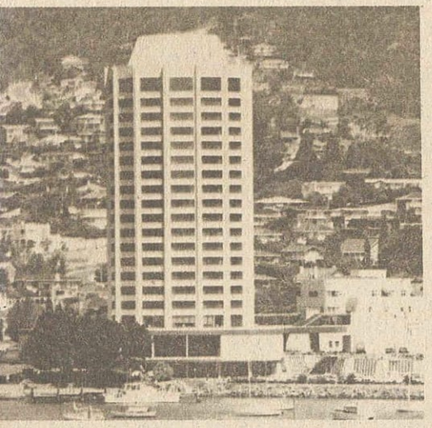
The case of former serviceman Bernard Szapiel, from the Melbourne suburb of Rosanna, who Adrian Tame found had suffered side-effects some years after his action in Vietnam, received national publicity after *Penthouse* appeared.

As mothers and ex-servicemen continued to tell of their children's birth deformities, pressure mounted for some national inquiry. Meanwhile, the body most affected by the issue, the Commonwealth Department of Veteran Affairs, continued to say through its Minister, Evan Adermann, that no evidence had been discovered linking Agent Orange with any human disorders other than skin rashes.

Less than a week later, the Federal Government announced (on January 7) that experts from the University of Sydney would investigate the full effects of the herbicide mixture, Agent Orange.

The Queensland Government followed with an announcement by Liberal Leader, Dr Edwards, that it too would set up an inquiry. But with characteristic tact, the Premier, Mr Bjelke-Petersen, later cancelled the State probe, insisting that





Wrest Point: the place to visit.

problems from the herbicides may be from VD rather than toxic chemicals.

Next came word from the Federal Liberal Member for Isaacs, Bill Burns, that he intended to introduce a private members Bill when Federal Parliament resumed in February for the banning of the herbicide 2,4,5-T. Within days, the Deputy Leader of the Australian Democrats, Senator Colin Mason, came out in support of Mr Burns' proposal, saying he would introduce a second Private Members Bill in the Senate, if necessary.

So the issue remains.

In the US, the Agent Orange affair has moved to the nation's courts with civil suits seeking damage for millions of dollars. As Tame said, it would be funny if it was not so tragic for the time taken for authorities to finally recognise the problems associated with Agent Orange.

THE SMALL APPLE

While on a recent trip to Tasmania I sought the answer to the eternal question "where's the action" from a Hobart colleague who works for the Department of Development. Now you would think he would know. However, Angelo Fellatio my Italo-Taswegian advisor, merely laughed and gesticulated rudely in a manner which suggested that self abuse (love that phrase) was the only answer. I should have known better than to ask him anyway since his opinion of women has deteriorated with his marriage. Nevertheless, I kept up my research because every capital city has pick-up watering holes and a classy restaurant where you can take your new found friend for a preliminary feeding of the body before feeding your lust. Hence my assessment of the Small Apple, Hobart, which follows.

Lenna Hotel's Chandelier Bar or Wrest Point's Bars are obvious spots for visiting businessmen, but the competition is tough, you all seem to be chasing the same girls. The oggle-end of town, Pips Wine Bar, Munroes (Bay Inn), Abel Tasman (Town House Motel), Stoppys Wine Bar, Westward (4-Seasons) are all worth a visit. Pips has live bands until 3am as does Bobbies at the Red Lion Hotel on the waterfront, but boppers predominated. Hadely's Hotel is open 24 hours, but it can be a blood house some times. Goldies Disco is open late as is the Port Light Bar at the casino. The Grenada Tavern have top interstate acts and an adult disco which discourages "jailbait" on Saturday night and lets you rage your head off. The Casino's Cabaret Room isn't cheap, but you get a good international act in an intimate environment. The Traveller's Rest has live music and bistro, but is the place to get primed at, before pushing on to the more expensive watering holes.

Unfortunately, I was in Hobart in search of action and I had thought Melbourne was quiet! In desperation I was chatting to a lass in the Tattersall Hotel lounge, the haunt of young executives and legal secretary types.

All the locals reckon Launceston has it all, particularly discos. Anyway, she suggested the following spots.

George Mures Fishouse for seafood is a must as is David Quon's Sakura Room Japanese Restaurant, all near historic Salamanca Place. Lenna and 159 Davey top the high class, smooth elegant dining list. Mondo Piccolo (Italian), Har Wee Yee (Chinese) and La Brie (French).

We ended up at the 159 Davey St Restaurant, and what a smooth place it was. The service was outstanding and made my ladyfriend feel special.

Remember that the Apple Isle is famous for its Tasmania Devils, too, so try to catch one if you can. She will be worth the hunt. — *Michael Lawrence.*

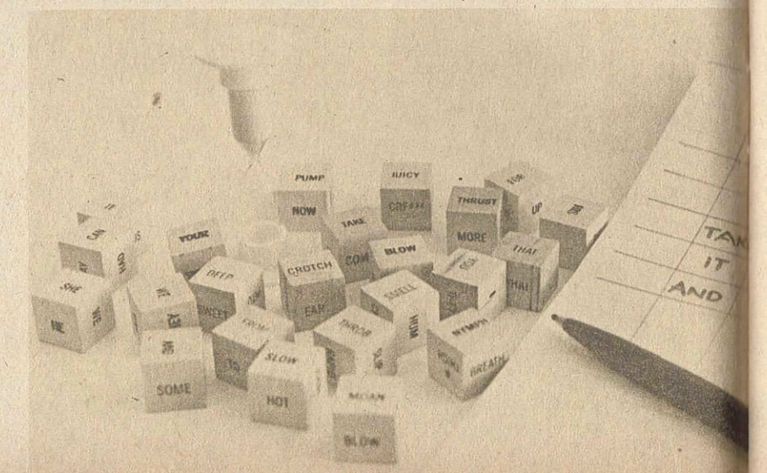
DIRTY WORDS

Among journalists a lot of time used to be wasted playing stupid games, such as throw playing cards at a saucepan or ring people up pretending to be either Richard Burton or an Indian restaurateur in Parramatta whom the victim has allegedly called to order 5000 portions of mutton curry with vegies. The former is the most frustrating game in the world, far worse than golf for those afflicted with hypertension. Seat yourself six feet away from an eight-inch-diameter saucepan and try to land a playing card in it. Leaning forward is legit, but your feet must remain paralytically locked just in front of the chair.

Of the latter stupid game a friend of ours can boast that for a few brief shining moments he once had a nubile model for the American version of this magazine's chief rival convinced that he was Richard Burton, inviting her over for a romantic evening of studying Welsh.

But those days of puerile amusements are past. These days such people waste their time playing *Dirty Words*, and you can too, as soon as you give Habitat $9.50.

Dirty Words consists of 23 cubes with words on all sides of them. The words, such as "Blow", "Thing", "Suck", "Hard", "Soft", "Huge", "Juicy", etc. are not erotic in themselves, but as Hamlet says, there's nothing either good or ill but thinking makes it so.



This game is truly erotic and can lead to things. The rules, as set forth on the plain brown instruction sheet, are rather like the form of *Scrabble* played in Nero's Rome. A three-minute egg timer is included and you are allowed six minutes to arrange the randomly tossed words into sentences which cannot help but be erotic.

TEEN SURVEY

Country kids get their kicks from booze; their city cousins prefer sex, but neither is as deeply into the drug scene as many adults fear.

That could be the conclusion from a mass survey in Western Australia into the reasons and ailments which make teeners consult school health nurses.

The study involved five secondary schools at which 1777 students with an average age of 14½ years fronted up voluntarily to the school nurse during a period of 20 days.

The analysis was interesting, and illuminating. Twice as many girls as boys visited the school nurse, and in city and inner suburban schools, a surprising number were openly seeking advice on contraceptive measures.

In such cases, policy among school nurses was to discover tactfully what measures the student might already have taken, to advise a visit to the family doctor or a Family Planning Association clinic, and to suggest a talk with parents might not be a bad idea either.

But apparently parental consent is not always considered necessary, as seen by the case of a 14-year-old girl who approached her school nurse because her mother said she was too young for contraception.

After an interview with the nurse, the mother agreed to her daughter receiving contraceptive advice — but then changed her mind. In spite of this, the girl was referred to a clinic.

For teenagers at outer suburban and country schools, their previous night's activities resulted in more requests for hangover cures than contraceptive advice.

Causes of other visits to school nurses ranged from obesity and fainting fits through trying to diet it away, to bashing by parents, incest and attempted suicide. But of the 1777 students involved, only three made approaches to nurses about drug problems.

Mr Jim Davies, WA's Director of Schools, finds this cautiously encouraging.

"If students have enough faith in the confidentiality of school nurses to approach them concerning sex and alcohol problems, I would hope they might be equally frank about drugs," he says.

"It this is so, it appears that the extent of drug-taking among young people might be considerably over-rated."

On drinking and lovemaking among students, Mr Davies is philosophic.

"I think most of us would have experimented with alcohol and sex at an early age if the opportunity arose," he says.

POLICE NEW RADAR

Police in NSW have finally taken delivery of new radar equipment, adamant their latest roadside armor can beat traditional radar detectors on most occasions. Called the KR 11, the radar operates on the high frequency K band, formerly used by military personnel.

Sergeant Karl Hofer, head of the State's radar squad, told *Penthouse* police have taken delivery of 50 units and expected more to arrive later in the year. The squad, he said, hopes more than 150 KR 11 units will be on the road within a year. He thought findings of a special *Penthouse* survey (published in December issue) illustrating the short warning times most detectors provided against the new equipment "quite accurate."

Sgt Hofer said the new equipment can also operate while moving, allowing the police to use the radar while patrolling. "This makes many detectors almost useless; there's not enough warning for most to escape if speeding."

So for a time, at least, the ball is back in the police court.

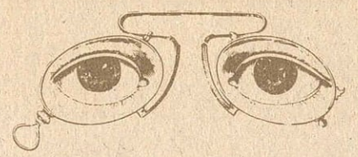
Centrepoint Tower: food with a view.

TOWERING MEALS

The higher, more spectacular the view, the worse the food. It's a saying officials of Sydney's $55 million Centrepoint Tower hope to prove wrong. Visitors to Sydney's other tower restaurant, The Summit, are more likely to recall the view than the food. For Centrepoint Tower planners have taken more than 12 months to choose the restaurateur for Australia's latest effort in building extravaganza. The owner of the Centrepoint Tower, the AMP Society, says it will announce the successful tender shortly and promises it won't be just another tower restaurant.

"There'll be a range of quality food available for everyone," tower spokesman, Reg Steel, said.

The restaurant will be conducted in partnership with the AMP, according to officials, so as Australia waits to see who wins, the mere logistics of running such a business are worthy of note. A 159 litre (35,000 gallon) water tank is required at the top of the tower to service the two restaurant floors and another two of observation decks. But like most features of this multi-purpose building centred in the heart of Sydney, that's not the only use of the huge tank. It is designed to



counter-balance the tower when it sways!

Each restaurant level will accomodate 340 people, with the lower level servicing buffet, take-away meals while the upper floor is for a-la-carte. Both floors will be revolving, giving sightseers a complete view of the city every hour.

Fifty-six galvanised steel cables hold the tall metal structure, all stressed to 10 percent of their full strength. Only one tower around the world stands higher than Centrepoint, the Toronto Tower in Canada. Centrepoint stands at 304.8 metres (1000 feet) above the streets of Sydney — that's level with France's Eiffel Tower.

On a clear day part of the stunning vista includes Sydney's coastline, from south beyond Sutherland to the northern tip of Barrenjoey headland, above Palm Beach.

Reg Steel said he expects the restaurant and observation levels to be major tourist attractions. After a trip to the top, peering over a workman's ledge at the dots representing people and traffic, watching clouds swirl around, you can only agree.

But beware! For those wary of heights the experience could be a bit too awe inspiring. Says Reg Steel: "That's why there aren't windows in the three lifts. For some, the sight from the top is frightening enough."

ROLLER CRAZE

Adelaide's had suburban community roller skating for years, usually on the floor of the local indoor basketball court or gymnasium. Some places hung speakers on the wall and bombarded the skaters with thumping music as they wheeled around. They called that disco skating.

Forget it. Skating's grown up. There's a wave of brand new rinks appearing. They're flashy and clean, with silent epoxy floors, low, comfortable ceilings and inbuilt sound systems that whoosh rather than rattle.

They've suddenly pushed roller skating into the ranks of jogging, squash and tennis — it's one of the biggest health activities in town.

Now, the good clean girls of Adelaide have always taken well to a good clean sport. This one's the first to really bridge that gap between sport and entertainment. It's a sort of jogging-disco fusion. A perfect start to the evening.

The Hindmarsh Rollodrome is about 10 minutes' drive from the centre of town. There's plenty of parking space, and although the admission varies a little from session to session, it's usually about two dollars, with sixty cents extra if you wish to hire a pair of space-age skates.

The skating is tightly organised, with a disc jockey calling the styles like a dance caller. General skating sessions involve anybody rolling out and cruising around at a comfortable pace. These are spread out between sessions of skating for couples only, or speed skating.

Back in Hindley Street, Frank Sebastyan's recently opened his Downtown, a massive complex with an army of pinball machines, electronic sideshows, dodgem cars, squash courts, a restaurant that's really a snack bar and a first class roller rink.

Like the Rollodrome, Downtown has fairly strict dress and behavior restrictions.

Skating at Downtown costs about the same. The rink's a little larger, and because Sebastyan's been in such a rush to get his establishment open and functioning, he hasn't really had time to organise skating sessions as formally as the Rollodrome has. He promises that it will happen soon, so there will be the usual family, beginners, couples and speed sessions.

WHAT'S ON

HAPPENINGS

In these times of world tension, the least you can do is develop a keen sense of escapism. Try these for starters: John Mayall, Dr John, John Fahey, Jimmy Witherspoon, Spike Milligan, The Police, Reg Livermore, a national folk festival and a swim through Adelaide will all be happening in the next few weeks.

The father of British Blues, John Mayall, teams up with Dr John, The New Orleans rock and blues performer, for the first time. They'll tour Australia beginning March 26. Not all the venues have been confirmed so watch your local papers.

John and the Dr will be at Jools Night Club in Sydney on March 26 and 27, in Melbourne on March 28, 29 and 30, at the university in Hobart on March 31, the Apollo Theatre in Adelaide on April 2, the Tamworth Workers Club in NSW on April 3, the Manly Vale Hotel in Sydney April 5, Newcastle Shortland Rock April 6, and Perth on April 7.

Another John, this time Fahey, American acoustic guitarist whose music ranges from 1960s acid-inspired ramblings to traditional rock and blues, tours Australia April 7 to 13. Jimmy Witherspoon, jazz vocalist who sang with Count Basie and recorded with Eric Burden and the Animals will be here April 14 to 20. Watch the papers for more details. The grizzled goon, Spike Milligan, is fast with the one-liners in his show including two lunatics and a rag doll at the Royalty Theatre in Adelaide starting March 24 and the Comedy Theatre in Melbourne from April 14. Tickets are around $10.

The UK fusion group Sky is for those who like their rock posh. Sky features that great classical guitarist John Williams. They'll be in Perth March 15, in Melbourne March 18 and 19, in Canberra March 20, in Sydney March 22 and 23 and in Brisbane on March 26. Tickets are around $13.

For new wave rockers, British group The Police are winding up their tour with performances in the Adelaide Apollo Stadium March 17 and at the Perth Entertainment Centre March 19.

Will Brett Whitely do it again? Paintings submitted for the Archibald portrait prize will be on show at the NSW Art Gallery from March 22 to April 20. Whitely won last year with his self-portrait as Harpo Marx, painter and agonised baboon.

Simon Gray has written a play called *Close of Play* about a family reunion which shows more disintegration than it does union. In London, Michael Redgrave played the part of the father who sits speechless throughout the play, yet everything revolves around him. It's funny and awful at the same time and not to be missed.

Dr John

It's on at the Drama Theatre at the Sydney Opera House until March 22. Book on 20588. Tickets are around $9 and the play starts at 8pm.

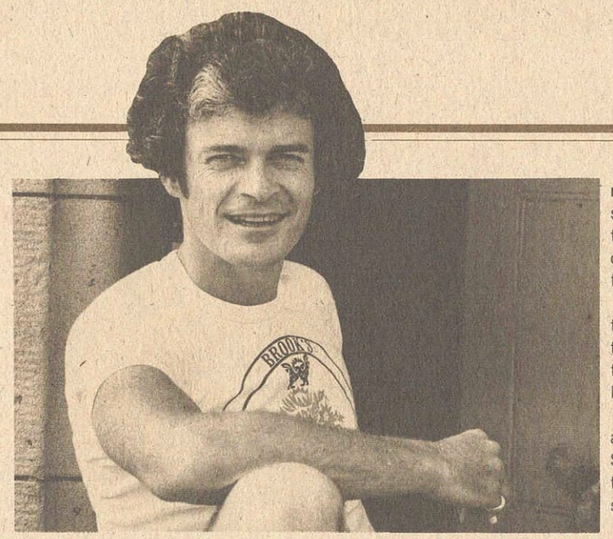
It's been a hearts and minds battle but it looks as if monopoly has lost out to backgammon as the thinking man's parlor game. Apparently a quarter of a million backgammon boards have been sold in Sydney alone since the craze started two years ago.

The Pacific Backgammon Centre has just opened this year in the Viking Room at the Royal Antler Hotel, 1260 Pittwater Road, Narrabeen, north of Sydney. It's open every Wednesday from 6.30pm and it's free to play or it will cost you $5 to take part in the tournament. All equipment is supplied. For more information ring 918-7074.

In Melbourne, Reg Livermore is doing what everyone else is doing these days — making a sequel. You can see him in *Son of Betty* at Her Majesty's Theatre, 219 Exhibition Street, throughout March and April. According to Reg, this is his last fling into flamboyant femininity.

Hoopla at the Playbox Theatre in Melbourne is performing *Upside Down At the Bottom of the World*, a play by David Allen about D.H. Lawrence and his love-hate relationship with Australia, his wife and his work. Good tough dialogue. It starts at 8.15 and tickets are $6.50. Bookings on 634-888.

Science fiction freaks are invited to *The Time Machine* a musical based on the H.G. Wells story which includes the sounds of 1984, visits from other planets and a tribute to Buddy Holly. (Sounds like a bit of time warp there.)



Reg Livermore: Betty's last fling.

It begins at 2.30pm in the Fitzroy Gardens March 30 and is free.

April Fools Day will be celebrated at noon in the Melbourne City Mall with mind readings, fortune tellings, blood bank withdrawals and free sick leave certificates.

An Easter Parade eye opener? At the Sidney Myer Music Bowl on April 6, 50 models from glamor schools throughout Melbourne will be competing with 50 hats depicting Australiana — the Captain Cook hat, Koala hat, the Platypus hat, the Luna Park hat and more. It starts at 2pm.

A tribute to one of Australia's best loved rock stars, Johnny O'Keefe, gets underway at 2.30pm April 7 in the Treasury Gardens. The songs and story that made him a legend. Also free.

Meanwhile in the Centre, non-stop folk music begins April 3 in Alice Springs. The National Folk Festival continues until April 7 and includes the cream of Australia's twangers and yarners.

For more information phone Caz Kufeldt in Melbourne on 802-868.

In Adelaide 100 swimmers will swim through the city on the Torrens River starting at the weir at 1.30pm March 29. The race finishes at the University footbridge. Take a bottle of wine, sit on the riverbank and watch the gaspers go by.

The Adelaide Motor Show at Wayville Showground features new cars, caravans, cars of the future and much more. It begins April 12 and continues until April 19. It's open from 10am to 10pm on Saturdays and 2 to 10pm every other day. Admission is $2.

On March 23 a free rock concert will be held in the amphitheatre at the Festival complex from 2 to 4pm.

The Adelaide Festival continues until March 29.

The Chico Freeman Quartet, one of Chicago's finest jazz ensembles will be playing from 11pm March 16 to 22 at the Festival Jazz Club. The Australian jazz group, the Bruce Cale Quartet, will take over from March 23 to 29. Admission is $5.50. For all festival information call 510-121.

In Canberra, a food and wine frolic begins at 11am on Sunday March 16 in Commonwealth Park. Restaurants and wine and brandy producers will be flogging all sorts of savories.

At Regatta Point on March 17, join the ox roast beginning at 4pm. After a steak by the lake you can relax to the sounds of the pop concert coming from a floating floodlit stage.

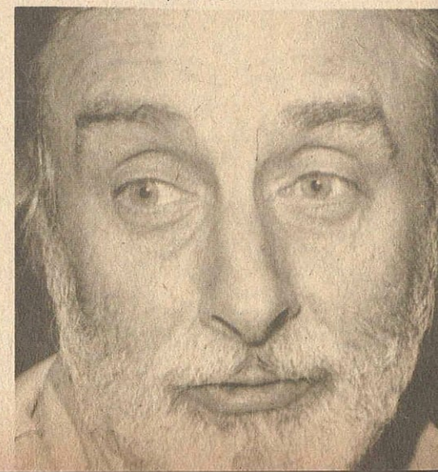
Canberra will also be host to the Nike International Marathon, a cross country race through parklands beside Lake Burley Griffin.

It begins on Sunday April 13 at 8am at Telopea Park High School. The course record is two hours, 18 minutes and 45 seconds.

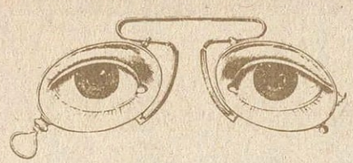
If you are one of those dedicated people who run all the time, you might want to see if you can break the record. Write to the Secretary, ACT Cross Country Club Inc, PO Box 252, Canberra City, 2601. The entry fee is $5.

For those who just want to sit and watch the running, the Australian Track and Field Championships will be held at the Sydney Athletic Field in Moore Park, March 20 to 23. Selected athletes from all States will compete. Races start each day around 10am. For further details call Sydney 241-1789.

Organisers of events like these are invited to send information to Horan Wall and Walker at PO Box 8, Surry Hills, 2010, or phone (02) 336-693 or (02) 313-277. Please allow eight weeks' prior notice.



Spike Milligan on tour.



WINE

VICTORIAN REVIVAL

There was a time when Victoria was the premier wine producer of Australia. Wine production had its beginning in 1840 when the first vines were planted near Lilydale by William Ryrie. In 1850, Ryrie's vineyard was purchased by the Swiss de Castellas who, struck by the quality of Ryrie's first wines, imported cuttings from Chateau Lafite. So began an era when Paul de Castella's Yering was producing Cabernet Sauvignon that brought approval even from the proprietors of Chateau Lafite.

By 1875, St Huberts vineyard covered 200 acres. Later it increased to 250 acres producing 70,000 gallons. In 1880-81, the Great Exhibition in Melbourne attracted 714 vinous entries, 357 from Victoria. Little remembered are the Melbourne vineyards, now obliterated by the long-established inner Melbourne suburbs of South Yarra, Toorak, Hawthorn and Moonee Ponds. By 1880, there were some 1000 acres of vineyards. There were vineyards too at Sunbury and Geelong.

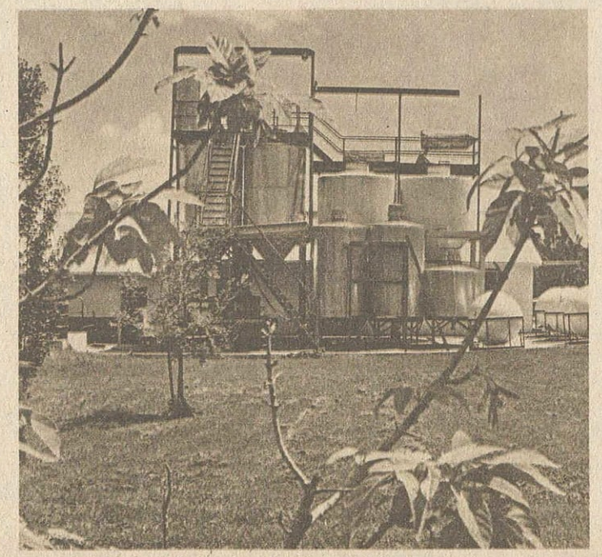
The 1850s brought the gold rush. The rush brought vignerons who established themselves at Great Western, Glenrowan, Avoca, Wahgunyah, Rutherglen, Sandhurst (Bendigo) and Tahbilk. By the 1880s, Victorian wine was a boom industry, all glamor and gold medals, particularly at European expositions where Antipodean wines were greeted as frauds — after all, how could they be so good?

Then the dreaded phylloxera came to Australia through Geelong, first detected late in 1877. Slowly it crept northeast until it reached Rutherglen by 1895. Strangely, the Yarra Valley was passed by. Thanks to prevailing westerlies, the louse did not venture west to Coonawarra, the Southern Vales or the Barossa. Apart from a few determined survivors, Victorian viticulture was almost dead and the areas that escaped the louse fell to the depression of the 1890s.

Even by 1960, as W.S. Benwell notes in the preface to a second edition of his superb book *Journey to Wine in Victoria* (Pitman 1976 — reprinted 1978): "The year 1960 was not a good year for a book about Victorian wine: there was not very much wine left to write about. *Journey to Wine in Victoria* was written because it seemed likely that by the end of the century the subject matter could have almost disappeared."

But in the 1960s, Australia witnessed a remarkable viticultural rebirth that took Victoria with it, so that when Sam Benwell wrote the second edition preface, wine in the small southern State was off to a renaissance that has Victoria being recognised as the region capable of producing the finest wines in Australia.

The great advantage held by wine makers in Victoria, particularly in the southern areas, is coolness of climate, for it is a fact of viticultural life that cooler climate and slower ripening results in finer wines of greater finesse and elegance. There is a greater probability of achieving finer fruit quality and higher acidity. Acidity is so often lacking in Australian wines and it is the acidity in the best wines of France that contributes substantially to their fine balance.



Stainless steel wine tanks at a Victorian vineyard.

Today, we are able to witness a new generation of vineyards, often situated on the same sites as their forebears a century ago, and frequently with the same names — like St Huberts and Yarra Yering. These are early days, yet wines from the Yarra Valley and Geelong are winning awards, including the coveted Jimmy Watson trophy. Last year, Fergussons Winery produced the runner-up to the trophy. Tom Lazar's Virgin Hills 1976 Cabernet Sauvignon has been acclaimed one of the best red wines of 1979 by the Wine and Spirit Buying Guide. Tom Maltby's Anakie Cabernet Sauvignon 1976 has received wide acclaim. Stuart Anderson's Balgownie 1978 wines sold out in two weeks. There have been fascinating glimpses of very fine young Pinot Noir and Chardonnay. Tisdall Wines are producing some superb white wines from high altitude, cool vineyards near Seymour. Taltarni, under the inspired guidance of Dominic Portet, is already producing very fine red and white wines from large new plantings at Moonambel near Avoca.

With this era of revived interest, the old established firms are now producing finer, more elegant styles, even from such traditional blood and guts vineyards as Baileys.

The hotter northeastern areas still excel at making the world's greatest fortified wines. Our Muscats, Tokays and Tawny Port styles are without parallel in the world.

For the production of Australia's finest white and red wines, the high country in Victoria's ranges, and the cool areas south of the ranges cannot be surpassed. Inevitably, there is a price to pay for these climatic advantages. That price is the wider vintage variation that comes from less stable weather.

Of course, I preach to the converted in Victoria, so let me say to you, dear reader elsewhere in this huge country of ours, if you aspire to cellaring and consuming some of Australia's best wines, look for Anakie, Balgownie, Tisdall, Browns Milawa, Warrenmang, Taltarni, Mitchelton, Virgin Hills ... most of them are underpriced. Balgownie must be worth more if a year's wine sells in two weeks. Not every wine is great, of course; as always there are the disappointments. Don't go looking for them in casks either. Such wines will only be found in good glass, sealed by cork, often the biggest and best to be found. Just try one of Tom Lazar's Virgin Hills phallic symbols for size! — *Paul Day.*

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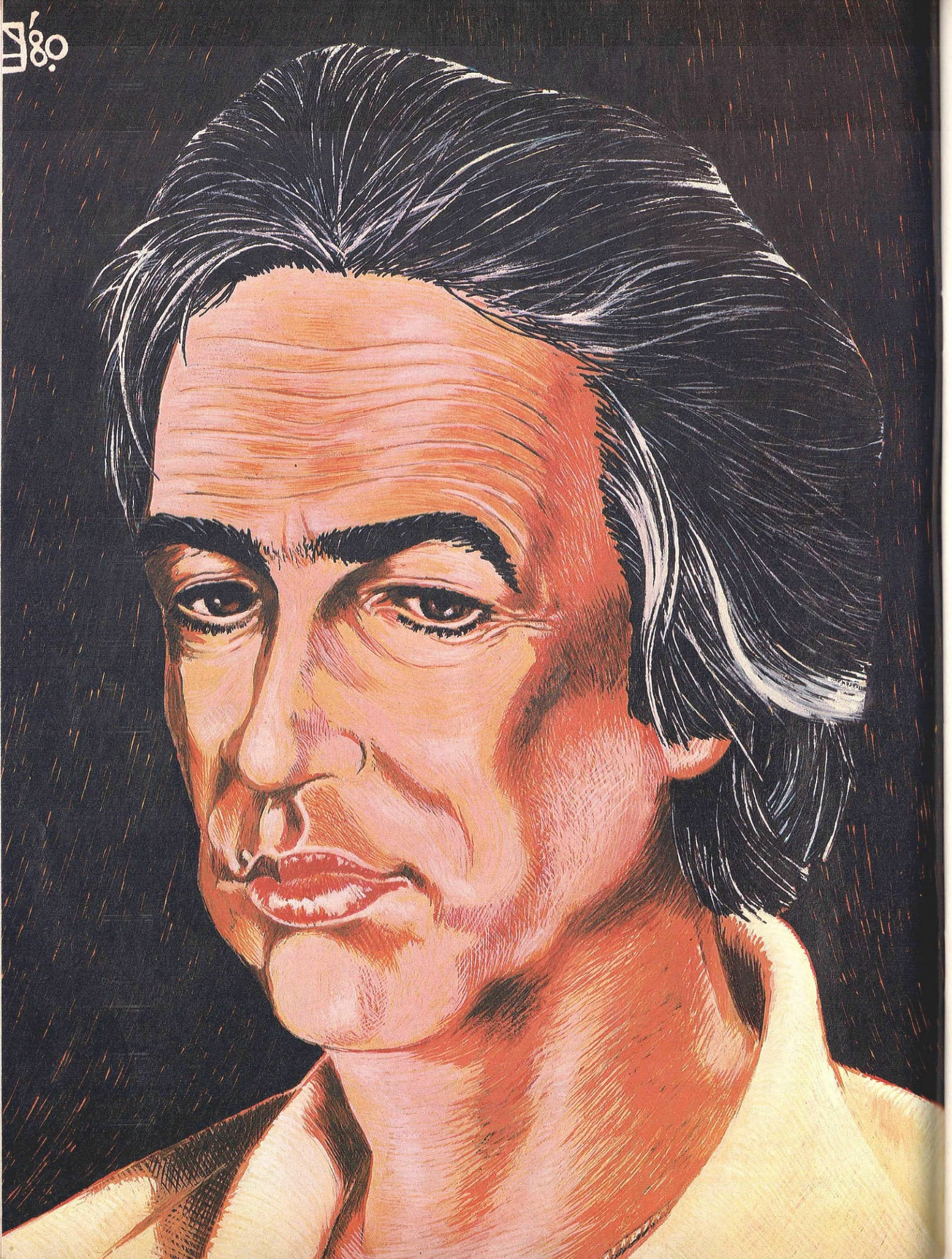


Illustration by Nicholas Harding

Whether a public figure
is bisexual or not is entirely his own
business — unless or until
it impinges on his public decisions.

PRIVACY — THE DUNSTAN DILEMMA

BY MAX HARRIS

Most of us believed with some considerable relief, that disputation over Donald Allan Dunstan would cease after his illness, resignation, and retirement from any sort of elective political office. His disappearance from the political scene may have been premature on his own terms, but it brought to an end at the right moment a bitter, divisive, and ultimately boring conflict within the South Australian community, those common and compulsive passions which didn't lessen as the Salisbury Affair faded into history.

It seemed to be agreed that the Dunstan Decade should be allowed to die a decent death. It had been good and it had been bad. In the end it had done its dash and became irrelevant. Flamboyance doesn't fill pay packets in the dust-bowl zone of Australia. And the grapes were getting wrathful.

But Dunstan quandaries didn't go completely away. Two former radio reporters ferretted away, compiling a book on Dunstan's personal life as it was lived beneath the surface of the overt political persona.

It was cleverly titled.

"It's grossly improper" was a favorite Dunstan pomposity, an undergraduate debating club trick which he used to constant effect to discredit the ethicality of questions, views, or political strategies that displeased him. Lofty but changeable notions of propriety are useful weapons which can stun the victim, allowing you time to get your punching tactics together.

I believed that the book in question raised very straightforward moral questions for those who would be asked to disseminate it, and would profit by its sale.

Booksellers would have to make their own decisions and make them carefully. On the basis of considerable hearsay and some passages quoted to me from the galley proofs, I issued a public statement through the Adelaide *Sunday Mail* that no Mary Martin Bookshop throughout Australia would stock the title.

I agreed that this was arbitrary censorship, but that censorship, or selective choice of literary product, is an entitlement of the bookseller and *It's Grossly Improper* invaded vast areas of Dunstan's personal privacy, all of which were irrelevant to his public actions in the public domain. I also, gratuitously, suggested that the public could adjudge the ethical standards of the bookselling trade by observing which outlets were prepared to make a fast buck out of a book which damaged a public figure at other than the public level.

It seemed fairly straightforward to me. If someone bugged Malcolm Fraser's bedroom at Narreen and published his pillow conversations I should not choose to profit from subsequent publication.

In the event, it seemed likely that my gesture had proved effective in pushing the book underground where I believed it properly to belong. One bookseller wrote furiously to the *Sunday Mail* attacking my arrogance for making judgements which were matters for the individual retail conscience. Booksellers ought not to be influenced by my dictatorial public say-so.

But initially the book didn't make it into the main departmental stores which carry the dominant flow of traffic.

Initially only a small print-run got into circulation, and few people seemed to have read it. Copies had disappeared prior to Mr Peter Ward's attempt to take out an injunction against it. Mr Ward's injunction failed, not

because he lacked grounds for complaint, but because of the legal limits applicable to the use of the injunction. His libel action continues. Peter Ward, formerly a senior officer in Dunstan's Premier's Department, and currently South Australian bureau chief of *The Australian* plays no role in the main themes of the book. The passing reference to his personal financial affairs is notoriously inaccurate in fact, but most annoyingly of all, gratuitously irrelevant.

It was clear that the main protagonist, Don Dunstan, would take no action. The authors had him over the proverbial barrel. A libel action would be expensive, protracted, destructively lurid, and give the book the celebrity the authors would welcome.

With the book temporarily clear for sale, an extraordinary difficult debate erupted as a result of which I became unsure of my previous grounds.

I hold intense views about privacy rights, views which fall only slightly short of the fanatic. The private affairs of people in the public arena can only be examined insofar as they can demonstrably be shown to have had public consequences. If by nepotism, favor, influence, or by impact on public behavior, the private is made public through visible consequences, then private behavior is only then a proper subject for public scrutiny.

This was my quandary. The most powerful retail influences in South Australia studied the text, and became convinced that if the allegations were correct, Dunstan's private predilections did influence him into making properly questionable decisions in the use of his public power and in his decisions on the use of the taxpayer's money. If there were no legal impediments they would sell the next edition. Which left me all alone, like grandma's tooth.

My instincts told me to hold my ground. Even if history should record that the Dunstan regime was tainted with jobs-for-the-boys manoeuvres, and palace politics, and dilettante expenditures, it still seemed to me an irrelevance of past history now. And since the book is nauseously tasteless and eagerly prurient my original judgement could stand.

It made me look a bit pious, playing simon pure, and histrionically protective of a politician with whom, as a dominant South Australian journalist I had been constantly locked in acrimonious disputation. At this stage it all looked a bit of a nothing story.

But then, just before Christmas 1979, Dunstan did a most surprising thing.

He invaded his own privacy. And in about the most spectacular and public fashion you could imagine.

He appeared in a current affairs program of the ABC, a seasonal filler called *Line-Up*. After a laborious performance in a new role, that of the great crusader leading the Pitjatjantjara Aborigines to their land rights, Dunstan allowed the interviewer, Patrick O'Neill, to ask him the question direct, the question central to the arguments which would tend to make *It's Grossly Improper* justified as relevant to the public interest.

O'Neill asked Dunstan if he had been, and is bi-sexual.

On my principles, that privacy is a principle that must be asserted and demanded as of total right from an incurably prurient media, Dunstan should have told O'Neill to drop dead, and possibly thumped him one up the hooter for his impertinence. But Dunstan chose to answer, and the consequences were inevitable. The way was wide and fairly opened to assess whether Dunstan's personal associations led to nepotism in his administration.

> Just before Christmas 1979, Dunstan did a most surprising thing. He invaded his own privacy.

What Dunstan said was reasonable, liberal, humane, and certainly more ambiguous than confessional. But it was enough.

The interview was reported on January 5 in the weekly newspaper, *Truth* — and with that sewer-rat shrewdness which turns temperate truths into warped sensationalism.

The entire front page depicted Dunstan in his famous tight shorts. "Premier reveals all" it declared. The screaming headline read "My Gay Friends, By Don Dunstan", implying, possibly actionably, that Dunstan was the specific author of writings inside the newspaper on his homosexual acquaintances.

The *Truth* report of the television interview is worth quoting *in extenso*. Note the sophistication, the stylish restraint of the unsigned writing. It is uncharacteristic of the crude semi-literacy of the yellow press.

If one had a suspicious mind one would think there could be a connection between this journalistic testing of the legal water and the subsequent marketing of 40,000 copies of the book in the eastern states.

Quote: He spoke out during an interview that openly probed his controversial private life.

Mr Dunstan said he had never refused to mix with homosexuals because he did not believe anyone should discriminate against them.

And he added: "Some of the most successful and affectionate people in South Australia happen to be that way."

Mr Dunstan was speaking on the ABC's holiday current affairs show, Line-Up.

The interview came after widespread reaction to a controversial new book, It's Grossly Improper, *written by Adelaide journalists Des Ryan and Mike McEwen.*

The book alleged that Mr Dunstan's private life put him in a situation that was squarely at odds with the responsibilities of his high public office.

It claimed that Mr Dunstan "chose wrongly" between the principles he espoused of accountability and governmental integrity, and "personal, selfish considerations" which violated these principles.

A former close friend of Mr Dunstan, restaurateur John Ceruto, provided authors Ryan and McEwen with much of the information for the book.

In the interview with Line-Up *reporter Patrick O'Neill, Mr Dunstan referred to his friendship with Mr Ceruto and to publication of the book.*

He said: "I think probably my worst feeling has been that I've at times been a poor judge of character . . .

"And that I'm prepared to offer trust and support to people who appear to be giving it to me, and to at times overestimate both their trustworthiness and their ability."

O'NEILL: *And this backfires?*

DUNSTAN: *Yes, more than once.*

O'NEILL: *What sort of examples of this have you?*

DUNSTAN: *Well, I suppose this book that came out just a short time ago is a fairly obvious example, isn't it. Quite obviously, that character (Ceruto) wasn't worthy of either trust or affection.*

Mr Dunstan claimed his private life often had been the subject of unfair scrutiny.

He added: "But I suppose that is the penalty you have to pay if you choose to demand that people have the right to be themselves."

He said he was "unorthodox and individualistic" in many things and people got uneasy about it.

O'Neill then asked Mr Dunstan if his friendship with people in the "camp scene" had inevitably led to the conclusion that he was a homosexual.

Mr Dunstan replied: "I certainly didn't refuse to mix with homosexuals.

"I don't believe that one should discriminate against them.

"In fact, some of the most successful and affectionate people in South Australia happen to be that way.

"I don't see why one should differentiate concerning them.

"But the strange thing is there wasn't terribly much gossip about the large numbers of ladies I associated with."

O'Neill asked Mr Dunstan if he were prepared to deny rumors that he had had homosexual relationships.

Mr Dunstan said: "I think that what I can say is that there was one statement in the book which, in my experience, I think is reasonably true.

"And that is that people who have gone through a period of self-examination are likely — if they are not overloaded with inhibitions — to find some element of bisexuality in their nature."

Please note that I shall not be offering any supplementary details derived from the contents of *It's Grossly Improper.*

I wrote earlier that Dunstan on television invaded his own privacy. By this I was not referring to his revelation of attitudes towards bisexuality, nor to his generalised comments on the homosexual community. These areas are totally unimportant and irrelevant, just as it was of no great moment when Jim Cairns found his private life under media scrutiny, or when it was declared that John Gorton liked his grog.

Dunstan invaded his own privacy, and made his privacy a legitimate area of public scrutiny when he said: "I'm prepared to offer trust and support to people who appear to be giving it to me, and to at times over-estimate both their trustworthiness and their ability."

This seems to indicate, given that Mr Ceruto, the man specifically referred to (and whom Dunstan had met while bodybuilding at the American Health Studios) finished up on the public payroll, when he would not appear to have any particular qualifications to justify his being there, that Dunstan has to answer a valid public question about the public consequences of a private friendship.

Political payola, jobs for the boys, is the social disease of Australian politics. It is brain-softening, damaging, and highly transmittable. It is the prime investigative and reporting task of a free press to make politicians accountable to the citizenry for pay-off uses of financial and political power.

Jobs for the boys, the buddy system, the return of favors, is common to all political power structures. Each wink-wink appointment to a sinecure is a miniature Watergate. Each successive Australian government has practised patronage with wanton abandon. At one stage it became so overt and epidemic that politicians, of both persuasions, had evolved a theory that perks and patronage for the boys and the buddies were actually good for government.

Chris Hurford MHR, took me to task for my media criticisms frequently, pointing out that Jim Cairns, for example, made a better Treasurer by virtue of the very fact that his brother, aunties, uncles, or whoever, were on his staff payroll. In later days I have even been surprised to hear Neville Wran declaring that it would be unnatural not to appoint a political ally to a lucrative post if he could do the job as well as the next man. (Since the job was in his own patronage he didn't need to justify whether the next and politically neutral man may well have been able to do the job better.)

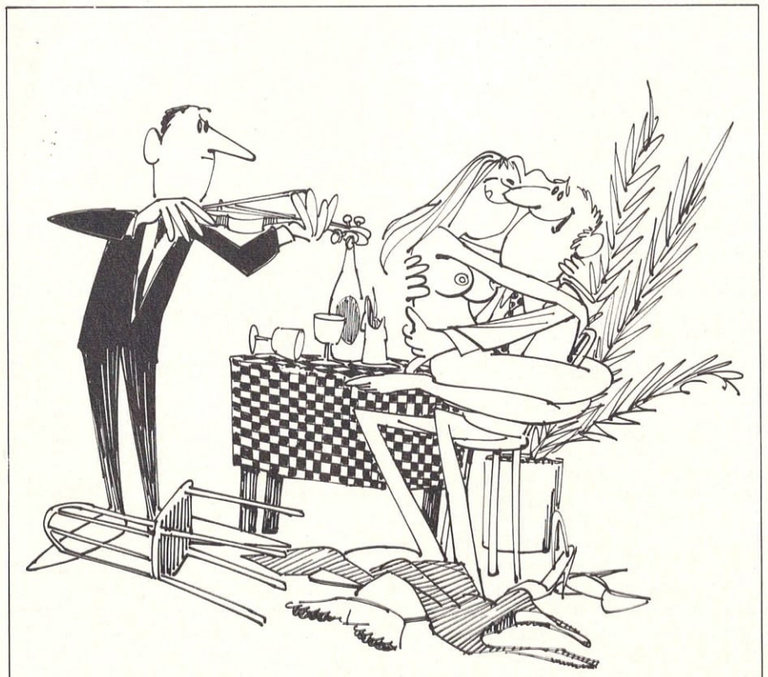
As I say, Australian politics reek of petty patronage. It's become a way of life. Indeed journalists these days tend to shrug it off as precisely that.

Alas, I am too puritanical and idealistic to be converted to the cynicism of Realpolitik. Each corrupt little wheeler-deal gets up my nostril.

Therefore I would hold that the private political behavior of political power-wielders is a matter in the public arena. Journalists should pry into what goes on in the corridors of power. As hard as the politicians try to conceal, journalists should strive to reveal. There's no entitlement to privacy in political mateship — otherwise there would be endless Gair affairs or appointments of former Governor-Generals to the UNESCO ambassadorship.

Dunstan has, of his own volition, legitimised scrutiny of his personal and non-political privacies. His suggestion on television was that if individuals offered him their loyalty and affection he reciprocated with loyalty and "support". Should "support" be taken to mean financial sustenance from the public treasury, and this is to be viewed as acceptable practice by politicians, Premiers or otherwise, orthodox or unorthodox, then private relationships are also of public relevance.

This runs contra to everything I have ever believed or practised in journalistic ethics. Being a compulsively private person myself, the thought repels me. But Dunstan, of all people, has brought me to the point of conceding, to a greater degree than I had ever imagined, that the boozing, or fornicatory, or social private habits of public people may be more relevant to the destiny of ordinary people than most of us had ever wished to believe. The priapic tendencies of Kennedy may have been a factor in bringing about the Bay of Pigs. The "Black Dog" moods of Churchill may have been a factor in his more notorious errors of military judgement. And maybe if these deeply private matters had been bruited abroad



"Thanks maestro — I can take it from here."

we would have made different judgements as to how leaders should determine the destiny of ordinary individuals.

If private life can lead to public nepotism or aberrant judgements, then privacy is not such an inalienable right as so many of us would wish it to be. It may be that the American corporate practice of scrutinising the private environments of managerial executives is likewise justifiable on the grounds of supporting impeccable ethical standards within the business function of the company.

These are dismal reflections, since one feels that all men, the great and the powerful included, should have very potent protections against an ever more prurient media system which feeds off intrusions into the secret recesses of human personality.

But for all that I shall not allow my bookshop chain to make a single sales dollar out of *It's Grossly Improper,* despite the pious and persuasive logic of those outlets which are making quite a lot of dollars.

The concern of the book is not with Dunstan's creation of a personal Establishment in South Australia, based on the buddy system. It is not about a Premier's Department which turned into a can of worms disguised as a jar of cultural caviare. It is concerned with implanting public judgements about forms of sexuality, and it does not raise the proper issues as of intent. The book is grossly improper. I won't sell it. I don't sell *Mein Kampf* either.

There is a cause for skilful examination of how Dunstan, the private man, colored South Australia as a lifestyle community within Australia. The Dunstan Decade will be of some interest within the Australian cultural context for some considerable time to come. It is not to be assessed within the microcosm of a single pathetic episode of a sad self-confessed drug addict and his leech-like attachment to a political source of power.

Mr Peter Ward, in his forthcoming book for Allen and Unwin, has the ability, judgement, taste, and scrupulous understanding of relevance to give us the appropriate understanding of private and public connections in a reformist decade which was unquestionably unique in modern Australian history.

I shall probably make up for my present obduracy by disseminating that volume with justifiable enthusiasm.

In the meantime, Australians should think about privacy, and privacy principles. Mine is not the only confusion.

You may think that such matters will never be of direct relevance to your modest part in the media scheme of things.

Until a television crew turns up at your front door. It could happen to you. Don't believe it couldn't.

DUNSTAN ON "IT'S GROSSLY IMPROPER"

During the preparation of the foregoing article Don Dunstan contacted Australian Penthouse *to deny the charges made in the book* It's Grossly Improper *and to warn that any repetition of those charges may be the subject of legal action. As a result of that discussion he accepted an invitation to respond to written questions regarding the publication of the book.*

Penthouse: What is your attitude toward bisexuality?

Dunstan: My attitude to all forms of sexual relationships between consenting adults is one of tolerance and of not making judgements — whether the relationships involve heterosexuality, homosexuality or bisexuality. Relationships of a sexual nature are for the people concerned and for private decision. It is not possible to say that a particular form of relationship between two people is right or wrong in itself — decision must depend upon the circumstances of those people — their positions, responsibilities, conditioning and reactions, and committed relationships with others.

My only reference to bisexuality in the letters published by Ceruto, Ryan and McEwen was in a letter to Ceruto in 1971 at his earnest request for advice in a difficult personal situation facing him. It was of course private advice, not written for publication. As a result of that letter he decided *not* to involve himself in a relationship with the man involved. If Ryan and McEwen had looked at all critically at Ceruto's story (and they admit he lacks credibility), it must have struck them that the contents of that letter make nonsense of Ceruto's story of association with me over the previous four years.

Penthouse: In the preface to the book, Ryan and McEwen state the following: "The personal life of a public figure should be his own; but once that private life affects his capacity to execute his public duties in a responsible manner then it becomes the legitimate subject of the closest scrutiny." The authors state you share that opinion. Do you believe your personal life has at any time affected your capacity to execute your public duties?

Dunstan: No. I adopted and maintained a rigorous standard of public responsibility, and in consequence there were many cases of my making decisions adverse to people who were my friends, including Ceruto.

Penthouse: The authors consider you chose wrongly between your principles of accountability and integrity in government, and your personal, selfish considerations. Do you believe that is a fair comment?

Dunstan: No. The authors put forward a story which is a farrago of lies. No doubt the lies were invented by Ceruto in the hope that the more lurid the story the more money he would get, but it would have been simple for Ryan and McEwen to check. They didn't.

Penthouse: Three allegations are made in the book to support the authors' contention that you allowed personal considerations to affect your public decisions. They are:

(i) That John Ceruto had no qualifications when you employed him on the Public Service payroll as the SA Catering Projects Officer in training. They further allege the job was created because of your relationship with John Ceruto.

(ii) That John Ceruto resigned from the Public Service after you gave him a commitment to provide government backing for a new style restaurant in Adelaide.

(iii) That you arranged through a ministerial colleague, Mr Geoff Virgo, for the transfer of the Highways Department lease on the Burbridge Road property, P'nuts, to John Ceruto.

Are these allegations correct? If so, do you believe your actions were within your own definitions of integrity in government?

Dunstan: (i) It is quite true that Ceruto had few qualifications at the time of his being offered a temporary position as officer-in-training. The whole point of officers-in-training was that we engaged them when, in fact, there *were* no qualified personnel for the particular kind of job we wanted done, and we sought young men who appeared to have ability and drive and who would be given training on the job and with outside organisations. This had been done successfully in Aboriginal Affairs and Social Welfare previously. There was no training institution at that time in Australia which had courses to produce the kind of officer we wanted.

Ceruto was offered a post at a base-grade clerk's wage (and sometimes less) and told he would have to get the training in a number of areas and in outside industry before a permanent position could be created. He has completely invented a story of prior friendship with me. At the time of his appointment he was a mere acquaintance. I knew he had managed drive-in-theatres and their food outlets and was proposing to go into some area of the food business. I believed from what I had seen of him that he had drive and might fit the job in catering development we had in mind.

It would have been simple for Ryan and McEwen to check Ceruto's silly story about daily visits by me to him over the previous three years. My private secretary, Doug Claessen, had to know where I was all the time, and my then press secretary, John Mitchell, worked with me constantly. It would have been impossible for me to have a close friendship of any kind without their knowledge. They would both have told Ryan and McEwen that Ceruto's story was a lie.

(ii) Nonsense. Ceruto returned from leave without pay in America not having arranged for, or obtained, any training. He was told there was no longer a job for him. He was not a permanent employee and was in no position to make conditions about his going. He was by that time a close personal friend but I determined that my duty lay in making the decision I did to sack him. He subsequently said he wanted to try to carry out in practice the restaurant development policy we had been pushing, (and which has been successful), and I said that if he did, then within the guidelines of industry assistance we would help — as we had already done with others.

> ‘It is not possible to say that a particular form of relationship between two people is right or wrong in itself.’

At no time were the guidelines of industry assistance exceeded in his case. In fact in the guarantee given to the Coalyard Restaurant, (recommended by an all-party committee of the Parliament) the Government paid nothing out and profited by a marked capital improvement to its property and an increased rental.

(iii) The restaurant opposite Theatre 62 was of importance to the Government as Theatre 62 was then a company subsidised by the State (on the recommendation of the committee on Arts grants.) It had been strongly put to us that audience attendance and economic viability of the theatre was much influenced by the availability of meals, refreshments and supper adjacent to the theatre. The Government acquired the restaurant property (which had been scheduled for roads acquisition) to ensure the interim maintenance of restaurant facilities. That was, of course, long before Ceruto's involvement with it.

I did not draw Ceruto's attention to that restaurant. He informed me that he was negotiating with the licensee. I inquired of my officers as to why the licensee was seeking to sell and it transpired that he was in arrears of rent, had shut the doors, and that the licensing court was about to revoke the licence for non-operation. I informed the Minister of Roads that, in accordance with our policy in acquiring the property, it was most desirable that the licence not be lost and the restaurant operate. Ceruto subsequently negotiated with the Highways Department for the lease. In fact he then worked very hard to clean up the premises and re-open them, for which I, and others, gave him due credit. His story that I advanced him money for that business is quite false — I did not.

It follows that my actions were entirely within strict definitions of integrity in Government.

Penthouse: It is alleged in the book that your association with John Ceruto continued after you became aware of his use of drugs. Is that true?

Dunstan: Ceruto admits that his friendship and association with me really ended with an incident which involved a girlfriend of my son, Paul. His account of that incident is as untruthful as most of the rest of his story, but it is true that we did not associate socially after that. Prior to that incident I knew that he smoked marijuana. Numbers of people I know do, though I personally never touched it or any other drug and they (and he) are aware of my personal disapproval. He well knew of my bitter opposition to hard drugs. I was quite unaware prior to the incident mentioned above, that Ceruto was involved with hard drugs. I did see him on two brief occasions subsequently at his restaurant. On each occasion I had had allegations made to me, without direct evidence, that he was dealing in drugs and I went to see him specifically to challenge him on it. He adamantly denied to me any involvement in drug dealing. As I was duty bound to do I queried the police about it. The Commissioner informed me they had no proof against Ceruto.

Penthouse: Do you wish to make any further comment?

Dunstan: Yes. To refute the material in the book would take a volume as large as the original. There are few pages reporting Ceruto or matters related to him which do not contain inventions of incidents or conversations which did not occur, or complete distortions of events.

Ryan and McEwen became obsessed with the view of themselves as Australian "Watergate" investigators. First they tried to allege that I was responsible for "covering up" massive thefts from the Hospitals Department. There were no such thefts and no cover-up. Then they attempted to show that I was involved in the drug trade, through Ceruto, with a Sydney connection. There was nothing in that. But they had to justify to themselves and others, two years of pursuing investigations, which in Ryan's own words to my press secretary, Mike Rann, "would do Dunstan untold personal harm".

So they got hold of a former friend of mine who had become a drug addict, and who in the personality change which occurs to addicts, had become utterly unreliable — a liar without credit or credibility, and who was desperate for money, and have published his lies and inventions, clearly without checking properly.

They knew it was improper to do so. Ryan visited the Premier's office after my resignation and informed members of my former staff that they (he and McEwen) had developed a manuscript, but would not publish it because it would be unethical to do so. The publication, however, has occurred as has the lack of ethics.

At the time Mr Dunstan supplied his written answers to the questions above, he also supplied the following declaration which he said was written and signed voluntarily by his former private secretary:

I, Julian Douglas Claessen of 2 Hyland Terrace, Rosslyn Park, South Australia, do state that I was appointed Secretary to Mr Don Dunstan on September 30, 1968, and continued in that capacity until May 31, 1970, when I took up the position of Administration Officer in the Premier's Department. I continued in the position of Administrative Officer until the middle of 1974 except for a period of some 11 or 12 months from February 1971 when I was on study leave. I have read the book entitled *It's Grossly Improper* and in particular pages 97 and 98 in which reference is made to Mr Dunstan's association with Ceruto in 1968 and 1969 on a daily basis.

As Secretary to Mr Dunstan during the period in question I was aware of his movements and his appointments including matters of a personal and private nature. I am unable to recall a single instance when the name Ceruto was mentioned or that there were facts or information which indicated that Mr Dunstan knew or was a friend of Mr Ceruto in the years in question. I came to know Mr Ceruto after I resumed duties in the Premier's Department in March 1972.

Indeed knowing the full nature of Mr Dunstan's work and public and private program of activities I can state quite categorically that it would have been impossible for the association to have existed without my knowledge. I know the facts surrounding the death of Mr Gerald Crease and Mr Ceruto's account of it is quite false. Indeed Mr Dunstan was in Melbourne when Mr Crease's body was discovered and I was immediately summoned.

J.D. Claessen
January 12, 1980

Debbie Harry survived punk, junk, and funk to make Blondie the hottest rock 'n' roll band in the world.

PUNK'S DREAM

There is a tense hush as Deborah Harry — Blondie's star vocalist — arrives at the photo session. All in black, she glides in, pushing back with well-groomed hands gleaming, jaw-length hair. Her face is heart-stopping; her eyes, like her manner, are set on Repel.

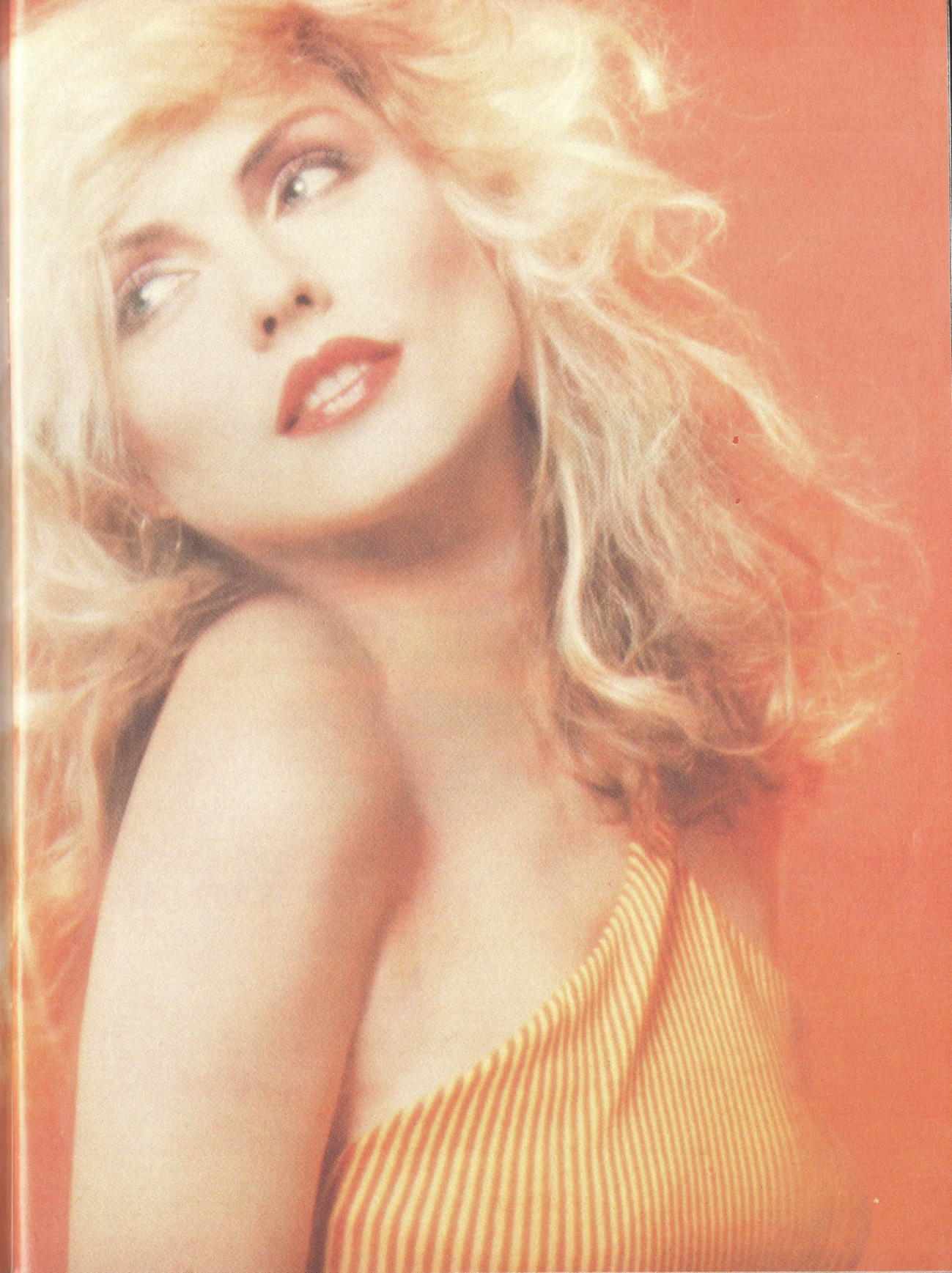
"Over here, Blondie," calls the chic photographer, Anthony Barboza. He sits her on a stool, tries an encouraging smile. "How do you feel?" "Like I always do," Debbie says. She reminds Barboza that Blondie is a group. Her name is Debbie.

Various technical problems occur and reoccur, dealt with by a chorus of assistants and groupies. But then, at the photographic instant, Debbie's eyes flash alive. "Come on, Blondie!" The photographer leaps forward, flushed. The shutter is triggering each glimpse of passion. He stops; she withdraws, stands away, eyes shuttered again. Barboza says, "Go," and she once more turns on the current, plugs in her face. The rest of us stand back, watching the sparks fly.

After an hour Barboza drops his hands to his sides. He bends forward, kisses Debbie's forehead, walks her to the elevator. There actually are tears in his eyes. Later he muses: "I've had a lot of people here — musicians, literary people. The only one who had presence like her was James Baldwin."

The next day I tell Debbie. She nods: "I've always known how to turn it off and on. I can do it just like that." She snaps her fingers. "I'm getting better at it all the time."

BY DEBRA RAE COHEN



It's a talent for which she's got increasing use; there are more and more voyeurs to fend off, more people examining her image for flaws, more, well, *media* interest . . . Recently, for example, the New York *Times* magazine considered her for a cover but rejected her as "too trendy", relegating her story to the limbo of filler space between full page advertisements. *Rolling Stone* sent one of its fey young men to assess Blondie's cultural worth, and Debbie and her boys gave the writer such a hard time that he scuttled back to his little cubicle and penned a vicious piece implying that the band is a replaceable bunch of amateurs and that Debbie will probably self-destruct — this despite the extravagant success of the band's third album, *Parallel Lines* (a million and a half albums in the United States sold to date).

You suspect, after seeing Debbie in action a couple of times, that her defensive surliness, though it is as polished as a lady's handgun, is still some kind of last-ditch defense. She's been fighting the pop-star wars for six years now, and she knows how good she is; elsewhere in the world, Blondie's mix of Sixties' style, pop, and punk power made the group stars dating from its first world tour in 1977-78. Its first hit, In the Flesh, went platinum in Australia in 1977. The kids love the group in England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Australia, Japan, even in Thailand, where it seems, when they're not fighting heroin wars of the Cambodian Khmer Rouge, they're clamoring for Debbie. But in America it wasn't until January 1979, with the discofied single Heart of Glass, that Blondie was pushed to the forefront of mass consciousness. Rock/Disco — the commercial outgrowth of punk rock.

The irony is so heavy it rattles. Blondie's first two albums, *Blondie* (1976/77) and *Plastic Letters* (1977/78), were everything the trendy US audience could have wished for. The records blast away, post-electric shocked, subliminally saying, "Business is art." Unfortunately, they didn't sell in the States. For a while, this was okay. In the mid-Seventies, to be hitless was to be hip. Poor was chic. The thing is that cockroaches get boring. Linoleum floors lose their thrill. Today Debbie admits: "Success is harder to handle and much more work than no success." Chris Stein, Debbie's boyfriend, lead guitar player for Blondie, and author of Heart of Glass, puts it very directly: "The hard part about success is that all these people that you like turn against you. Here's the band. They starve. You have no money. You sign bad deals, sign your life away. You spend all your time and unearned money getting out of the bad deals. Then all the people you respect turn around and say, 'You sold out. You suck. Well, fuck you!' "

Parallel Lines was suffused with modified disco rhythms, rife with organ breaks, heavy with sure-fire hooks, in the classic pop-music tradition. It was a conscious attempt to be commercial, and it worked. Therefore, one wonders, shouldn't Debbie and the boys be happier? God knows the press can be a beast, managers can make life miserable, and business and financial worries can turn good musicians into paperhangers. But Blondie had a No. 1 hit, and that can make just about anything seem worthwhile; Debbie is the first real female sex-object star that rock 'n' roll has ever produced.

It's hard to balance with a foot in each world. Debbie and Chris — like the other members of Blondie, bassist Nigel Harrison, guitarist Frank Infante, keyboard player Jimmy Destri, and drummer Clem Burke — disavow labels: they aren't punks, they aren't disco, they aren't New Wave. But Debbie and Chris do pursue interests that might be considered "artistic". They are planning a remake of Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville,* with Robert Fripp starring; Debbie has completed work on an independently produced film, *Union City,* in which she plays the wife of a psychotic; and they both worry about the intolerance for new ideas that seems to be developing in America.

> Debbie and her boys gave the *Rolling Stone* writer such a hard time that he wrote a vicious article implying that Debbie would self-destruct.

When Debbie was singing in groups like Wind in the Willows, and the Stilletoes, she appeared in underground movies and plays. She identifies with Marilyn Monroe, but, significantly, the Monroe of *Some Like it Hot,* not the post — Arthur Miller tragedienne Hollywood was trying to sell.

Debbie likes comedy, even though she admires the prototypes of the current generation, all of whom seemed to end their lives tragically — Monroe, James Dean, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, etc. Debbie's contemporaries in the lower-Manhattan rock/art crucible of 1972-73 recognised the incestuous nature of modern culture and easily used *any* influences in their eclectic approach to music, art, photography, and literature. Tragedy sometimes *becomes* comedy in the Debbie Harry ethic.

Debbie is a very pretty girl, smarter than the average rock 'n' roller, talented as a singer-writer, with a moon-maiden face that would have made the top modelling agencies slaver if only she'd been a few inches taller. Like most "hip" people, Debbie hung around the New York scene because she loved the excitement of urban night life. In the mid-Seventies she became identified with punk, but Debbie and Blondie never considered themselves punk musically (although leather jackets may be found in some of their closets).

Instead, Debbie, like David Bowie and Bob Dylan, sees herself as a canvas, chameleonlike, registering the rapid changes of modern culture shock, the need to be a kind of human commercial, brilliantly, nonverbal in the land of the self-erasing word.

Debbie puts it more simply: "I hate to be bored."

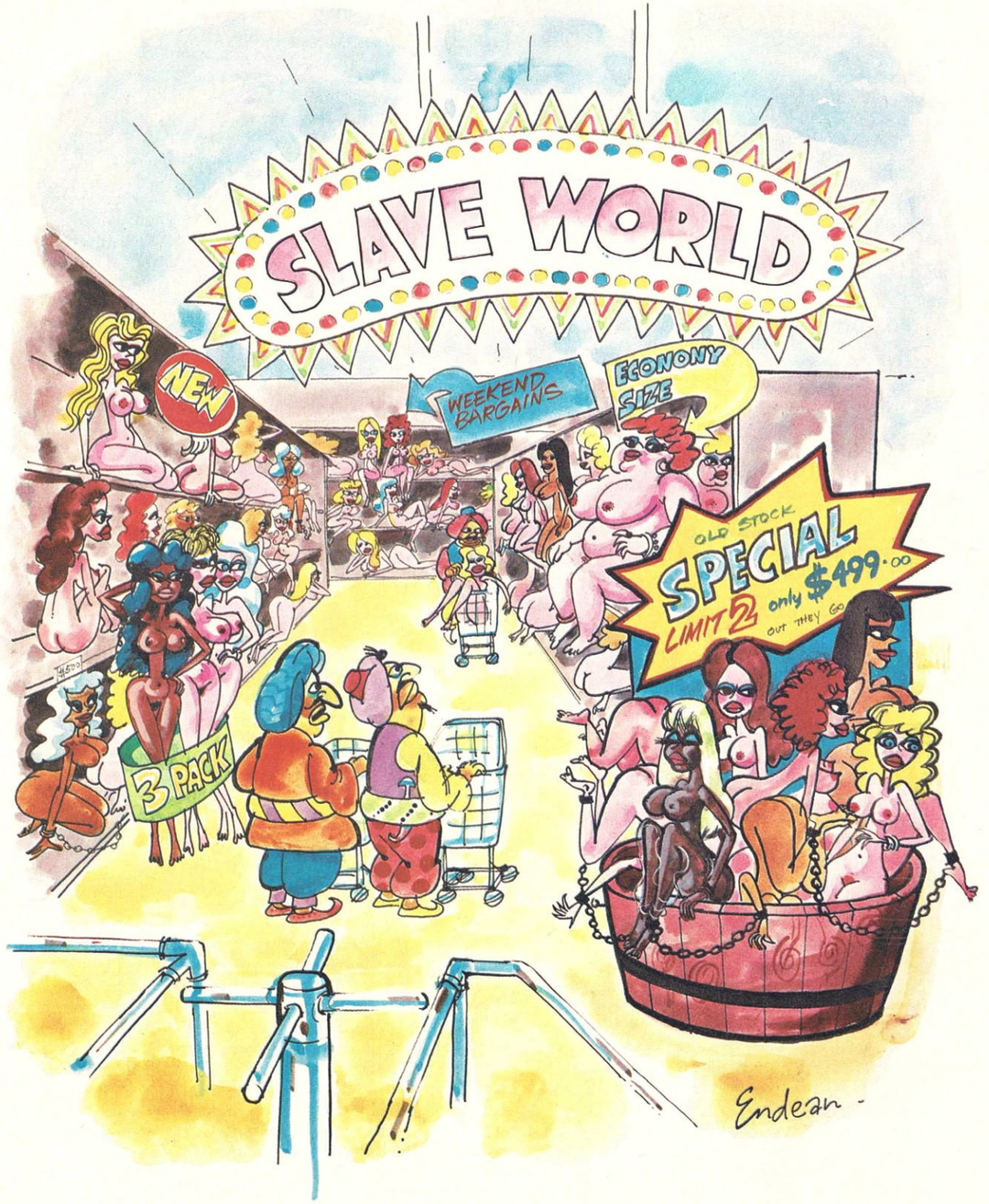
Photos of Debbie beginning in 1973 show everything from a half inch of brown hair to shoulder-length blonde hair — back and forth, around and around.

"Debbie used to talk very freely," Chris Stein says. "But after being abused and misquoted, she cut herself off."

"It's strange," muses one of her former associates. "She gets angry at herself for letting down her guard — and then her guard's down *because* she's angry." Often she just switches her emotions on and off when it is appropriate, stunning the straights, reporters, fans, and just about everyone else — even, you get the feeling, herself.

In 1968 "everyone" meant everyone at Max's Kansas City, the Manhattan bar-restaurant that was home for Andy Warhol's painting and fashion crowd and a lot of musicians who thought rock was avant-garde art. Max's was a mecca for young glamor-struck hangers-on. It had its own heady aura of heavy drugs, hard music, dark sex. It felt like Haiti in there, with Lou Reed prowling around in black shades at 2am, his sleeves rolled down in the hottest weather, John Cale's guitar chording on I'm Waiting for the Man or Heroin thundering like a soundtrack.

Even the kids waiting on tables were special, alive to the frenzy on the cutting edge of art — the desperate need to be famous. Upstairs the dining-room wall was an evolving exhibit with shifting, changing projected pictures, a photomontage, a light show of sorts done with prisms and the faces of beautiful women and men, no two sequences alike. There were shots of boys and girls who worked at Max's, boys and girls on the scene. There was a whole set of one young waitress named Deborah Harry, fresh from a folk-rock group where she sang back-ups. Friends remember watching



". . . I still miss the atmosphere of the old slave market."

for her full-face images to glimpse the "strange expressive look in her eyes".

"Those were wild and crazy times." Debbie Harry stares wide-eyed at an 007-style conference table as if watching someone lay out tarot cards. The slick Madison Avenue office of her press agents, The Press Office, is crowded with Kiss posters, press releases, Wings posters, promotional mailings — up to date music biz debris — but Harry is thinking back to the Sixties, remembering. She shakes her head slightly: "It was fun being so naive and so young . . . to just stand around and look at Andy Warhol, Viva, Ultra Violet, Jane Fonda, James Coburn, Roger Vadim, the Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, you name it. I'd be there every night and watch Alice Cooper go up and down. When I finished work, I'd go upstairs and dance my arse off. What a great time I had. What an education I got."

For a while Debbie walked the exhilarating cliff edge of disaster; she drifted after her boyfriend into heroin use. She watched a lot of her playmates end up as drug casualties. Excess was the number at Max's.

"I think that was when I really went crazy." Debbie stares down at her hands in silence. "That's when I was really weird. My boyfriend then was a drummer. He had been in the band for about a week. He was an unbelievable, high-calibre drummer, a drummer since he was three years old. He's dead." She clears her throat. Her voice has a husky catch in it.

"He died," she repeats. "But — it's unbelievable — he taught me so much about music." Eyes averted, she sweeps her hand across the table and lets it drop. "That's another one gone."

"That's the thing about the Sixties; there were all these tragedies. There are still these articles about 30-year-old people that are — they call them survivors. I don't want to be labelled as that, but in a certain respect . . ." Her voice trails off. "A lot of people died."

"Everybody was on drugs then," says Ritty Dodge, who worked with Debbie at Max's. "But nobody talked about it; everybody just got fried and partied all night. Debbie looked then, I thought, like a nice Polish girl — very corn-fed, with long, dirty-blonde hair. Everyone I knew loved her . . . but she was *never* one of the ones who passed out in the bathroom; she always showed up for work, kept it together, went home to her boyfriend. She just took up with the wrong person and went on the skids; she had to have been a little naive, a little out of her depth."

She's not any more: "I'm into Perrier water these days," she says. "Everybody prints the drug stuff, but nobody talks about what a healthy girl I am now."

Hawthorne, New Jersey, is the kind of town where you always get stuck behind trucks marked Flammable. Harry was born in Miami to an unknown mother who put her up for adoption when she was three months old. Her foster parents — who now run a gift shop in Cooperstown, New York — soon moved the family to Hawthorne, a nice suburb just across from slums.

Not much has changed since 1963, when, identical but for the upsweep hairdo, Debbie Harry was voted the best-looking senior at Hawthorne High. When her little sister Martha left school, seven years later, senior girls still wore black jumpers, with single, discreet strings of pearls. Debbie's picture could have been taken one day last week. She even looks the same in the yearbook photo that catches her smiling, apple-cheeked. Look for a hellion, and you'll be disappointed; 16 years ago they weren't bred that way.

At most, Debbie projected a gentle rebellion; she was an "introspective freak", writing lyrics and folk songs for Frank Krueger's English class, harboring secret "artistic" ideas. In the space for Ambition, over her yearbook picture, Debbie wrote "Undecided" — a great sign of freethinking; most girls chose from a spectrum that ran from Mother to Nurse.

> Debbie drifted after her boyfriend into heroin use. She watched a lot of her playmates end up as drug casualties.

Half of Debbie's teachers are still behind their desks. They speak of her as if she'd just received her diploma, cluck as they examine her press photos, and wistfully ask: "Did she ever get married?"

Outside, Tom Nolan waves kids past him for fire drill lineup, pointing down the block with a sheaf of papers. Compact and natty in his aviator frames, he looks younger now than in his picture with Debbie's Class of 1963. Twenty years in Hawthorne and Nolan still refers to the townspeople as "they".

"This is a *very* conservative place," he confides as we walk back to the building. "I used to be known as 'Tommy the Commie'.

"Let me tell you what it was like for kids who were 'artistic'. When Debbie's class was here, the head of art was just about to retire; she'd taught for *52* years. Debbie's junior dance was called When in Rome I remember, because they made all these decorations. One kid designed a beautiful, full-length silhouette of a girl — and this damn woman ruined it by making her put a *dress* on it! Made it look absolutely obscene." He shakes his head in disbelief. "I couldn't believe it. No wonder Debbie couldn't wait to get out."

The sun glints off long formica tables in the cafeteria. Nolan is fending off dozens of wheedling kids begging for passes. Slightly more adult, with blue sweater and eye makeup, a pretty blonde is poised to cajole. "Mr Nolan . . ." she begins; he turns to me swiftly "See that? That's Debbie Harry when she was here." The girl's been anointed, but she's not sure as what.

"Who's she?" the blonde wants to know.

"She graduated from here. And then she went—" Nolan stops. "To jail!"

The girl jumps back, wide-eyed.

"Only kidding," he adds, and the blonde dances away with a smile like candy.

"I was destined to be an artist even then," Debbie recalls deadpan. "I practiced putting on makeup a lot. I used to study it carefully and *practise* everything." She spreads out her hands, framing her face. "I used to sit in front of a mirror and try to make myself look Oriental. I made a lot of mistakes; sometimes I'd walk out of the house looking like a ghoul and not really know it. One time in eighth grade my mother wasn't home; so I went upstairs and started fooling around. When I went back to school after lunch, no one would talk to me. Everybody went to one side of the lounge, and I was all by myself, practically in tears, with beauty marks all over my face."

Makeup served as admission to different personas. About this time Debbie began to be Blondie: "In high school I must have had 10 or 12 different colors of hair. At first I would use a mix of peroxide and ammonia, stuff that was easy to get. I started with streaks, and then it gradually turned orange. That's when my mother would start to notice. All of a sudden at dinner, she'd say, 'Your hair is different. What did you do?' And I'd just say, 'Oh, I lightened it a little.' My father would go — Debbie furrows her forehead and lets out a gruff bark — 'Well, I don't know if I like this, hmmm . . .' But he liked it on my mother; so it was *semi*-acceptable." She grins at me conspiratorially. "Later it was turning up platinum."

Hawthorne served as an out-of-town tryout. Debbie knew she'd end up in New York. She's always had a built-in Geiger counter of hip, homing in on the centre of the action. Method-acting in each new fashion, she was pretty enough to make

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each style convincing, whether hippie, folk-rocker, or punk, and too smart to type herself irrevocably.

Thinking back, she sits up uncomfortably straight, hands clasped before her; she shifts from side to side as if awaiting a test. Without makeup she looks not older but younger, a Peter Pan runaway, flawless under the harsh fluorescents. There's a pout built into her upper lip. When she smiles, its incredible; her blue eyes narrow to slits, disappearing above the broadest cheekbones in showbiz; she's *prettier* than Marilyn Monroe, though she acts as if she didn't know it.

She paints pictures with sounds more than with words; her voice works like a storyteller reading a child a bedtime tale — high-pitched little-girl tones and dumb-bunny accents alternate with strange, strangled chortles as sound-effect aids. It's her clearest legacy from the punk ethic.

"I have a really bad sense of where all the years are," she murmurs. "It's like lacking depth perception."

Harry knew where to go, but it took a while to get there. Her parents prescribed a short stay, after high school, at Centenary College, a glorified finishing school. Debbie reached New York's East Village just as hippiedom dawned; her lip curls as she describes its transition to scuzz. "All these creeps hanging around on the street begging for money, doing numbers in the name of peace and love."

Debbie spent some time with Wind in the Willows, a folkie-baroquey band. She met the members of the group through high school friends. "It was a temporary association of convenience," she says. The group put out one album in 1968, produced by Artie Kornfeld later of Woodstock fame. Harry sang back-up and played percussion. Folk palled quickly for her. "I decided I wanted to do something harder, faster, and more *exciting*." She left, she admits, with no thought-out alternative; the band broke up in her wake.

Her homing device still working well, she found herself at Max's during its heyday. Depression and drugs triggered a brief, disillusioning trip to California and a series of quick-money jobs in New York, including a stint as a Playboy Bunny.

"There were girls there who started their own businesses from what they made; girls were making from three to five hundred dollars a night. *Cash*! You had 35 people per show to wait on; sometimes you'd be carrying a double-stacked tray" — she half-rises, absorbed, and hefts an imaginary load — "this much liquor. A man watching a girl in a little costume with her tits hanging out, struggling with a tray among 500 people, he thinks, 'Holy shit! How did she do that?' It's no big deal to give her a tip."

Harry quit when the money became less important, when she gathered her forces to end her three-year bout with drugs. "I got *mad*," stresses Debbie. "I got *bored*. I guess I wasn't that hopeless a case in the first place — luckily. A lot of things just clicked."

Around this time Gil, her boyfriend, OD'd. Debbie's hands are moving nervously; she twists a paper clip, pokes a hole in a coffee cup, ties the clip through the Styrofoam into a knot: "I died a couple of times, I think." She speaks conversationally and doesn't look up. "I think that's what probably brought me back to life — having died. You know, just, actually, *died*. Physically, emotionally, spiritually. It really scared me." Her matter-of-factness makes the words chilling.

"I wanted to learn self-hypnosis," Debbie says. "I thought if I learned some kind of technique, a physical technique or a mental technique, that would be able to support me if I ever felt I needed to take drugs — so that I could get out of this rat race. But then I got into the psychoanalytic rat race — and that was *another* one!" Her voice rises shrilly. "I mean, that was taking as much time and money as the other thing had; so I had to get out of that, too."

She lived in upstate New York and at home in New Jersey and stayed out of the city until she felt "cured". She was finally lured back by the glittering advent of the New York Dolls. Omnisexual, celebratory, desperately vibrant, they rejuvenated the New York music scene as forerunners of the New Wave. They were more than the centre of the action; they were closer to being a religion. People knew each other, they said, "from the Dolls".

Debbie was still homing in on hip; it was another exciting new scene to embrace. "I was never a real groupie," she cautions, "I was just a great fan."

Ritty Dodge saw Debbie again down at Max's in 1973, where the whole glitter scene was turning to rococo.

"She came in then, looking very extreme" — his voice fills with admiration — "wearing a brassiere and a half-slip to dance in and garish makeup like a whore's. She was really ahead of her time."

Says Elda Gentile, who hung out with Doll Syl Sylvain: "She used to come by in her little blue car from New Jersey, ride around with us, and party with the boys."

When Elda's glitz band, Pure Garbage, broke up in 1973, Debbie, anxious to get back to performing, joined up to help form a new act — the three-girl Stilletoes, with a theme, Debbie says, "like the visual effect of *True Confessions* or *Modern Romance*."

"The best song," says Elda, "was called Dracula, What Did You Do to My Mother? We wore green crosses and skull eyeglasses. It was great.

"We played at the Boburn Tavern; it was just a tiny, shitty little dive where they took the legs off the pool table to use it as a stage. We didn't think we'd get much of a crowd, but the place was jammed; by the next week, David Bowie and Angie were pulling up in their limousine. We had New York by the balls," she laughs. "There was nothing going on in those days."

Eric Emmerson — now dead, who knew Debbie from her waitress days at Max's, was one of Elda's "husbands", and one day he brought his guitarist-roommate Chris Stein to watch the Stilletoes' act. Chris's eyes met Debbie's across the room; they've been personally and professionally inseparable ever since.

When Elda speaks of Harry, her voice chimes with knew-her-when bitterness. "She used to make me swear to God that I'd never tell anybody she sang with that other band, Wind in the Willows. I didn't know about it until months after we started working together. It was a very hard-rock thing that was going on then, and anything that seemed to be going against it — I think she was afraid people might be turned off. She wrote pretty lyrics — like In the Flesh — that she had no faith in. She was so unconfident; we'd go, 'Come on, this is beautiful', but she wouldn't admit it. I'm very hard-edged, but she had a softness, a bubbliness that she just pushed down."

Push, as it so often does, came to shove: the band had a falling-out, and bassist Fred (now with the Richard Lloyd Band) Smith and drummer Billy O'Connor followed Debbie and Chris. They played around as Angel, Snake, and finally Blondie. For backup they added the Banzai Babies, the Bellomo sisters, Snookie and Tish, whose resumes read like a name-that-punk baby book.

"I met them," says Debbie, "through these guys Gorilla and Tomato; Tomato now has a group called the Screamers, and Gorilla is Gorilla Rose; he writes songs. But they used to do comedy skits at CBGB (the original New York punk club, on the Bowery), things like Babs the Stunt Girl or Savage Voodoo Nuns. Tish and Snookie were in some of the crazier shows."

Now the Bellomos run Manic Panic, a punk fashion boutique. The walls sport hundreds of bright, spike-heeled shoes — one shoe from each pair hanging in each of two rooms. The sisters clear spaces between piles of clothing. "Debbie decided we should be a disco dance band," recalls ponytailed Snookie. "She got us a job playing Brandy's Too, an Upper East Side singles place, two long sets a night." They ponder, and Heart of Glass, comes on the radio. Trading lines, the sisters complete each other's sentences: "The crowd was half friends, who came up to hang out, and half the sleazy singles crowd. *They* didn't understand a thing, missed lots of the lyrics —

like one song that we did called Funky Anus."

Blondie, meanwhile, was having its own problems. Fred Smith left and, says Tish, "our drummer kept falling asleep all the time". Clem Burke took his place, winning out by audition. The beleaguered Bellomos say they were dropped without word. Gary Valentine was on bass (since replaced by Nigel Harrison), and keyboard whiz Jimmy Destri completed the band. Blondie became the new hot group on the small-club circuit.

The band boasted cartoon sensibilities, tongues firmly in cheek, kick-arse musicianship, and historical perspective, plus a singer who looked like a 14-year-old's wet dream. Leaping and strutting in punkette tight leopard-skin pants, Debbie projected a sort of sensual klutziness. "I didn't have much control over anything except singing," she says sheepishly, "and some people wondered about that."

One who wondered was Larry Uttal, president of Private Stock Records, who signed Blondie in 1976 at the urging of Richie Gottehrer, a British producer who was nuts about Debbie Harry's potential. Richie got Blondie to do a single, X Offender, on Uttal's label and then the band's first two albums, none of which sold. Uttal and Gottehrer pressured the band to hire a skinny operator called Peter Leeds as manager. A year later Leeds, claiming that Uttal wasn't giving him enough money to push the group and that Uttal had "hurt" Blondie by hustling a "sleazy" poster showing Debbie in a see-through trash outfit, signed the group with Chrysalis, a British-based outfit known for its quality acts.

At Chrysalis, wizard producer Mike Chapman was signed to handle Blondie. Leeds claims credit for this. So does Terry Ellis, a Chrysalis owner. In any case, Chapman was the best choice on earth, as all the gold and platinum records *Parallel Lines* earned proves. As soon as the album hit, Debbie and Stein began pushing Leeds out. After months of dark threats, in which they "auditioned" new managers, including Bill Graham and Shep Gordon, they chose Gordon, manager of Alice Cooper and Teddy Prendergast, among others.

Gordon took over on August 1, 1979, and the official word now is Total Happiness for everyone, although the group allegedly had to give up a large part of its future gross plus more than a quarter of a million dollars to lose Leeds.

Centre stage at New York's Palladium. Debbie stretches, her black bodysuit ripples, glowing. Behind me, a teenager wearing an Iggy T-shirt groans with violent, strained delight. Debbie Harry can inspire odd excesses. At concert's end I see a kid punching his crotch in wild frustration. Scary, I think, and somewhat sinister, the idea of holding that kind of sway. But it doesn't bother Harry; she's always been a golden girl. Why tamper with success?

"I think that the highest appreciation that anyone has is usually sexual," she protests. "Just as a girl, as a female, would that bother you?"

"Yes, I admit, if it obscured more important things."

"But that *is* the important thing!" She's wide-eyed, sincere. "It really is. Because sex is the biggest seller — sells more magazines, more clothes, more everything. Sex is it. In rock 'n' roll," she adds, "it's sex and sass." She curls her lip, narrows her eyes, throws out a hip with a screw-you gesture.

"That 'Ahh, I don't care, I don't give a fuck' — that's a very heavy attitude," Debbie continues. She seems to be talking to herself, thinking out loud. I say, somewhat lamely. "What else sells?"

Debbie ponders a moment, scrunching up her face like a little girl. "Nothing."

> Sex is the biggest seller — sells more magazines, more clothes, more everything. Sex is it. In rock 'n' roll it's sex and sass.

And, as if in illustration, Blondie's records have become more sucessful as Harry's stage sexuality has gone through a change. No more tiger-striped miniskirts, like leftover Stilettoes outfits; she's moving inexorably toward straightforward, grown-up glamor — less kitsch, more class, to match her improved, slicker singing.

"I think I'm more outrageous now," she ventures. "I always thought I was really conservative, shy, trying to feel my way around. Now I'm really loose. Maybe it's a matter of *giving up* control, like one of those Zen moot points; I think I'm more sexual, but in a less calculated way."

It's a way of growing up, picking the costume that works; at 34-plus, Debbie Harry's finally a postadolescent. "There was a time in my life," she says softly, "when I was very, very depressed. And all through it I wished I had someone, like, older, to come tell me what to do, give me some hints." She shakes her head. "But I didn't have that; I was all on my own."

If she's secure now, it's due largely to Chris. They're part co-workers, part lovers, part Svengali-and-muse; he bolstered her resolve, refined her ambitions, and defended her honor by attacking the press. Quick and verbal, he annexes — even preempts — conversations, grating and ingratiating by turns; his is the float-like-a-butterfly-sting-like-a-bee approach to the media.

Chris knows that the media's there to be utilised. He's concerned with a platform to billboard his views. The only way to get a fair deal is to stack the deck yourself. Debbie looks to him for cues and me-toos his arguments. I'm struck by the difference in her, with and without him. Less spontaneous, more self-assured, she goes farther out on the limb he selects. It's part of being a nice girl from New Jersey; you find — and defer to — a nice boy to depend on.

The showroom is crowded with lucite constructions, bulbous bronze cherubs holding up lampshades, coffee tables of indeterminate metal and gut-wrenching assymmetry. Chris and Debbie are shopping for furniture, cut-rate. Salesman Sid Cohen smiles indulgently at the raffish young couple — the boy with his Ralph Lauren horn-rims askew, the blonde in leopard-trimmed shoes and a red hooded sweatshirt — flipping through photos of modular furniture. It's an obvious case of First Major Purchase.

Sid decides to do them a favor. "Do you like what you're sitting on? I have a $1000 deposit and a customer in jail — six hundred dollars and its yours."

In an automatic gesture their hands smooth the fabric — hopelessly, irredeemably garish, the mid-air collision of two colored kites. They signal, regretfully, gratefully no. The young man rejects another design: "Too much like airport furniture."

"Oh," ventures Sid, "do you travel a lot?" The girl nods emphatically, with a shy, friendly smile, and tucks white-blonde strands behind her ears.

"Are you in a group?"

"Uh-huh," says Debbie.

"Which one," asks Sid.

"Blondie," says Debbie.

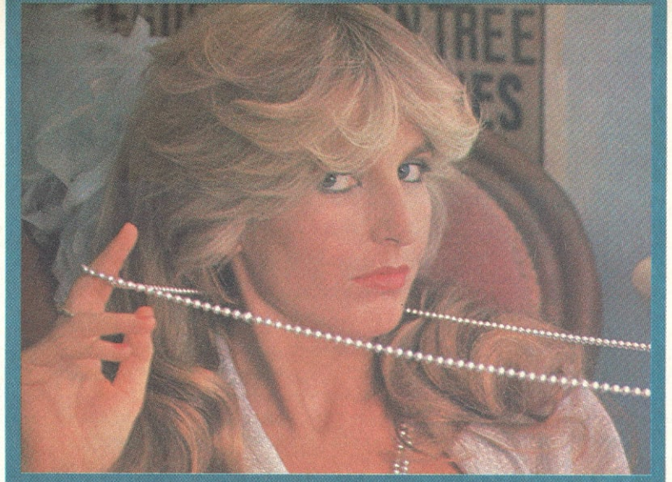
"Why?" asks Sid, with forced chuckle.

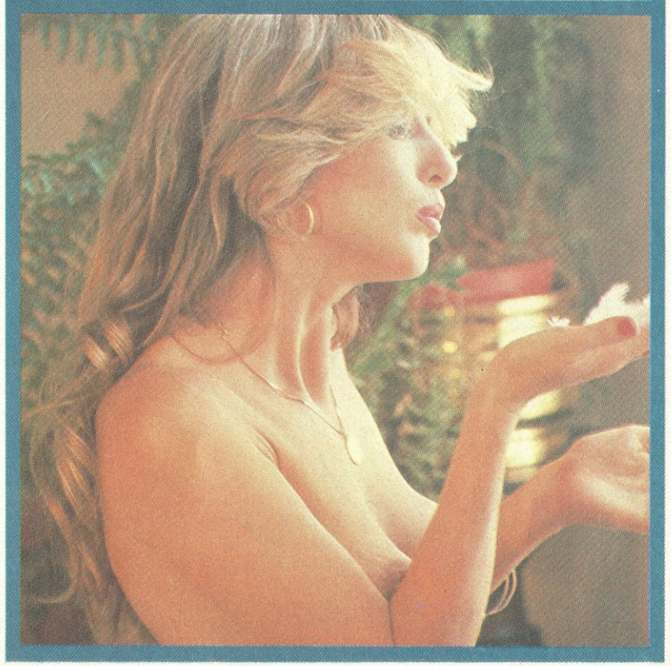
"Use your imagination," says Debbie, her voice veering toward the tone she used on the photographer.

Slouched forward Chris begins a chatty commercial. "We have a song that's done very well; maybe you've heard it. It's called Heart of Glass."

Distracted, Sid smooths back his straight, greying hair and stares at the table. "My daughter wants to be a singer, but I haven't encouraged her . . ." His voice trails off quizzically.

"But you *have* to" Debbie cries, leaning forward. Suddenly she's straight-backed and earnest, all her hostility vanished. "It's very important. You *have* to encourage her!"





ROXANNE

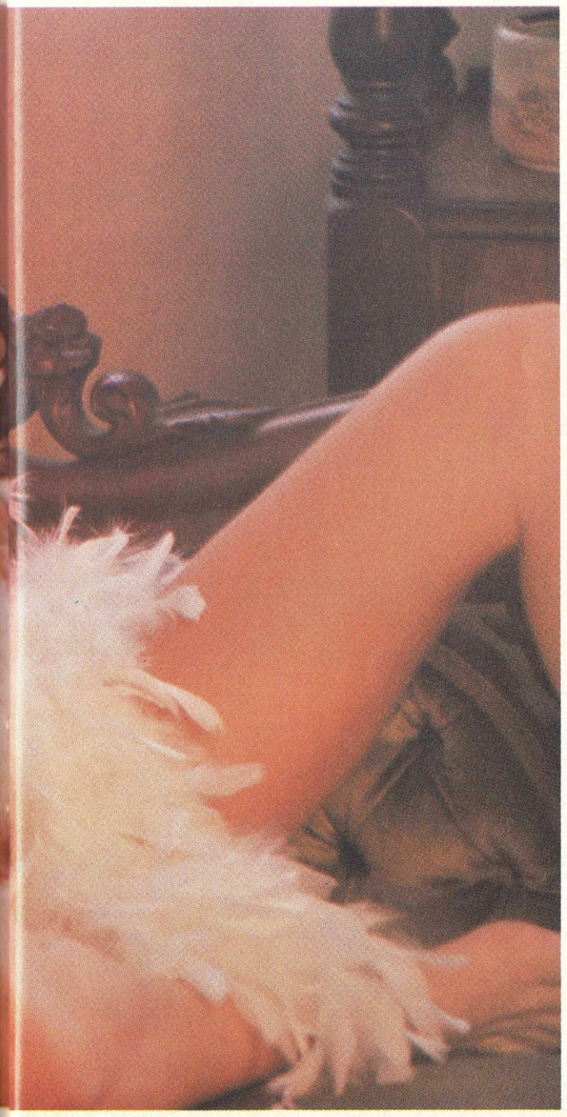
"I'm a romantic, and I like to be surrounded by beauty."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL HOLLOWAY

"I'm a romantic," says 25-year-old Roxanne from Sydney. "And I like to be surrounded by beauty. I love antiques and old houses and soft things, like feather boas. They are reminders of days past when gentleness and graciousness were a part of everyday life. Although I enjoy my life, I often wish I had had the chance to live in those times. I suppose I just want to have the best of both worlds."

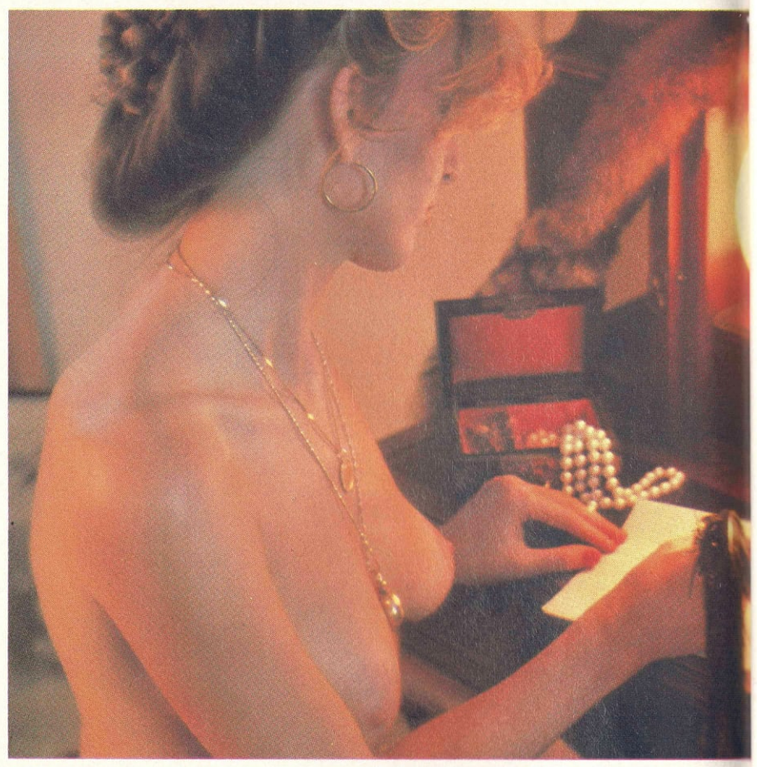
"Feather boas are a reminder of days past when gentleness and graciousness were a part of life."

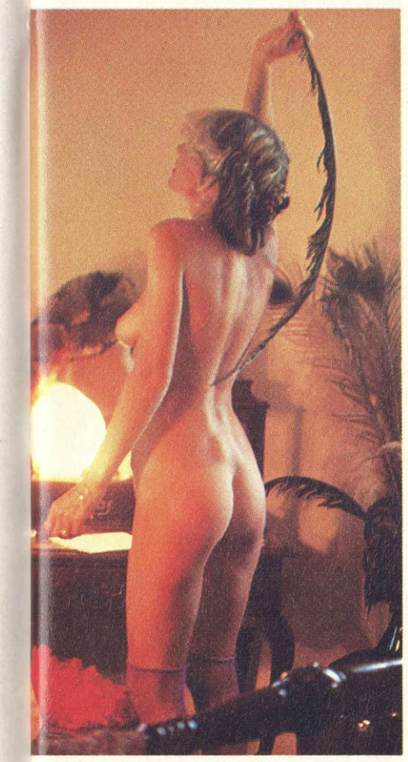


"It is essential that the man I love is sensitive to the arts — especially music."

Location courtesy Australian Youth Hostel; shoes and lingerie by Raymond Castles.

"I'm mainly attracted to Sagittarian men who are honest, fun-loving, and tall with dark hair, fair skin and large liquid eyes," she says. "It is essential that the man I love is sensitive to the arts — especially music. I daydream about one day owning a large house in one of the leafy suburbs of Sydney and another one in the country . . . maybe built by convicts of hand-cut stone. Then I could commute between the two — my career in the city and dogs, horses and the beauty of nature in the country."





Roxanne is hoping to embark on a musical career. "At the moment," she says, "my main concern is the search for two other girls with whom I can form a group called Roxanne and the Riots. If all goes well, I hope you'll be hearing of us by the end of the year. Musically, I hope to encompass many styles, but I also want to be able to present a powerful visual act." If the other girls have 35-23-34 figures like Roxanne, they can't go wrong.

Illustration by John Byrne

Bob Hawke has no claim to the office of Prime Minister other than his own belief that he would be the best we've ever had.

THE HAWKE ENIGMA

BY MAX TEICHMANN

Even though Bob Hawke may say that he cannot stop people, or the media, comparing Bill Hayden and himself as potential election winners, it must be said that Hawke initiated this whole strange cult. It is indeed a strange cult, for Hayden has not yet had a chance to win or lose an election in his own right, and the consequences of Hawke throwing his hat into the ring can only be such as to make it more unlikely that Hayden would, or could, win.

Knowing that no one could distinguish Hawke from Hayden, or from almost any other Labor leader, on account of their different policies, we come back to Hawke's supposed superior leadership qualities. In the end, we have to accept his word for these . . . and the media's. The public's perception is almost entirely derived from the way Hawke has produced himself on television, and to a far lesser extent on radio and in print. In almost all instances the media has been kind; so much so that many see our budding leader as the creation of the media. They remember that what the media makes it can also destroy.

Why have the media been so kind, and why are they so kind now — most especially in the areas where Hawke appears likely to reduce Hayden's appeal, in an election year? The editor of the *Financial Review*, Maximillian Walsh, in his recent book *Poor Little Rich Country* prophesied that no major metropolitan newspaper will advocate a vote for Labor in the 1980s. Considering the degree of newspaper domination over the electronic media, we should assume a similar long term anti-Labor pattern on *their* part as well.

If Maximillian Walsh is correct, and I see no reason for doubting him, for as a longtime Fairfax editor he should know, then the media do not want Labor to win *this* coming Federal Election. The media's almost sycophantic support for Hawke can then be viewed in a rather different light. From their point of view Hawke, rather than Fraser, may be the trump in the anti Labor pack.

Nor would Labor's defeat this year necessarily see the end of the media campaign to bump Hawke into the

Leader's chair. For one thing Fraser could finish up winning the Lower House but no longer control the Senate. He might also suffer a substantial loss of Lower House seats. In the ensuing tension, the ever increasing pressuring of Hawke backed by the media would help to reduce even paralyse the ALP's chances of discomfiting the new Government, at least until the Party leadership matter was settled. Meanwhile, Fraser would be watching his chance for yet another election against a divided but obstructive ALP. By that time a new Cold War could be the issue. So, Hawke's ambitions might seem an excellent long term investment for our media controllers.

Whether they would sell off their investment once Hawke became the ALP leader, and turn on *him* as they turned on Whitlam within months of *his* election as PM, is not yet clear. The media may feel Hawke's policies, under pressure, could be extremely elastic, and end up turning the Labor Party into something else — another American Democratic Party for example. Alternatively, in trying and failing to transform — or degut — the ALP, their protege could at least be relied upon to split it, if he were a Labor PM.

Of course this is all quite hypothetical; Hawke's many supporters do not see him as the prisoner, or even the protege of a powerful section of the media. But certainly his silence during the recent Murdoch raid on the Herald group, not to mention that gentleman's sorties into the television field, at a time when Hayden and other Labor spokesmen were strongly disapproving, was seen by many observers as part payment of a debt to the main supporter of the Hawke candidature.

Presumably one of Hawke's policies would *not* be the reform of the media takeover laws. And it is not clear to everybody, least of all to many of Hawke's colleagues, that these are the only political debts that he might have incurred. After all, the only original policies espoused by Hawke, up to date, are the abandonment of Labor's uranium stand, plus a curious collection of semi impractical sketches for change, as embodied in the Boyer Lectures. If these last were intended to establish his bona fides as a political intellectual, a leading contemporary reformer, or even one au fait with the workings of our Constitution and political system, they were not successful.

So, in the end, we are left with a whole series of question marks as to Hawke's likely policies, his future politico — administrative style, and his ultimate motives and final ideological resting place. The only hard data we have are that he wants very badly to be leader of his Party, and his country, and assures us that he would be very good at both.

But he is without doubt the most popular political figure in Australia, a position which he has enjoyed for quite some time. Although he has shown no signs of arousing, let alone sustaining, the enthusiasm, idealism and devotion which Gough Whitlam enjoyed from his supporters at *his* peak, it seems likely that Hawke draws support from a wider range of the electoral spectrum than Whitlam ever did.

Here the analogy with Gorton arises. On the face of it, one would think that Hawke was Labor's trump card, and that the only question was how best to play this card. Before going into the questions as to why so many Labor activists, and not a few politicians, not only don't wish to play this trump, but deny that he is a trump at all; and that even if he is, couldn't we just surreptitiously throw the card away, it is necessary to ask why so many Australians regard him with a high degree of favor. What do they see when they look at Hawke?

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Those either in favor of or against him see him as combining two qualities which, would appear to work against one another. They see him as a skilled devotee of the arts of negotiation and compromise, but also as an aggressive, periodically abrasive man, with strong even dogmatic opinions. These opinions are his own, from which, quite often, he appears disinclined to budge.

A third impression which a large part of the general public has picked up is that Bob Hawke is a loner. And yet, they also believe that he is an approachable, egalitarian, and almost excessively gregarious person.

The political translation of a loner is someone without a power base. Whether Hawke indeed has no power base, whether this was by choice or through the attitudes of others, whether he can, if necessary, construct a power base, are fundamental matters.

Bob Hawke has also given the impression that he is determined to get to the top of whatever ladder he seeks to climb. This quality, ambition, is not as serious an impediment for the Australian public as it once was — and it never was an impediment for Conservative leaders.

Whitlam was frequently accused of hyper ambition by his opponents, but rarely by his own party, let alone by Labor voters. There *was* a good deal of whingeing about his highhandedness among the Cabinet and sections of Caucus, but little of it was made public. Partly because of a desire not to rock the boat, but mainly because Labor supporters did not wish to hear of such things.

A Party critic only stood to lose his own reputation. Hawke, on the other hand, is regarded with deep suspicion by many Labor stalwarts and apparatchiks. One of these suspicions is that Hawke is hyper ambitious.

But the public do not seriously object to Hawke's drive — for in between the strands of ambition and aggression they see a kind of simplicity and egalitarianism bordering upon populism. He is no puritan, no fanatic, no megalomaniac — more like the nice youngish chap from next door who has made good and is trying to improve his position still further.

Fair enough. He may bully his colleagues, flatten his opponents and bait reporters, but most voters don't appear to fear that he will use them as the raw material, the fodder, for his personal ambition.

Again, Hawke's public image is as much that of an executive, a chairman, as a politician or demagogue. Australians respect the former more than they do the latter, and trust them more. Whether they should do either is another matter. Naturally, the accuracy of public perceptions of leading social and political figures depends a good deal on the attitude of the media, as well as the extent to which the figure is able, or wishing, to conceal his true nature and intentions.

Is Hawke a Socialist, a Laborite, or a Populist? The Socialist Left, his most persistent and frenetic critics and opponents, are certain that he is no Socialist. They wish to withdraw from him the appelation Labor, while concealing from themselves the lurking suspicion that he *may* be Labor.

Indeed, more Labor than them, considering the overseas commitments and preferences which so many of them have.

Some of these Socialist Left commitments like Libya, Pol Pot, the Gang of Four etc. are so bizarre as to put off the more moderate sections of the Communist movement. Certainly Hawke is not Labor in the way the Socialist Left are, but then few Australians would wish to be either. No . . . Hawke *is* of the Labor persuasion, undoubtedly, but that does not take one very far.

Hawke certainly does not believe in the replacement of a social system based upon private property by one of communal ownership; rather he believes that the public interest, while compatible with the profit motive and quite large privately controlled public conerns, should nevertheless assume primacy in cases of conflict.

This is standard Social Democracy, especially when linked with "small l" attitudes towards civil and human rights, and an interest in a diverse society rather than a uniform, conformist one.

Similar strands can be observed in what foreign policy positions Hawke *has* taken up — a preference for democracies, especially those with social democratic traditions, suspicion approaching distaste for authoritarian and illiberal regimes.

So far so good — obviously a social democratic liberal. In industrial affairs he has sought to avoid acceptance of the proposition that labor and capital are locked, whether they know it or not, in irreducible conflict — a zero sum game. For Hawke there *is* such a thing as a just wage, a fair price, and a reasonable profit. Whatever they are, and the figure varies according to circumstance, they cannot be such as to wreck or cripple the system, which is capitalist or mixed economy.

But neither should workers be exploited, consumers ripped off or capitalists make excessive profits.

Good, vague moral sentiments, which *must* unpack into specific proposals. Hawke certainly believes in some kind of incomes policy, with wage and price restraints, administered by arbitration and conciliation and price control machinery.

Easier said than done, but Hawke parts company with most union and private enterprise in believing in such a scenario, and periodically advocating it.

Similarly with notions such as workers' participation and industrial democracy. Most union leaders scrub around this possible threat to their power over the work force, and few employers are anything but flatly opposed. As hostile as they are ignorant. Hawke on the other hand looks upon such work structures with favor, presumably because they are preferable to conflict or domination.

But how could Hawke hope to ride over such fortified positions, occupied by both friends and enemies, positions which block off approaches to incomes/prices and worker participation policies? By appealing to the workers, over the heads of their leaders; to individual employers over the heads of their organisations; to members of the public as *citizens,* not as unionists or businessmen.

At this point one can ask, is Hawke a populist, rather than a conventional social democrat? In this context, a populist may be described as a political actor who strives to appear to be all things to all men, to believe that a direct link exists or ought to exist between governors and people. Ideally the Government ought to directly reflect the wishes of the people. Bureaucracy, red tape and pressure groups are anathema to populists. The people's will should be paramount. Ideally a strong leader, able to unite the country, and make existing divisions in society seem unimportant, irrelevant and only in the interests of cliques, is the answer. He represents the principle of action, of movement, of will. Detailed policies are not necessary — in fact can be an impediment. In periods of social and economic chaos or despair, such a leader, with the right to circumvent conventional institutions and, if necessary, change his policies and direction, is the best answer.

In a sense we do not know much about the Hawke blueprint for the '80s, nor whether this is by accident or design. If the main thrust is still on leadership, charisma, unifying and a new pack of unseen cards, as he leads Labor into the election after next, parts of the populist scenario will loom up, as they could be looming up if Kennedy wins the Presidential nomination.

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Which is one reason why many ALP people and some others, watch his present progress with concern.

Hawke's impediments to leadership of the Labor Party begin with the Federal MPs. They are so immersed in seniority notions, that the whole idea of a new chum jumping the queue is anathema. Most Federal Labor MPs like Hayden, feel working with him easy, and a mighty relief from the imperious and impulsive Gough.

They are certain to stick to Hayden for some time yet, and if a Labor defeat this year were by a slim margin ie. a result which could be interpreted as a Labor advance, then Labor MPs are most likely to want to stick to Hayden for another term.

The various State parties feel quite similar sentiments, irrespective of their ideological composition. Hayden is their man, a unifier, for the most part; Hawke is in too much of a hurry, and too interested in personal ego aggrandisement.

In addition to that, Left factions such as the Socialist Left seem to dislike him considerably, though sometimes it appears on grounds such as Hawke's strong man style and his sympathy for Israel, rather than on matters of specific policies. And of course, the Labor Left, including many Left unions, regard him as a compromiser on industrial and social questions, whereas they represent the spirit of idealism and no shameful compromises.

Hawke would say this adds up to confrontation and bogus moral posturing, guaranteed to turn voters off and lose unions many gains they could have obtained by calmer, more piecemeal approaches.

Many radical unionists even question his successes in industrial negotiations, saying that Hawke always picked and chose his interventions, dodging around the difficult ones, and moving in only when one or both sides in the dispute had had enough, and wanted to settle. This fairly snide account of Hawke's negotiating powers circulates widely among Labor's Left, and Federal MPs, and pretty obviously they want it to be true, and want others to believe it.

So Hawke, viewed by the public as the greatest hope for industrial peace, might expect a back lash of opposition and sabotage if, for example, he were to be Minister for Industrial Relations in a Hayden Government.

Having described the basically elitist structure of the party machinery, and the persistent and apparently inextinguishable envies and jealousies which run through the Parliamentary Wing, it would seem virtually out of the question for Hawke to force the party to accept him as their leader. We have seen the powerlessness of voters, and rank and file unionists and Party members in the face of the interlocking oligarchies and old boy networks — so how could Hawke pull it off? There is no historical precedent for what Hawke is trying to do.

For a start, the 1980s are not going to be like any other time in our history, so precedent may not be a reliable guide. Secondly, if Labor lose again and the electorate have to endure a further three years of what many already see as Governmental arrogance, declining income and standards of life, ever greater polarisation and conflict, more and more blatant inequalities and corruption, they will want an alternative — but quickly.

With the defeat of Hayden and the absence of any other credible figures in the party, a crisis on the left similar to that following the crushing of Whitlam will recur.

Labor apparatchiks have long consoled themselves with the dictum that when the electorate are *really* on their uppers, when the Government is a source of loathing and despair by sufficient numbers of people, then Labor will win by default. Irrespective of the leader, the front spokesman or the policies.

But a third successive defeat in five

years, amidst economic and social conditions almost made for them, is going to destroy this thesis, along with those red shirted members who, for their own reasons, wish to tread water for *another* three years. The demand for a change of leadership, and approach, will swell into a mighty roar, especially if the economic screws keep tightening.

Nor will the Labor and swinging voters be alone — given the considerable economic and social vulnerability of unions, and most of the non salaried sections of the Party machines, Hawke's ability to beat the system, after this year, will be immensely enhanced.

Which leaves the Parliamentary Party, which after all *does* choose the Leader, and is in no mood to select him now or in the future. How would it move?

It goes without saying that all MPs want to hang on to their seats. It is less true that all would want to be a minister; but a great many do. The prospect of mouldering in Opposition for a period of time even approaching that of Federal Labor before 1972, or some of the State Opposition Labor parties, is chilling, and no longer acceptable to most Federal Labor MPs.

The brief spell of power in '72-5 still tantalises, and beckons.

The ALP either goes forward, or it goes backwards. Furthermore, the ever increasing monopoly of executive and Cabinet rule is swiftly reducing Parliament to a charade. One is either in office, or one is nothing.

Therefore the incentive for Federal Labor MPs to seek a winner if Labor loses the coming election will be enormous. The analogy with Kennedy recurs.

No matter how disinclined the powerful interests in the Republican or Democratic machines may be to accept an off beat or non Establishment figure as their Presidential candidate, *if* the man concerned shows that he is a winner in the opinion polls, and mops up the primaries, then the powerful interests move over to the new man.

Of course, there are no Labor primaries for Hawke to mop up. Both parties take good care to exclude their voters in having any say as to whom their candidates should be.

And Hawke lacks the allies in the Labor machine equivalent to Kennedy's supporters, who are threaded throughout the interstices of the Democratic movement.

Nonetheless, this in the end is a distinction without a difference. Hawke may not need such legitimising props after 1980. But there *is* one final caveat concerning Hawke's chances of acceptance as Leader by the Federal Parliamentary Labor Party, and the top echelons of the movement, and that concerns rewards and punishments, inclusions and exclusions.

Who are going to get a share of the action, a lick at the gravy; who is going to get the blunt end of the pineapple? These disputes will be called ideological, matters of principle, of policy — but roses bear many different names.

Hawke will have to either reward, or isolate and immobilise, his present critics in order to gain a trouble free ascent to the highest pinnacle. Whom and how many of them presumably depending on the state of play at the time. As things are, Hawke has given signs that he would like to see a new deal — even a new pack — and not only constitutionally.

If wise, Hawke will say nothing about changes until he is well entrenched. *However,* if this means "when Prime Minister", he is unlikely then to be able to spare the time. Before then, interventions may be highly dangerous. And, of course, like Whitlam, he would have no choice as to what exotic species of drongoes, time servers and flat earthers from which he would have to receive his initial Cabinet,

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and House floor cheer squad. Lucky Man!

Then there is the Socialist Left, entrenched in some State machines, represented in the parliamentary parties, and operating like a cross between the old style Communist parties and the Movement in many unions.

There is absolutely no love lost here . . . so, will they not be an intractable problem for Hawke? Possibly not intractable, for they are a loose coalition of malcontents, idealists, numbers persons, and transmission belts for foreign money and foreign propaganda. It should not be over difficult to split them up, rewarding some, binding others over on good behavior bonds, and returning the rest to whatever Communist party or foreign embassy will take them in.

This type of Left wing of the Labor Party has always been an obstacle to unity, electorally acceptable policies and leadership, and, sometimes, to the operations of simple commonsense.

But Labor's left periodically goes in for overkill, and I think the socialist Left is doing this now, or has already done it. The solution or mitigation of *Australian* problems, within the constraints of *Australian* society, is starting to appear far more urgent to Labor people (and, of course most people), than the identification with the latest liberation movement in Bango Bango. Hawke may strike less trouble here, in the long run, than many now believe.

If Hawke becomes a minister in a Hayden Government the strains on him and the pitfalls awaiting him, are considerable. Previous experience in Parliament is certainly invaluable, and yet *Hawke* would have had none.

Just consider Hawke's Boyer lecture, urging the bringing in of non Parliamentarians to fill Cabinet positions.

A Minister has to front up at question time, keep his cool and provide no kind of way in for the Opposition to discredit him, his department or the Government.

He depends upon truthful and reliable advice, and a considerable measure of loyalty, as well as competence from his civil servants. Keeping on top of his job entails keeping tabs on what his servants are doing and thinking — not that they regard themselves as servants.

A Minister must also accept Cabinet responsibility ie. not publicly disagree with what his Cabinet colleagues have decided, or with the public statements or attitudes of his leader.

He has to work and negotiate within Cabinet and Caucus to secure the acceptance of his plans. He must be a team man, if he is to really work his passage. Hawke is an unknown quantity here — we can only speculate.

We do know that Parliament is a very different universe of discourse from trade union politics, and Labor machine politics. It is a world filled with large areas of boredom, long hours, deadening work, niggling and frequently vulgar and dishonest charades called debates.

These debates merely ratify but frequently obscure decisions taken whether in Caucus or the Cabinet room. And yet MPs must turn out, yet again, with feeling. It is not surprising that the feelings displayed are so frequently banal, ersatz, or ill natured.

The question is, how long could a man of Hawke's volatile temperament endure this curious death by a hundred amendments, and a thousand points of order? Could he stand the endless flicks and rotten tomatoes from Members opposite, many of whom he would consider, perhaps rightly, to be vastly inferior to him in intelligence or basic seriousness?

Might he not one day finish up dressing down the House, both sides? And he can expect to be no longer the darling of the media, once he tried to change the status quo, or look like a massive political threat.

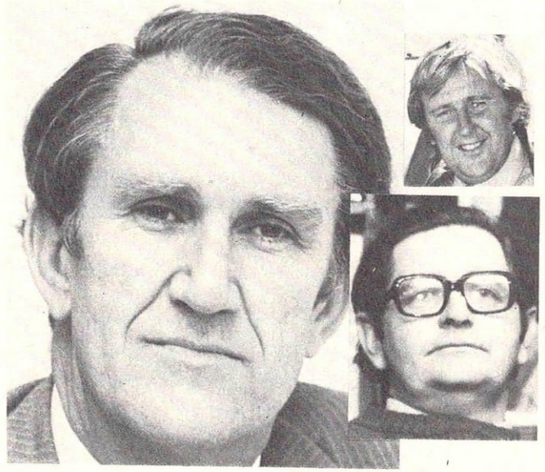
Could he ride through the sort of structural denigration which enraged Connor,

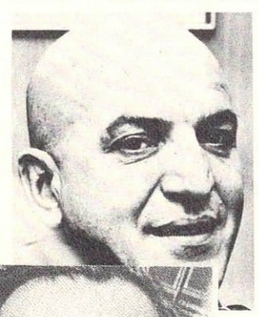
Continued on page 68

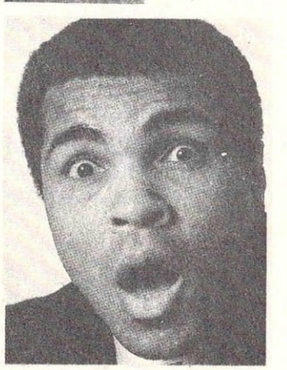
Adam's Ayatollah Ads

I examine who the Ayatollah is, where he came from and how he exerts his awesome power, turning fanatics into millions

Well, without the turban and obviously false beard from "Sinp..." and with the "Woolies" suit ... it could be...





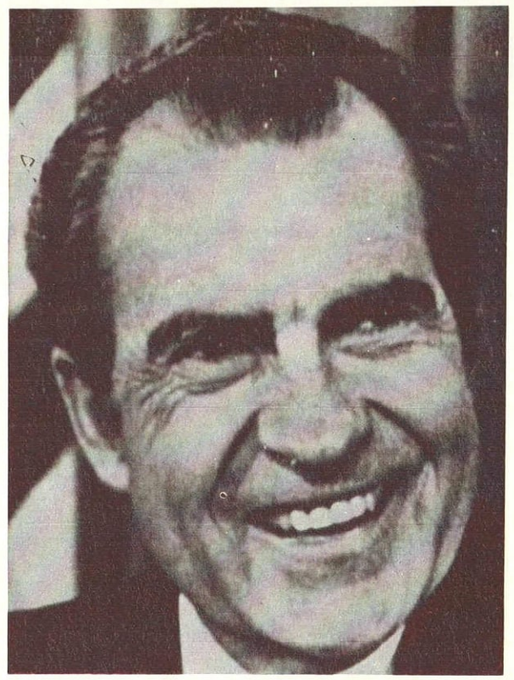


An enormous, bulky man, bundled always in his black robes and the circular black turban that looks like a reverse halo from a Black Mass, he moves with youth and grace and with the lightness of a spectre. His eyes are his most interesting and sinister faculty, staring unsmilingly not at the people around him but at some unknown point beyond them.

Boy, what a collection of hot, burning eyes. As to where he came from...

The antics of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeni have tarnished his reputation. But Adam Brooke manages a little re-packaging and presents a new image.

This is where he came from

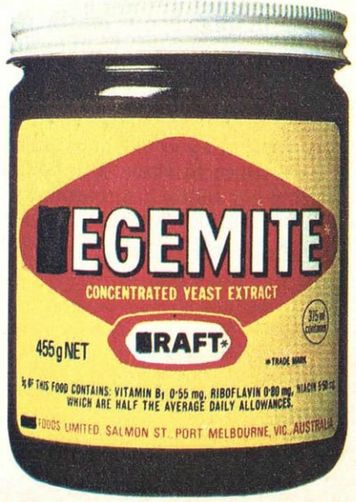


Guess whose Mum

I reckon the awesome power comes from

" ▮EGEMITE Yeast Extract. I still think it's great. ▮EGEMITE has those essential B Group Vitamins that help keep me on the ball. Helps give me staying power and plenty of get up and go.

▮EGEMITE Yeast Extract. It tastes good and it is good. That's why I'm still a ▮EGEMITE kid



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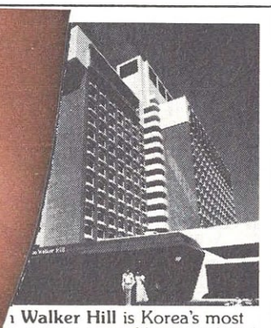

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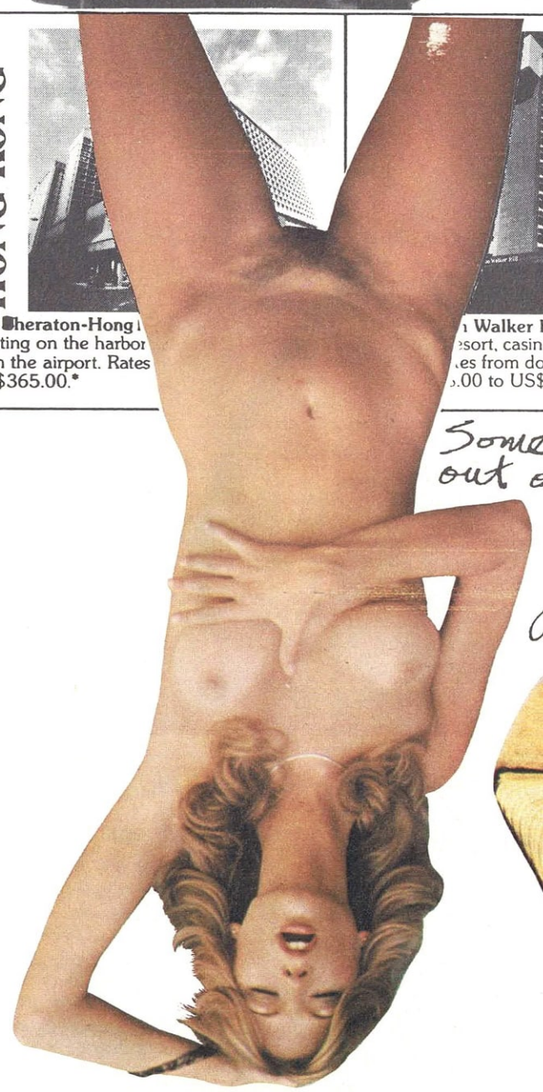
MANILA

The Century Park Sheraton. Elegant 20 story hotel with vast lobby and shops. Only 10 minutes from the airport and a block from Philippine International Convention Center. Rates from US$33.00 to US$46.00.*

Something to keep the sun out of his eyes...



And a little spending-money

Of course we'll have to anglicise his name... lets give him something folksy like er... Grahame Billy.

Now that the world's your oyster, there's one place you should avoid Grahame...

have their atollah and he's holding them all hostage.

ADAM•

THE HAWKE ENIGMA

Continued from page 62

destroyed Cairns and took Whitlam (another media darling) completely by surprise?

Also, although Hawke appears to exude toughness and strongly partisan attachments to his own side, he also strikes up friendships with particular employers, and gives the impression that, quite frequently, he likes to be liked.

While his links with captains of industry and the flavor of periodic sweet reasonableness towards the capitalist exploiters has just about convinced Labor's Left that he is a bosses' man at heart — a Sir Shortly Floorcross, this ability of Hawke to get on with employers, where necessary, has served him well, and fed the image of Hawke the unifier, the defuser of unnecessary confrontation.

Would he be tempted to try this on in Parliament? Given the shared feelings of boredom, isolation, membership of a single profession, even a club — might he not lower his guard and acquire a variety of false or unreliable friends from the other side? (They are a relief from one's own envious, stupid, backbiting mob.)

Finally, as a Minister serving under a man whom he has given signs of wishing to replace, could Hawke devote himself singlemindedly to his portfolio and the creation of collegiate policies, or might he not start burrowing, or doing a Lloyd George, flamboyantly setting himself aside from the others, and hogging the limelight, for better or for worse?

If Hayden wins, all this will be known.

We cannot assume that Hayden's job would be offered straightaway to Hawke, in the event of a Labor defeat in 1980.

Even if Hayden wished it. No Parliamentary Labor Party in its right mind would offer the crown to an untried Parliamentary performer, or a former absentee from Shadow Cabinet.

Hawke will have to win his spurs in the House, in Caucus and in Shadow Cabinet. In the case of inter Parliamentary Labor Party work, Hawke would first have to dissolve the suspicions and rivalries of many fellow MPs.

Provided his colleagues supported him solidly, he might go very well as Opposition Leader. Fraser apart, the present Government appears flabby and semi incompetent.

Consequently, the Government policy has been to stonewall, to dissemble, to gag and guillotine, to settle debate by crude use of their numbers. The Labor Opposition is reasonably strong on facts, which the Government ignore, but weak on powerful feelings and linguistic kidney punching.

They also appear vague about alternatives, and lazy about doing their homework. Hawke's blend of histrionic indignation, ringing moral invocations, and sharp debating thrusts might do the trick. Provided he kept his cool and guarded both flank and rank, Hawke could be a lethal Opposition Leader.

In a way, being Opposition Leader could be less of a test of Hawke's weaknesses than serving as Minister.

A Hawke Government would, most likely, appear as much of a one-man band as the earlier Hawke-Labor election victory. Hawke might be good at delegating, even consulting, but allowing the initiative to slip into the hands of any group other than a collection of trusties, seems unlikely. The very strength of his personality, and the enormous ego lift conferred by this particular job, make the likelihood of collective leadership seem remote.

Although Hawke now deplores the impotence of Parliament — quite sincerely

"No Parliamentary Labor Party in its right mind would offer the crown to an untried performer, or a former absentee from Shadow Cabinet."

— his own style and his plans for change, his impatience with having to argue the point with people who were elected to disagree with him, does not augur well for a renaissance of Parliament under a Hawke regime. For that would mean checks, restraints, slowing ups; more talk and less action.

Hawke would find that there are some interests that are *not* reconcilable, that everyone cannot always get a prize.

And the same sort of situation could come to pass in Hawke's dealings with the Public Service. The top chaps, the Mandarins, don't like to be hurried, most especially by Labor people.

On the other hand, the lathering that the lower orders of the public service are now receiving from the Conservatives — wages, tenure, cut backs, the favoring of private enterprise — is producing a very pro-Labor force who might gladly join forces against any rebellious generals. Seeing that the Public Service is already being remorselessly politicised, Hawke could decide to carry on with the job.

Looking beyond Canberra, Hawke has spoken of the need to knock off the States; also an ambition of Whitlam's. Laudable though it may be, it wins no friends among the provincial sovereign mendicants.

The harsh words he has already uttered about the Chief Justice and the High Court, concerning the quality and possible motives of their rulings on tax avoidance schemes (some of them would be in trouble if it were stopped, and retrospective legislation to collect past avoidances enacted) . . . this forthright critique is guaranteed to set up a Bench full of enemies.

Hawke would appear to be telegraphing his punches, or, to change the metaphor, to be playing his cards badly. But this assumes Hawke really *does* intend to take on the States, the High Court, and all and sundry.

A Hawke Government would aim at restructuring industrial relations, price and income policies, recreating jobs, and redistributing income back from the place Fraser is piling it. Each and everyone of these moves entails opposition, take time to work, (if they *do* work), and meantime the new bosses in Canberra start to look like any other bosses in Canberra.

A man on a white horse has to give the impression of continuous advance, continuous motion — otherwise disillusionment is swift.

The striking of bargains with the holders of private economic power and social influence will seem the best way out. This would lead in turn to a revival of the Labor left, the disobedience of unions (assuming they obeyed at any stage), and yet another withdrawal of the unsatisfied young.

Were Hawke to find his grand design turned out to be a collection of abstractions, unable to coerce stubborn reality or change a national situation beyond change, *and* that his colleagues were swinging against him, then the Left Wing wish/fear could materialise.

Another Billy Hughes, another Lloyd George, might tramp the stage, cursing. Another split, another party, or just a sudden collapse.

In the meantime Hawke is likely to be a very effective campaigner for Labor in the coming election, but almost paradoxically he appears to be diminishing Hayden's personal following among the voters. It is as though many Australians are comparing Hayden with Hawke, instead of Hayden with Fraser, which they should be doing. As though Hayden and Hawke were running as rival election candidates. Whether, when the time comes for Australians to vote either Labor or Liberal, this strange confusion is going to undermine the Labor vote, no one can really say.

It is a situation not really of Hawke's making, for the more effectively he campaigns for Labor, the more he invites comparisons between himself and Hayden. There is really nothing either he or Hayden can do about this now. ○

CHERIE.

"I suppose it's because I feel an affinity with the ocean that I have a desire to make love on a beach at dawn. Just me and my man on a tropical island for two."

JUST CRUISIN'

"If I had to describe the way I live in a word or two," says Pet of the Month Cherie Marsh, "I'd have to say . . . just cruisin'." During the day, this sun-loving 19-year-old from the Gold Coast spends as many hours as she can out of doors, but at night Cherie prefers the privacy of indoors. "I like people," she says. "I enjoy being in a crowd and doing things together," but there are times when one other person is all the 'crowd' I want."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL

Although she plays classical guitar and learned piano for six years, Cherie likes to listen to New Wave music — when she's not surfing or playing squash or badminton. "Surfing is probably my favorite sport," says our 36-25-36 Pet, "because the water is so rejuvenating. It can lift you physically and mentally on a down day . . . sort of wash away your problems for an hour or two."

Cherie's attitude towards life may be very laid back, but she has quite definite thoughts on men and love. "I'm turned on by quiet, individual guys who are into their own way of life. If they love the beach, music and sports and will pamper me, that's even better." And when she finds that special man, Cherie has plans. "I suppose it's because I feel an affinity with the ocean that I have a desire to make love on a beach at dawn. Just me and my man on a tropical island for two."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY ALAN RENOUF

The author resigned from the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs after a dispute with the Fraser Government over the structure of the Australian mission to America. He was at the time, Australia's Ambassador to the US. He was previously permanent head of the Department of Foreign Affairs following a long and distinguished diplomatic career.

FRASER'S PETTY STAND ON RUSSIA

The element of the unpredictable befogs international relations. Many are the errors, some calamitous, which have been made because of what was unpredictable. The military take-over of Afghanistan by the USSR falls into the category of the unpredictable for anyone who is not prone always to expect the worst of the Russians (it was not long ago that the Deputy Prime Minister envisaged as a possibility the sale by Australia of uranium to Russia). Yet, if one puts oneself into the Russians' shoes, there was logic of a kind behind it.

Russia has long entertained the ambition of having a warm-water port on or close to the Indian Ocean (and the nearer to the USSR, the better) so as to improve sea communications between the Russian heartland and Siberia. The conquest of Afghanistan means that she is now within 500km of it. There is another and more important strategic advantage to the conquest. This is that oil-routes from the Middle East, are now more vulnerable to Russian interdiction from Afghanistan.

The USSR is also sensitive to whatever happens within her neighbors, and likes, whenever possible, to control them. Accordingly, the USSR established at the end of World War II her Eastern European Empire and has kept it under domination ever since, never failing to use military force, if necessary for the purpose. The instability in another neighbor, Afghanistan, before the invasion, which Soviet aid had been unable to prevent worried the USSR, especially because this instability, fuelled by Moslem dissidents, could have had an unsettling effect upon her own large Moslem population; brutal suppression of it would be a salutory lesson to Soviet Moslems. Worried, too, about her credibility (or capacity to see through something started), as the US was during the Vietnam War, the USSR decided to stop the rot in Afghanistan once and for all in the fashion which, for her, has become time-honored.

These considerations, together with the assessment that the US, immersed in her imbroglio with Iran and generally fed up with foreign problems, would not do much in reply to Soviet aggression against a poor and impoverished Marxist neighbor, provided enough basis for Moscow to decide to send her legions into Afghanistan and add to her empire of satellites for the first time in more than 30 years (any expectation that the USSR will withdraw her forces can only be a delusion; she still has divisions in Hungary after 33 years).

As in the past, the USSR in her decision-making, appears to have attached predominant importance to the strategic benefits and to have discounted the political disadvantages of her actions. It is here that she may have made a mistake for the political disadvantages are very considerable indeed. This is the first occasion when the USSR has employed directly the ultimate means of imperialism, open and overwhelming force, against a Third World country. This has produced general revulsion within the Third World, a greater revulsion than it showed when Russia did the same thing in Eastern Europe.

Admittedly, the victim this time is a Soviet neighbor, where her power can be applied more easily and effectively than elsewhere. However, as everyone knows, the reach of Soviet power is continually expanding and as it expands, the range of possible victims is growing. By conquering Afghanistan, the USSR has given the plainest evidence of her imperialistic designs and has shown that these have not abated with the passage of time. The Western powers did not need such evidence as much as other countries did. Russia has therefore done herself a serious political disservice. She has offended a very significant force within the Third World — the Moslem countries — at a time when in certain of these countries, the Moslem faith is becoming militant again.

The conquest of Afghanistan is also a distinct bonus for China. For years, China has been saying that the USSR is inherently expansionist and will not change, so much so that many became weary of Peking's refrain. The refrain has now become much more credible. Furthermore, the conquest can only tend to bring closer to reality what must be a nightmare of the Politburo — a meaningful alliance between China and the US and her partners. Previously set upon maintaining an even-handed posture between the USSR on the one hand and China on the other, the US has already been moved by developments in Afghanistan to favor China more than the USSR.

The political debits for the USSR do not end at this point. Anti-Soviet sentiment in the West, and especially in the US, has been steadily increasing recently; this sentiment has been strengthened. Moreover, the tendency in the US since the end of the Vietnam War towards isolation has been checked. The US is now being forced to recognise, reluctantly, that even a limited disengagement from world affairs is not possible without serious risk and that come what may, isolation is not a practicable policy.

In addition, the Soviet conquest of Afghanistan has caused Soviet-American relations to slump to the lowest point since the end of the Cold War. While these relations have yet to return to the frigidity of the Cold War and while the US has yet to abandon the policy of detente, it has proven that what was only suspected before, namely, that for the USSR, detente is a licence to practise imperialism more than an assumption of co-responsibility for stabilising the world. This is a different and more ominous interpretation than the US and the Western powers as a whole had held before. It means that if detente is to continue, the Western powers will practise the policy more reservedly than in the past.

This is particularly so because up to the invasion of Afghanistan, the USSR's pursuit of imperialism since 1968 had not been direct but through proxies, notably, Cuba. What is very disturbing about the Afghanistan venture is the conclusion that detente has not inclined the USSR towards giving up the direct practice of imperialism.

The increased disillusionment of the Western powers with the policy of detente which the conquest of Afghanistan is producing is another political loss for the USSR, which has at least given the appearance of being keener about detente than her partners in it. The conquest causes questioning of the value of the policy, now that one can perceive clearly the narrow way in which Russia regards it. It was previously thought by many that Russia attached great importance to the improved access to Western technology that detente was bringing.

What the USSR has done in Afghanistan suggests that that importance is not that great. It suggests again that the USSR is not as enthusiastic about the SALT agreements as one had been given reason to think in the past.

Apparently, the USSR appreciated so highly the gaining of control over Afghanistan that she was prepared to suffer the losses that her action entailed. Alternatively, the USSR miscalculated, but this could be wishful thinking. For example, it seems barely credible that the USSR could not have estimated correctly the effects of her action upon the US.

Russia's losses could, of course, be greater if Western countries follow the lead of the US and punish the USSR in material ways. It is doubtful that this will happen, at least to an extent that would be meaningful. There is no evidence at present of any rush on the part of US allies to follow her lead and there is no reason why the allies should not have so acted already if they are of a mind to do it. Yet, only punitive measures concerted on a broad front can be telling.

This is one of the main reasons why the policy of just about the only country so far, apart from the US, to punish the USSR, Australia, is questionable. Nothing which the Australian Government has decided to do really hurts, and the Government refused to take the one hurtful step which Australia could have taken, to reduce grain sales to the USSR (there is here the pattern familiar to Liberal-Country Party Governments of talking tough in international relations and acting differently).

There are other grounds on which the Government's policy can be criticised. It ignores the traditional methods of diplomacy whereby one country shows acute displeasure towards another (for example, the withdrawal of an ambassador); it chose not to await the decisions of the United Nations; in its hurry to please the US it has revived the impression which Australia has often given in the past of being a camp-follower of the US; and it has shown once again that it is very anti-Russian, an attitude the national interests do not require.

Events to come may show that Australia will be one of the few countries in the world to duplicate the policy of the US. If so, the Government's policy will become even harder for others to understand. Obviously, the USSR's conquest of Afghanistan had to be roundly condemned by Australia. However, for Australia to go further, in haste, to punish the USSR with what are no more than pinpricks serves no useful purpose and will win little credit abroad.

It will be instructive to see how the USSR reacts to Australia's punitive measures. Up to date, she has merely mouthed her resentment, in much the same way as she has previously treated the Fraser Government's various expressions of hostility. On this occasion, the Government has gone further than words. In responding, the USSR has a variety of options, principally, to confine herself to words, to resort to the traditional methods of diplomacy or to retaliate by reducing her purchases of Australia's primary products.

It may be that the USSR's rating of Australia's importance is such as not to warrant any response other than verbal. If this is not the case, Moscow may feel that Australia's attitude calls for payment in kind, diplomatic methods being inadequate.

The option then left would be in the field of trade. In this area, the USSR could be nasty; retaliation against Australia's exports of wheat, oats, barley and sorghum would be hurtful. It would certainly sting the Government, for it would mean that the price for the Liberal Party's hostility towards the USSR was to be paid by its partner, the Country Party, and its supporters. The reactions of the Country Party can readily be imagined.

There are those, such as Prime Minister Fraser, who contend that the USSR's conquest of Afghanistan will be followed by an attempt to seize control of the oil which the Middle East supplies to the Western powers and to dominate the Indian Ocean. This is unlikely. Any Soviet attempt to interrupt the flow of oil to the West would be tantamount to an act of war, and it is at this point of risk that the USSR can be expected to halt her imperialist ambitions.

As to the claimed Soviet objective of dominance of the Indian Ocean, what the USSR has done in Afghanistan has already led the US to take more steps to forestall that. A less ideological interpretation of Russia's future behavior is that barring the unpredictable or the illogical, the USSR will seek to consolidate her conquest of Afghanistan, build up strategic resources there and then see how her gain can be used further afield without risk of general war.

One may also expect that the USSR will attempt to allay the apprehension around the world that she has aroused and in due time to revive the policy of detente for the purpose. While the Soviet action in Afghanistan is deeply revealing and disturbing, there is, after all, nowhere left where a similar target of opportunity can present itself in the future.

"For Australia to go further, in haste, to punish the USSR with what are no more than pinpricks serves no useful purpose and will win little credit abroad."

THREE STEPS TO A SOUND DEAL

Learn how to get the most for your money with these sample hi-fi systems.

BY WAYNE ELMER

Anyone who sets out to buy new sound equipment soon develops the opinion that the hi-fi exercise is yet another of life's burdens. You look about only to see endless combinations and styles of equipment; you hear countless and conflicting words of wisdom from hi-fi salesmen; and you're still left pondering the significance of I.M. Distortion versus Total Harmonic Distortion.

There are two basic rules that help make buying hi-fi equipment a far less confusing exercise than it often appears to be. You may even find that choosing a well-matched system isn't too difficult at all if, *before* you go shopping, you 1) decide how much money you wish to spend; and 2) decide what components you need.

MONEY: Whether you're intending buying a complete new system or are just upgrading one piece of your existing system, you'll have to decide and stick to the amount of cash you are willing/able to part with. Generally, the single most determining factor governing sound quality will be its cost: you simply cannot achieve hi-fi excellence in a system costing, say, $700.

This system, the least expensive of the three suggested in this feature, show that quality hi-fi sound can be yours for a reasonable price. The speakers are from the US manufacturer, Altec Lansing. Designated as Model 3 Series 2, they are of bass reflex design and feature a 254mm bass driver and a 100mm mid/high frequency unit. Finished in oak and with a black fibre grille, the speakers are best suited for bookshelf placement and cost $432 a pair. If bookshelf placement is not possible, the units should be put on speaker stands about 30cm above the floor. The turntable is the Hitachi HT-324, a semi-automatic belt drive unit, and comes with Hitachi's MT-30 dual magnet cartridge. The total price for this turntable is $182. At the heart of the system is the $349 Sansui A-80 amplifier, available in either chrome or black finish. It produces 65 watts RMS per channel. The amp features high and low filters, muting switch and two power level meters which, when used in conjunction with 8 ohm speakers, read the actual power output. This gives you an immediate visual indication of how hard you are driving the speakers — which can save you from expensive blowouts. In addition, an LED peak indicator responds to output signals which fluctuate at a rate too quick for the other meters to respond fully. The accompanying cassette deck is the Technics RM-M22. At $299, it features rewind/auto play mechanism, three-position bias and equalisation selectors and a credible wow and flutter of 0.05 percent. It also features the latest method of displaying peak sound levels — fluorescent bar graphs. Not only are they more fun to watch, but they are more effective performers.

Photographs by Jeff Rand

Once you have set your maximum outlay, it is essential that you distribute the total amongst the individual system components correctly. Naturally, you'll have to do this in conjunction with rule 2.

Regardless of how much money you have to spend, it is crucial that your components are well-matched or compatible with each other. To spend a couple of thousand dollars on a turntable and receiver, only to match them with a $200 pair of loudspeakers, is akin to putting a beat-up Beetle engine into a Ferrari chassis. It is often said that a sound system is only as good as its weakest component, so buying a state-of-the-art component and matching it with modestly-performing units is unnecessarily wasteful.

As a general guide, you should apportion your money in roughly the percentages listed below. By following this guide, the chances of mismatching of equipment will be minimised.

- **Turntable:** 25 percent (For cassette deck, increase to 30 percent)
- **Receiver:** 35 percent (For amplifier, only 30 percent)
- **Speakers:** 40 percent

COMPONENTS: Once you have decided how much money you have to spend and are aware of the proportions you should allocate, the next step is to decide on the components you need.

Speakers: These are the first components you choose, for they color and characterise the final sound of your system more than any other component. Even the most expensive loudspeakers will have varying shadings of sound — there is no such beast as the definitive speaker system.

At any price level, therefore, you have to decide on the type of sound you like best. And because one system is more expensive than another, it doesn't

necessarily follow that its sound will be better *to your ears.* When buying speakers don't allow yourself to be rushed, for they are the most critical purchase of all.

It is essential that you choose your amplifier/receiver only after deciding on your speakers. Since some speakers are less efficient than others — and thus require more output power to produce a given sound level — the output required from your amp will be directly related to the efficiency of the speakers you buy. For most speakers, a power output of around 50 watts RMS per channel would be enough. But there are some speakers that don't begin to operate at their peak until driven by 125-150 watts. Similarly, some superefficient models require only 20 watts or so to deliver wall cracking levels.

Amplifier/receiver: As indicated, a major concern when buying an amplifier or receiver should be its ability to provide optimum power to drive your speakers. Yet apart from power output, you needn't bother yourself too much with the technical specifications of any one unit against another. At best, specifications are a guide and in reality will tell you little of how a unit actually sounds.

For example, it is possible and not uncommon for two amplifiers with identical technical specifications to sound different when compared side by side. You should concern yourself more with the features that the unit offers, its ease of operation and, finally, its cosmetic appeal.

To be realistic, in the long run the size and appearance of receiver will probably effect your satisfaction with the unit to a greater degree than, say, an IHF sensitivity reading of 1.9uV (mono).

Turntable: The over-emphasis on specifications also carries into the turntable arena. I would defy any but the most

With this system we begin to see the increase in performance that enough extra money can buy. We've chosen the superb Rogers Compact Monitors as the speakers. Of infinite baffle design, they feature a 205mm woofer and a 25mm mid/high range driver. Supplied in either teak or walnut finish and with a black cloth grille, the Rogers are suitable for bookshelf placement or with the optional stands can be placed on the floor. They cost $720 a pair. The Rogers enjoy being driven by a fairly hefty power output and the Hitachi 904 receiver, with 75 watts per channel capability, should be well suited. The unit has bass, midrange and treble tone controls; high and low filters; protection indicator and FM auto lock indicator. And it's all yours for $749. The SL-1600Mk2 is Technics' latest fully-automatic turntable and it's a delight. Speed accuracy is ensured by the Technics quartz-phase-locked mechanism and quick stops are provided by an electronic braking system. Pitch is adjustable within a range of ± 6 percent and all front-panel controls (with the exception of the pitch control) are governed by a micro computer and VSC soft-touch switches. Record size is automatically judged by infrared sensors; wow and flutter is an amazing 0.025 percent; and the unit features a very effective double isolated suspension system. Cost, $469. The cassette deck is the new Akai GX-F90. At around $600 it has LED output indicators for both peak and VU, record calibration, metal tape capability, MPX filter and soft touch controls. Akai's GX-F80, at around $500, would also be suitable for this system. This package offers high performance for a good price plus the flexibility to upgrade easily.

experienced ears to distinguish between the majority of medium-priced, semi-automatic belt-drive turntables now available, yet in all probability no two units will have the same specifications.

Once again you should be concerning yourself with the features that the unit provides rather than esoteric specs. If convenience of operation is a major factor (as it might be if your children are going to be using your system) you might opt for a fully-automatic unit as opposed to a manual one. Some models offer only the one speed (33⅓ rpm), which wouldn't be of concern if you only own 12-inch albums.

If you are going to dance about on a shaky floor in front of your turntable, a well-insulated model would be a priority.

Basically, a turntable has two main functions: to rotate at an accurate and constant speed; and to track records effectively. In any given price range most units will perform these functions equally well, regardless of whether they are belt-drive or direct-drive units, or whether they are manual, semi-automatic or fully-automatic in operation.

Cartridge: After the speakers, the component which is most going to influence the type of sound your system produces is the humble cartridge. Appended to the end of the tonearm, the cartridge and stylus assembly is the first link in the reproduction chain. And, like the last link in that chain — the speaker — the cartridge's sound characteristics can vary dramatically from maker to maker.

Some models will sound bright — with prominent top-end response — while others will sound comparatively dull. When buying cartridges remember to compare them through the speakers you own or intend buying, as this will help prevent mismatching in your system. In other words, the characteristics

of your intended cartridge must be compatible with those of your speakers; it's no good having your cartridge compatible with the hi-fi store's speakers.

Cartridge comparison will not be a concern in all instances, however, as many turntables come complete with cartridge as do the three turntables chosen for our suggested systems. But if you do have to buy a cartridge, or replace your present one, you should consider spending between 20-25 percent of the price of your turntable on it.

Cassette deck: In the area of cassette deck performance, technical specifications will play a significant role. This is due to the fact that, unlike turntables and amplifiers, there is still a considerable (and audible) difference between the sound quality of low, medium and high-price decks.

That is to say, a medium-cost deck with a maximum frequency response of 11,000Hz will be audibly inferior to a (probably) higher-priced deck with a maximum figure of 14,000Hz. Similarly, a wow and flutter reading of 0.1 percent (which is not an uncommon figure on the cheaper decks) will result in an audible degradation of sound; a figure of 0.04 percent, on the other hand, has an inaudible effect.

When buying a cassette deck, make sure you don't pay for features you won't use. Metal tape decks are currently all the go, but beware — blank metal-tape cassettes are going to be expensive, so if economy is a concern avoid paying for the metal tape capability. Similarly, three-head machines offer greater recording and monitoring convenience than two-head models, but three-head machines will not necessarily outperform similarly priced two-head units. You'll have to decide, in that instance, between convenience and performance.

One of the most effective ways to guage performance — and certainly the simplest — is to select a high quality FM tuner/receiver and set the tuning dial *between* stations. Record the noise on the selected deck, then compare the recording with the tuner's "live" signal. Although the tuner's signal won't be identical to the signal which was recorded, the difference will be miniscule. This FM interstation noise features a wide range of frequencies and as such is an ideal test for a cassette deck's recording accuracy.

Of course, there is a host of additional components which can supplement the basic sound system: equalisers, noise reduction systems, dynamic range expanders, filters, crossovers, transient noise eliminators, digital time delay systems . . . But for our purposes, we've concerned ourselves with the basics.

We have chosen three systems in separate price brackets which should give you an indication of the features and performance available at a fixed total cost. If you were to buy the basic system of turntable, amplifier/receiver and speakers, the systems could be yours for roughly $1000, $2000 and $3000. Included with each system is a cassette deck, to highlight the features which a compatible deck would offer.

The components have been selected on the basis of their individual capabilities and their compatibility. Therefore, these systems are representative of the quality available in their particular price ranges. Naturally, individual tastes and requirements will vary, so use our suggested systems as a point of comparison to help meet your own needs.

Finally, don't be afraid to trust and act on your judgement. Buy what sounds good to you — after all, it's you and not the salesman or your "expert friend" who has to live with, and pay for the system. ○+⊟

JBL's reputation as a loudspeaker manufacturer with an eye (and an ear) for quality will not be questioned on the strength of their L110 system. For the $1300 asking price you'll receive two speakers of precision construction capable of wonderfully dynamic sound reproduction. The system has a 250mm woofer, a 130mm midrange driver and a 25mm high frequency dome radiator; it comes with a semi-transparent black fabric grille, a five year warranty and is finished in oiled walnut. The Yamaha CR-2040 receiver, with 120 watts per channel output is capable of driving the JBLs to maximum efficiency. Power level meters and power overload indicators will allow you to observe whether you are driving the system too hard, while the bass, midrange and treble tone controls for each channel will allow you to tailor your system's sound with maximum flexibility. The CR-2040 is priced at $995. The Thorens TD 115 turntable complete with Stanton Th-680EE cartridge, costs $509. For this price you receive a semi-automatic unit with velocity sensing electronic shut-off. Unlike most other turntables, the auto stop process is not position-dependent, but fully electronic and thus friction-free. The Aiwa AD-6700G is a metal-ready deck which features the impressive frequency response figure of 25-19,000Hz (using metal tape at −20VU). It also features VU and peak reading meters, fine bias adjustment for LH, Fe-Cr and CrO_2 tapes and the standard Aiwa Cue and Review functions. Yours for $699. This system, while the most expensive discussed here, is not the ultimate. But the capabilities of the components guarantee that all but the most fastidious are unlikely to feel the need to pay more.

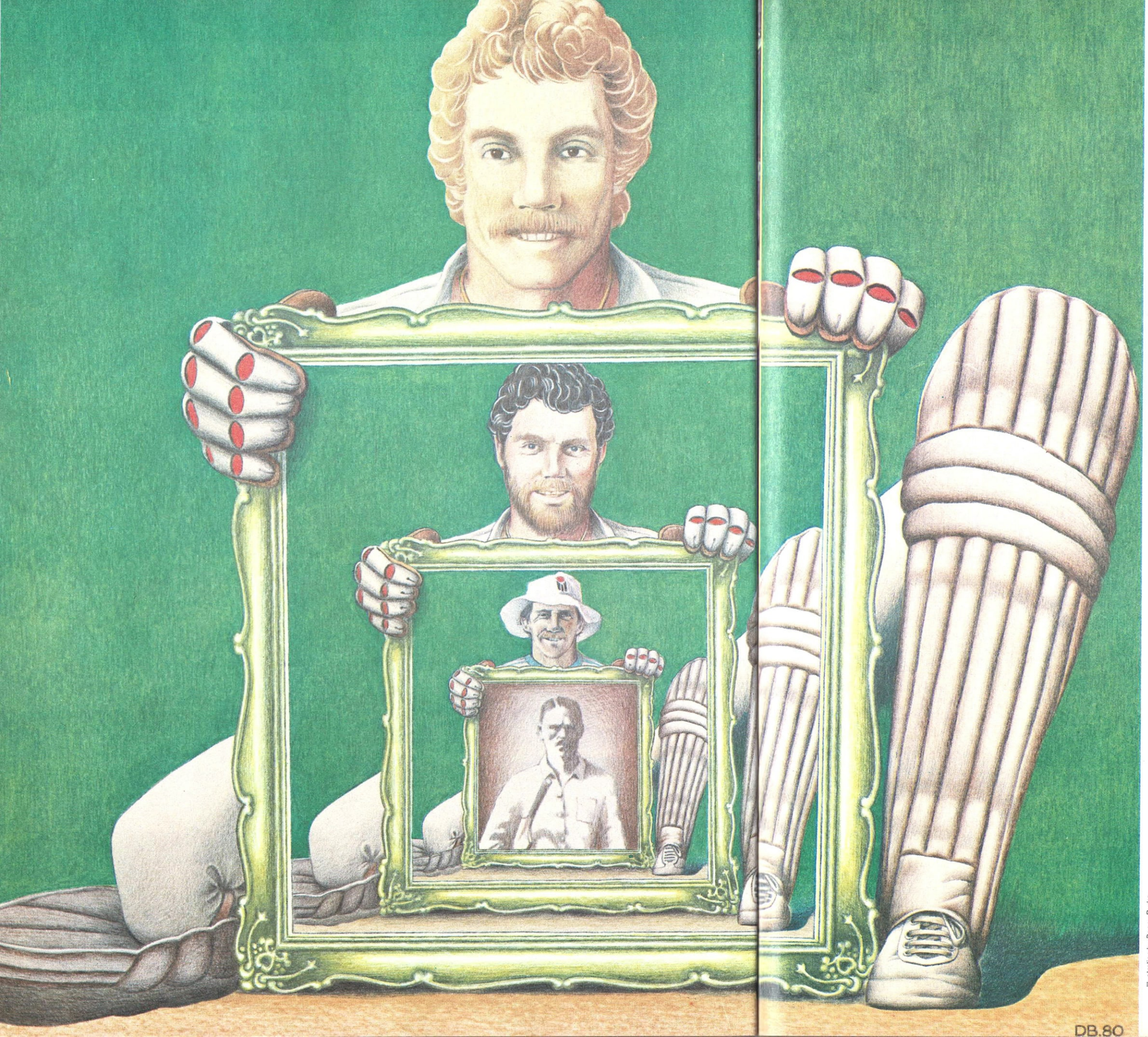


Illustration by Danny Burke

At an age when his brothers were Test heroes, Trevor Chappell, currently playing at his best, is still waiting for the call.

THE OTHER CHAPPELL

BY NOEL CARSTAIRS

When the talent was dished out in the cricketing Chappell family, Trevor was last in line. Fortunately there was more than enough to go 'round, but the stigma of being the youngest, the smallest, the other Chappell, has hounded "TC" all his playing career. "There have been times," says Chappell, "when I've wished I could trade places with Ian, to be the first and to make it or break it on my own merits."

Chappell, now 27 (the same age Greg was when he assumed the Australian captaincy), has yet to play a Test. Unless his career blossoms late — an unlikely event for a batsman — he'll never challenge his brothers in cricket's record books. Three Chappells in the Australian Test side — surely a father's ultimate dream — is now a 100 to 1 shot.

The experts all agree, Trevor Chappell is a great hand, a plucky little bugger, slow to start but a devil to get out once he's got a few on the board. Solid defence, nice array of strokes, a good man to have in the middle order and a top class cover fieldsman. He's . . . how would you describe him? . . . a good cricketer. That's it. TC is a *good* player.

In cricket, despite the discovery these past few seasons that players are people too, some things are better left unsaid. You have to complete the equation yourself.

Ian is a dashing batsman, the best captain Australia ever had. Greg is, well . . . Greg is what batting is all about, one of the finest strokemakers the game has ever seen. Trevor Chappell is a good player. Although no one would ever say it — least of all the man himself — it's quite a cross to bear for a cricketer who started the summer by almost single-handedly pulling off an upset victory by scoring a brilliant 150 in his first Sheffield Shield match for NSW.

In any other season, Chappell would have been assured of a Test berth. In 1979-80, the summer of reconciliation, he is just another good player.

When they were kids it was cricket, cricket, cricket, all the time cricket, until there was nothing else. Four years younger than Greg and nine years younger than Ian, Trevor stepped out of nappies into a *fait accompli*. When he was still in primary school Ian was already in the South Australian side and Greg was a schoolboy hero in grade cricket. The "Two Chappell Brothers" were a big deal in Adelaide. It wasn't as if there was any decision to be made. If you were a Chappell you played cricket.

The Chappells lived in Glenelg, which in Adelaide passes for a beachside suburb and is chiefly famous for its palindromic quality. Chappell Snr was a district cricketer of some note and had just made the South Australian training squad when World War II rudely intervened. He went back to club cricket after the war but the moment had been lost. Martin Chappell had sons however, and through them the

thrills of big-time cricket could still be his. It was only natural that the Chappell boys would shine at the game, after all their grandfather, Victor Richardson, had been one of the great all-rounders, and if it hadn't been for the war . . . Still, Martin Chappell took no chances. When Trevor was four (and Greg eight, Ian 13) Martin Chappell started taking them around to the home of a man called Lyn Fuller, who had a pitch in his backyard.

For hours every Sunday the boys would be taught the very basics of batting. Sound defence.

Trevor remembers that both Fuller and his father would roar if they played a cross bat. "All we were allowed to do was play forward and backward defence. They'd throw the ball down to us and make us block, bat and pad all the time. Then at the end of the session they'd let us have a hit for half an hour."

Later Chappell Snr dug up his own backyard and installed a pitch, and then it was practice before and after school every day. It was a big backyard, but everything in it was cricket-functional, except the clothesline. And Mrs Chappell knew better than to hang out the sheets before practice.

There were big, leafy fruit trees around the fence, not for fruit or shade or even to camouflage suburbia. They were there to stop the ball slamming over the fence and splitting old Grandma Next-door's weatherbeaten skull. In theory, anyway. In practice, the Chappell boys smashed all their own windows and then the neighbors' as they learned to get to the pitch of the ball.

At the dinner table they talked about . . . cricket. But not always. Sometimes they'd talk about . . . cricketers.

On Satuday nights, when Ian and Greg were playing in minor competitions and their father was still playing club matches, they'd talk about who scored what and how they got out and why they shouldn't have and how they could avoid doing so next week.

Mrs Chappell, who spent most of her Saturdays hunched over a scorebook, also had the job of buzzing around Adelaide at the tea interval and reporting back to her husband on Ian's progress at one oval and Greg's at another. Bad news invariably affected his own batting performance and Mrs Chappell was often held solely responsible for the sombre tone of the Saturday evening meal.

Young Trevor took all this in like nothing else mattered. Cuban missile crisis? What crisis? Ian's sitting on a pair and Greg was given run out when he was in by a yard and just getting into stride.

Christmases and birthdays were celebrated in the Chappell household by the giving of bats, balls, stumps, pads, gloves, cricket books and games. Ian and Greg would give Trevor cricket stuff like the big guys used. Trevor, being the youngest, looked to his parents for financial support on such occasions. Mr and Mrs Chappell would buy white socks or flannels and wrap them up and give them to Trevor who would duly pass them on to his hero-brothers. Then, if Ian was home they'd all go out to the backyard pitch and have a friendly hit, break a few windows.

Cricket, cricket, cricket. But there was also baseball, which was not so much a sport in its own right as a good way to loosen up and get into shape for more cricket.

Cricket, cricket, cricket. The question must be asked. Didn't one of you — you in particular, copping so much of it so young — ever want to rebel? Didn't you ever want to throw the dummy in the dirt, as it were, and say: "No more. Enough. You can take this bat and attempt a biological impossibility with it."?

Trevor Chappell fixes the questioner with that Chappell look. The one you might

> Christmases and birthdays were celebrated in the Chappell household by the giving of bats, balls, stumps, pads, gloves, cricket books and games.

see when Greg is on 98 and Andy Roberts digs one in on the leg stump and the world's best batsman drops the glove on to it and just keeps it out of short leg's praying mantis fingers. Or when Ian has been given out leg before off a ball that was going to miss leg stump by . . . oh, a good inch as anyone with any bloody brains could see but what do you expect from half-arsed, incompetent, vindictive idiots in panama hats? It's a look that says: "What is this shit?"

TC fixes the questioner with That Look and he says: "No, I never felt like that." The steely glare seems to imply that only a journalist, a scribbler, a complete outsider would even ask. Then, as if to soften the blow and let it be known that he is not his elder brother, he adds: "Cricket's a great game, you know. It's not like we were pushed into something we didn't enjoy."

The Chappell boys all went to Adelaide's Prince Alfred College where they were not brilliant students. They were, however, adequate — as all good sportsmen should be. Ian had left long before Trevor started, leaving behind him a trail of minor brushes with school law. Greg did his final exams the year before Trevor padded up for the college junior eleven and, by all accounts left somewhat sweeter memories of the Chappell name. Ian has said that by this stage he was protective of the family "baby" and often found himself at odds with Greg.

Trevor, however, has rather different memories. "Greg and I were close. Ian was never around much. It's only been in the past few years that I've really gotten to know him." But Ian was a hero and Greg was well on the way, and Trevor was a Chappell so he opened the batting and the bowling. He made a fair fist of it too, regularly scoring 20s and 30s and snaring the odd wicket with his medium pacers.

When he left school in 1971 with a matriculation pass and a growing reputation in grade cricket, his future was pretty well mapped out. He took a job in an insurance office where the boss was known to be sympathetic to cricketers. The idea was to plod along and fill in the time between matches until the heavens parted and the great god of Australian cricket called down from on high: "Send me another Chappell."

But as it turned out, TC didn't wait that long. The following winter his parents flew to England to watch Ian and Greg in the Ashes series and Trevor tagged along. Being a Chappell, it wasn't long before he was offered a hit. He played five or six matches with the Surrey second eleven and then a series of social matches with the Cricketers Club of London. He didn't exactly set the counties on fire, but he was noticed.

Back in Adelaide he sold cars, advertising space in newspapers and worked in a pub, biding his time and waiting for the call. It finally came in the '73-74 season. Chappell's early season form had been dazzling, and the experts raced to their typewriters to announce to the back-page readers of the world The Third Coming. Then Chappell failed for South Australia against the West Indies and got a pair (of ducks, for the uninitiated) against NSW.

This was no Chappell. This was an imposter. The oh-so fickle press called for his head and big brother Ian and the SA selectors delivered it. Dropped before he got started. Chappell took it philosophically, as they say. "I couldn't get any runs," he recalls. "I had to go."

It was the first, but by no means the last time that the littlest Chappell was to feel the chill of the batting horrors, the long stretch when you don't know whether it's you or the bat or some weird kind of plot involving 21 flannelled fools and two positively demented psychopaths in panama hats.

Show me that finger one more time before I've got a few on the board and I'll jump down the pitch and ram it down your gullet. How dare you point that grossly gnarled digit in my direction. Oh it's bad

news when you're in the horrors. The skipper comes up to you in the dressing room and tells you to just take it easy, nice and easy does it, but what he really means is that you're so incompetent nothing is expected of you, and if, by some cosmic fluke you happen to score, well that'll be a bonus he wasn't counting on, like a no-ball or a wide.

On Ian's suggestion, Trevor went back to England the next winter to hit himself back into form in the ancestral home of village green cricket, the Lancashire League. Actually he wasn't even in the village green big-time that first year. He played in the smaller Central League, and while most of the players were content to slog a few and retire to the cucumber sandwiches, TC was out there every Saturday, bat and pad, getting his strokes together.

When he returned the following season to play in the major league he joined the elite corps of cricket professionals who have scored 1000 runs and taken 100 wickets in a league season. Once again, it seemed he was on the verge of making it.

In an attempt to stroke out on his own, he moved to Perth for the summer and made the State side after a string of good knocks in club matches. Then, midseason, with a Sheffield Shield average of around 40 (which is to say better than you'd expect from anyone but a Chappell) he was dropped again. This time he took it less philosophically. In fact, he had the shits. Back to England for another winter of Lancashire League and that, too, gave him the shits. He was, after all, nearly 25, and he was a Chappell, and he wasn't making it.

Ian had retired. Greg was leading Australia to defeat in the Ashes series and Trevor was getting stuck into the cucumber sandwiches in some God-forsaken textile town goat track. It was all a bit bleak when Kerry Packer blew the cricket world apart by announcing the formation of World Series Cricket. And Ian and Greg were leading the revolt.

Trevor went back to his Perth grade side to once again wait for the call. In October, just before the season started, a WSC official phoned him. "I thought about it for two seconds and then said yes," Chappell recalls. His brothers had come right out and shitcanned the Australian Cricket Board and all it stood for. Trevor didn't feel he was in any position to criticise, but clearly he felt much the same way.

So the littlest Chappell hit the road with the WSC country allstars for two long, dusty seasons. They'd play on some hastily-converted fairground, travel a thousand kilometres and play again, while the stars monopolised attention playing under lights in the big smoke. Still, it was okay, they were getting a wage for playing cricket and sooner or later the big-time rejects (Walters, Greig, Woolmer, McCosker, Redpath) found themselves out in the sticks and some young hopeful was thrust into the floodlit centre of VFL Park to fill the void.

Chappell's big chance didn't come until after the second season, when the WSC Australians toured the West Indies. Chappell was included as a stopgap opener, a position in the order he didn't relish but he'd done it in the bush and it was a ticket into the team. And in the Windies he finally found form. At last there were three Chappells in the order, and it looked like it might stay that way for some time.

But no one can say that fate has been kind to Trevor Chappell. In fact it's fair to say he's led a distinctly uncharmed cricketing life. Just when he'd consolidated a spot in the WSC first team Packer went to bed with the cricket establishment and WSC was disbanded.

"The reconciliation was a good thing for cricket," he says, choosing his words

> Just because your name is Chappell, it doesn't mean you're on intimate terms with the gods, even if two of them are your brothers.

carefully, "but I'd be a liar if I said I wasn't personally disappointed. There were a lot of blokes like me, just starting to come on, and we all would have liked a couple more seasons to prove ourselves."

Instead, Chappell was thrown into the greatest pool of cricketing talent the Australian selectors had seen since Bradman and his disciples went off to England in 1948.

The great split had created new heroes on both sides, and as soon as the experts started naming their ideal sides it became evident that T. Chappell would have to notch triple centuries in each innings of every match he played in October and early November to even be considered.

There were too many likely openers. He'd have to look for somewhere in the middle order, and ahead of him in the queue were I. Chappell, Hookes, Hughes, Border, and a rejuvenated Doug Walters. On level-pegging were Darling, Yallop and Peter Toohey. It was a joke, a sick, sad decidedly unfunny joke.

As it turned out, Chappell hit 150 in his debut for NSW and Hughes and Hookes got the middle order slots for the First Test. Hookes looked somewhat shaky but Chappell followed up with some mediocre Shield knocks. He had a long way to go . . . and he knew it.

On the night the three-way international series began, Greg Chappell was out in the middle of the Sydney Cricket Ground belting Roberts, Holding and co. around the place to steer his side to victory. Ian (under a three-week suspension for swearing at an umpire) was up in the commentary box searching for inoffensive superlatives.

Trevor Chappell, freshly showered after practice in the nets with the NSW squad, was sinking a few in the bar of the M.A. Noble Stand, along with Toohey, Hilditch and several others who, in times other than during talent-glut, would have been out in the middle. They were drinking and watching the replays on the closed circuit television above the bar.

Trevor, who looks like Greg cut off at the shins, or perhaps Ian with curly hair, was singled out by some young girls (cricket groupies?) who were handing out pieces of birthday cake to famous cricketers. Trevor seemed almost embarrassed, like he hadn't yet made enough runs to merit groupie favors.

"Are you going to the Zoo later to see Dennis?" the girls asked. (Dennis Lillee was the guest disc jockey at a disco that night.)

Trevor looked pained. No, he thought he might have to miss that fun-filled occasion. His expression said it isn't one big happy family, you know. You don't get into Big League just like that. Just because your name is Chappell, it doesn't mean you're on intimate terms with the gods, even if two of them are your brothers. In cricket, as in everything else where Making It is the ticket, you have to earn your slot.

Chappell has moved into a bare-boned but shag-piled apartment out in Sydney's north-western suburbs. He's tearing down buildings for the Sydney Cove Redevelopment Authority to complement his meagre ($100 a Shield game) earnings.

With a year still to run on his WSC contract he can afford to go all-out for Test selection this summer, but he's not overoptimistic.

"I'm trying not to think about it," he says. "All I'm trying to do is put runs on the board and see what happens."

However, at 27 he is sailing pretty close to The Last Chance. If there's a Test career ahead of him it had better come quickly.

Chappell, a bachelor, trains hard and drinks with the boys. He badly wants to make it. It's written all over his face. But cricketers don't talk about such things. You just put the runs on the board, keep bat and pad close together and wait for the heavens to part and the call to come. ○+

HAWAIÏ'S BIG WAVE BATTLEGROUND

Australia's Mark Richards battled the biggest and best waves in the world, egos, money and national pride to become the new world champion.

BY PHIL JARRATT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CRAWFORD

In the old days, the late '50s and early '60s, the surfers who came to Hawaii's North Shore were true matadors. Proud and penniless and afraid of nothing. They came each northern winter from all over the world — from California and South Africa and France and Peru and Brazil and Australia. Just a couple from each place, adventurers, the real crazies who wanted to ride big waves.
They'd slip into Honolulu unnoticed and pool their money to buy rust bucket Fords or Caddies from the shonky used car dealers along the Nimitz Highway out by the airport, and they'd pile their big old balsa surfboards on to the roof, buy some crates of beer and head off down the Kam to the North Shore. And after about an hour they'd reach the ridge past Wahiawa, and there, stretched out before them — Kaena Point almost lost in the clouds to the left, Waimea Bay away to the right — was the epicentre, the surfing dream. This was the scene which always

opened surf movies. A bunch of gremmies in a rust-riddled North Shore cruiser heading down the hill to the old plantation town of Haleiwa, gateway to the biggest waves in the world. There'd be a break in the titles as the old car limped over the Haleiwa Bridge and the camera would pan to the sign at the side of the road — WARNING HIGH SURF AREA. Cut to Waimea Bay on the biggest day of the year and the matadors would be sliding down mountains of moving ocean in the bow-legged survival stance, sometimes making it to safety and sometimes crushing ribs and snapping limbs under the full force of the mysterious shock waves that originated in the Arctic and travelled through the North Pacific to expire on the steep coral shelf of Oahu.

These scenes were calculated to send young audiences in Bondi or Huntington Beach into surf frenzy, mad bottle-cap hurling mayhem, because they depicted the very essence of the surfing experience. The rush, the feeling that you were tempting fate, pushing things (as we learnt to say some years later) to the limit. And the men who rode mountains were our gods.

In fact, as gods go these were pretty ordinary deities. They were young men who might have run drugs from Thailand in the 1970s or become mercenaries in Africa in the 1980s. In the '50s and '60s they rode big waves. Young men like crewcut Buzzy Trent from California, a prematurely balding oceanography student named Ricky Grigg, a giant bull of a man called Greg Noll, a burly fireman from Sydney called Bob Pike, part-time model and club vocalist Dave Jackman, a wiry young English teacher from Santa Cruz called Fred Van Dyke. They camped on the beach or rented tumbledown shacks and drank lots of booze and had wild parties. When the surf came up they'd paddle their long and heavy surfboards directly into the face of the howling tradewinds and go for broke, often with the blood-curdling cry of a samurai warrior in full flight.

Some of the old gods are still around, although others have flipped out or moved on to new endeavors. Butch van Artsdalen, the king of Banzai Pipeline for most of the '60s, drank himself to death last year. Fred Van Dyke, now 50 and English master at Honolulu's best school, Punahou, still rides big Waimea a couple of times each year. But surfing and the North Shore have changed.

The new gods are decided not by virtue of riding the biggest wave of the year while suffering from the biggest hangover of the decade, but by a professional rating system, similar to tennis. One bad season and you're a mere mortal again. The fledgling sport of professional surfing now has 80 rated competitors. At least 60 of these converge on the North Shore each November in the hope of recovering expenses with a contest purse or two and moving up the chart towards the magic 16, the top-rated surfers who are seeded into events around the world.

About half the rated surfers are Australian and Australians dominate the top end of the card. In 1979 Australians finished first, second and third in the ratings and took out every contest held in Hawaii and Australia. In the four years since its inception Australians have taken out the world professional championship three times. Clearly we have a stranglehold on professional surfing and, as a result there has been a dramatic power shift from Hawaii, the traditional home of surfing, to the Australian east coast. We now have the best surfers, the richest contests, the keenest sponsors and the most comprehensive television coverage.

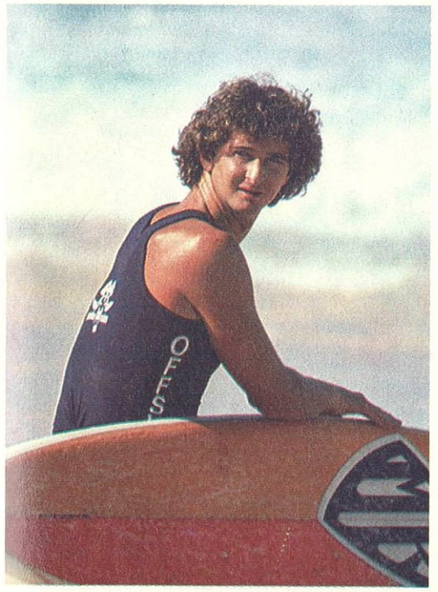
Australia is the home of professional surfing . . . and when you get right down to it, it doesn't matter a bean because when you strip away the prize money and the endorsement-covered clothing and the bullshit and the phony image-building and the petty politics of sport, surfers are still matadors. And although Hawaii has lost just about everything else, that 20km stretch of litter-strewn sand still has the waves and the magic. As long as surfers are slightly crazy the North Shore will always be the epicentre, the climax of surfing's wet dream.

For some one brought up on a steady diet of badly-made utopian surf movies, the physical reality of the North Shore of Oahu is a bitter disappointment. When I first went there five years ago in the height of summer I was apalled. I parked my rented car at Sunset Beach and stumbled over a mound of dirt on to the harsh coral sand. The surf was flat, as it is throughout summer. I expected that. What I didn't expect was the complete lack of charisma. I wandered along the beach and in 20 minutes I'd passed Rocky Point, Arma Hut, Gas Chambers, Pupukea, Banzai Pipeline, Backdoors, Off The Wall and Log Cabins, all the famous places without even knowing it. It was about as inspiring as the walk along the Corso at Manly. Beachfront bungalows and A-frames, occasional public thoroughfares to the beach, empty bottles and dog shit. If you looked back to the mountains and rejected the evidence of Hawaii's population explosion at your feet it was kind of beautiful, in a badly mauled sort of a way.

Clockwise: Film crew helicopter above the break at Sunset Beach; North Shore beach break; Mark Richards off the lip; Richards on the beach; Cheyne Horan — the runner-up shows his style.

But the big-time arena where surfing legends were created? Never. It wasn't until my second visit during the winter that I began to understand.

The coral reefs that jut out into the Pacific along the North Shore actually begin inland, and the low-lying beachfront homes are built on a thin coating of soil and sand above them. When the surf gets big — really big — the houses shake and the windows rattle with every wave that surges up the coral cave network. It gets big every year, but now and then it gets giant. In 1969 a swell measured at various inshore points at more than 50 feet from trough to crest shook the North Shore down. Waves came through windows and houses were wrecked. The whole strip shuddered for five consecutive days. In 1976 there was a 24-hour swell that peaked at more than 40 feet.



I watched it come up from the safety of the lounge of the Kuilima resort hotel. By midnight the salt spray had obscured the view and all I could see was a bay full of turbulent white froth. Waves were breaking beyond the horizon. I drove down to Waimea Bay, using an old Sydney police press pass to bluff my way past the civil defence roadblock. At Waimea 40 or 50 people stood on the cliff top watching the amazing spectacle of giant moonlit waves pouring into shore and shaking the land mass.

The following afternoon, while the civil defence vans still patrolled the strip warning people away to higher ground, a bunch of balding and weather-beaten crazies waxed up their big gun boards and paddled out into the bay to ride the biggest waves it is possible to ride, waves which are five or six times the height of a man and twice as thick. Waves that not only hold you down but pound the air from your lungs and churn your senses to the point where the sunlight you swim for may well be the coral on the ocean floor. And if you make it to the surface before the next wave breaks Old Mother Ocean has another dirty trick in store. The turbulence leaves a thick bed of foam which is too dense to breathe through and not dense enough to float you. If you panic you're dead, but the best surfers don't panic.

Although it's only an hour's drive from Honolulu, until recently the North Shore was affectionately known as "the country". Laidback villages, big fat mommas, shave ice and all the trappings of old Hawaii. It's still the country to some, but the surfers, the military and the spread of tourism have given it a decidedly urban atmosphere with all the attendant theft, bashings, heavy scenes in the dope trade and outbursts of racial friction you would expect in a community where every ethnic group is a minority.

You can buy a gun in Haleiwa for $150, no licence required, and a lot of North Shore residents — surfers included — have their own arsenals. In fact, amongst the surfers gun ownership has become something of a status symbol.

Surfing contests came to the North Shore in 1965 with the inauguration of the Duke Kahanamoku Invitational, although the Makaha International has been held on the west coast of Oahu since the early '50s. The Duke contest, named after the Hawaiian nobleman who introduced his country's sport of kings to the world, was warmly received. American network television gave it extensive coverage and it seemed to put the spotlight back where the locals felt it rightfully belonged.

A year earlier an Australian, Midget Farrelly, had been named world champion after executing some stylish manoeuvres in waist-high waves at Manly Beach. This was all very well but in the eyes of the men who rode mountains it wasn't real surfing. It wasn't what the matadors did. The Duke would put everything back into perspective.

But the enchantment didn't last long. Professionalism arrived with the Hang Ten Expression Session held on the North Shore in 1970, and before the first wave had been ridden the animosity which was to plague the sport throughout the decade reared its ugly head. Some Hawaiian surfers who had been left off the invitation list crashed the opening party and punched out one of the sponsors. It wasn't just the fact that they hadn't been invited to the lousy contest, it was the all-too-obvious way in which their waves were being plundered by outsiders.

The aggravation grew each year as more contests began and more surfers came, until in 1976 it almost exploded. That year an international professional circuit was established, culminating in a two-month, four-contest Hawaiian tour. The Australians, who were proving to be the fiercest competitors whenever there was money on the line, came in November, took all the best waves and left in January with their pockets bulging . . . or so it seemed to the Hawaiians. These Aussies weren't matadors, they were animals. They didn't understand the finer points and they failed to show "respeck". Peter Townend and Ian Cairns, two of the more vocal Australian pros were harrassed and pushed and shoved and browbeaten, but nothing really happened. It all seems so silly now — like kids playing mafia games — but I was there that year and the fear was real. There were meetings and secret negotiations and threats of sponsorship withdrawal and somehow it all resolved itself.

What came out of that winter was a decision by the International Professional Surfers (IPS) and the tournament directors to shorten future Hawaiian seasons to four to six weeks, and the formation of the Hawaiian Pro Hui to promote local interests in professional surfing and keep the whole scene cool for everybody. In a pro sport where contest purses were about the size of a ballboy's wage at Wimbledon, it wasn't the best public relations in the world to have surfers running around beating the shit out of each other. But a funny thing happened on the way to surfing detente.

The Hawaiian Pro Hui, formed with the best intentions in the world, became a haven for what is known in surfing as localism. Out in the real world it's known as thuggery. Localism is all about protecting your own turf and it was somewhat ironic that its number one advocate in the Hui was a Californian transplant who'd picked up his pigeon vocabulary on the way out from the airport just a few years earlier. So the isolated bashing incidents

continued, and the threats were extended to include journalists who reported them. It was all too dumb to be true but it hung around surfing like a bad smell. In 1978 two members of the Hui confronted me in a bar and told me to write nice things or have a leg broken. In 1979 South African Shaun Tomson pulled up outside Kammies Market at Sunset Beach to buy a bottle of wine and was assaulted by a member of the Hui. Tomson was allegedly number one on a "hit list" because of an anti-Hawaiian comment attributed to him in a story in the US edition of *Penthouse*. There were a number of theories about who else was on the hit list, but it was generally agreed that Australian surfers and journalists took out the major placings.

In the meantime there were other developments. Heublein Inc, the American corporation which manufactures among other things Smirnoff vodka and Jose Cuevo tequila, withdrew its long-standing sponsorship commitment to professional surfing. Tough times on the economic front and a general shift of image were cited as the reasons, but clearly the hoodlum element in surfing had influenced the decision. The withdrawal was a bitter blow to the Hawaiian pro tour and, presumably, some sort of victory for localism, but the Hui was far from happy. There were, after all, signs that the young Hawaiians, spearheaded by the brilliant surfing of Dane Kealoha and Michael Ho, were about to give the Australians a run for the money. And now half the money had bowed out.

The Hui called a meeting and told the thugs to back off. Having rather limited access to its members, my reporting of Hui affairs is at best secondhand — but I am reliably informed that veteran Hawaiian pros Reno Abellira and Barry Kaniaupuni launched the diplomatic offensive which restored surface level peace and harmony to the land of aloha for yet another season. Kaniaupuni apparently told the meeting: "I've been to Australia and they got some nice people over there."

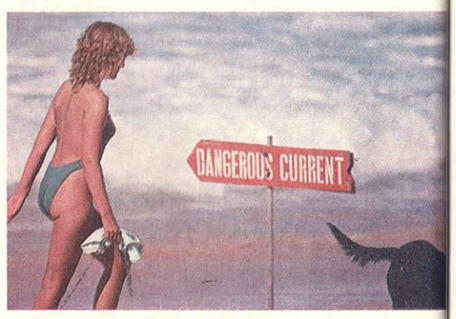
In the early 1970s, before crowded waves became a real problem and when the North Shore was at its peak as an experimental laboratory for surfing styles, designs and artistry, the best surfers in the world flew in well ahead of the contests to warm up, be on the scene, check out what was happening. Now they fly in a day or two before the first contest and jockey for seats on the first plane out the day the last one finishes.

The rigors of the 10-month pro-circuit are such that they have neither the time nor the inclination to hang around. But that six-week period before Christmas is ridiculously intense, although to a non-surfing observer it must seem ridiculously relaxed. This is because few people understand how professional surfing operates. Briefly it is this: most surfers lead schizophrenic existences because they need every sponsor's dollar. The Gidget movie antics portrayed in the Coca Cola commercials are a far cry from real life on the circuit. Not too many surfers wind down by rolling around the beach inside giant plastic beach balls. They surf, they train, they connive to be in the right place at the right time to get their photos in the magazines and they make sure each photo is a glowing testimonial for their brand of board, wax, shorts and wetsuit. When the cameras stop whirring it's women, booze and dope. Dope, although by no means universally used within the surfing community, is very much a part of North Shore life. You can pick up Hawaiian buds or buddha sticks anywhere and it's an unusual dinner party at which the conversation doesn't become increasingly convoluted as the various stashes are produced. Cocaine is more an underground diversion and at $100 a gram sparingly used, although it is always available and post-contest binges are not uncommon. But it is important to realise that these indulgences are common to just about all the under-30 social groupings. The excesses in the music industry are well-documented, and nasal damage is second only to broken limbs as the greatest hazard faced by skiers at Aspen.

There was a time when the North Shore was a real boys town, but these days, with a Hyatt hotel at one end and a disco open seven nights a week at the other, female companionship is not too hard to find. Californian beach girls have flocked in to rent the A-frames, particularly since Hyatt took over the Kuilima resort hotel, filled it with conventioneering Mid-westerners and provided a constant source of local employment. Most of the girls come to be near the surfers, and if you're up there in the ratings, well . . . But there is also a curious moral double standard. Unlike most of the great civilised beach areas of the world, on the North Shore the girls cling firmly to their bikini tops. Topless is not on. And born-again Christianity has taken a hold, which doesn't mean the women are any less free with their favors, they just feel awful about it afterwards.

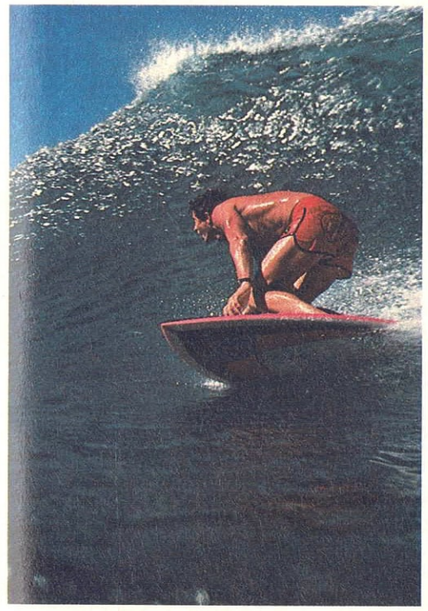
So the surfers come for six weeks, rent a house at the beach or a condominium at the Hyatt for about $800 a month. They lease work-horse cars from agents in town for about $10 a day. (Ford Pintos from a place called Mal-Mat used to be the big go but recently a company aptly called Rent-a-Wreck has been making a run with clapped out, gas-guzzling monsters that labor along the beachfront in a cloud of exhaust fumes and usually blow up before departure date.) The total outlay is usually about $2000, although the first-time tryers and those way down the totem pole tend to share as much as possible. With less than $30,000 up for grabs this past season, for most it is a losing proposition.

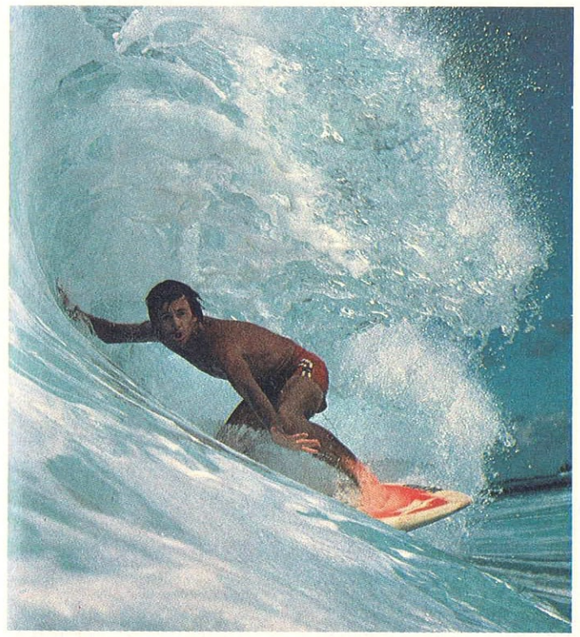
Clockwise from right: Australia's world champion Mark Richards — the view from the impact zone; in the tube at "Off The Wall"; North Shore sunset; it's not exactly two girls for every boy in this surf city — quality rather than quantity; Richards on the way to winning the title.



But if you don't go, if you aren't seen, you disappear off the map.

South Africa's former world champion (1977) Shaun Tomson was the first to arrive on the North Shore for the 1979 season. Fresh from a year spent dabbling in acting in the US, Tomson had re-emerged as a contest threat in September with dazzling performances in the small-wave contests on the US East Coast. He was rated in the top 10 and stood a slim, outside chance of finishing in the top three if his Hawaiian performance was up to its usual standard. Hot on his heels came 22-year-old Mark Richards, from Newcastle, NSW. Richards, who had started the year in brilliant form, taking out two Australian and one Japanese event, had slipped back to number four through his failure to compete in the South African, Brazilian and mainland American sections of the tour. Regarded by many as the best surfer in the world, the lanky, unorthodox surfer needed a superhuman effort to take the title. He set himself up in a small apartment in Haleiwa, unpacked his fleet of longer surfboards and set about his advance training program. Surf, eat, surf, sleep.





The reigning champion, Queensland's Wayne "Rabbit" Bartholomew, was already hiding out on the neighboring island of Maui, following a solid comeback on the East Coast to regain the points lead and a fortnight's R and R in Puerto Rico. Rabbit's training was rudely interrupted by a mercy dash back to California to attend a wedding — his own. He and long-time girlfriend Toni Galante had planned to marry in Australia in the new year, but there were difficulties with visas so the nuptials were hastily peformed in California. Rabbit kissed his bride goodbye the following morning and caught the first flight back to Honolulu. Such is the life of a surf champ.

That left only two contenders — Bondi whiz kid Cheyne Horan and Hawaii's powerhouse Dane Kealoha. Horan, sitting within an ace of the lead at number two, arrived in a somewhat subdued frame of mind.

At 19 and with only three Hawaiian seasons under his belt, he was the youngest and least experienced of the main chance men. Kealoha, on the other hand, had just won in New Jersey and moved into third place. The first rated event, the Pipeline Masters, got under way in uneven, anything-could-happen conditions. Traditionally a specialist event dominated by goofy foot (right foot forward) surfers who make a life's work out of sliding unscathed from the translucent barrels that spill over the sharp coral ledge, this time heads fell left, right and centre. Bartholomew and Horan failed to qualify for the final, leaving Richards and Kealoha good chances for advancement. But when the finals were held 10 days later in winding tubes, young Maroubra goofy foot Larry Blair left both contenders behind. Kealoha finished second, Richards fourth, and the ratings were basically unchanged.

This meant that the last event on the calendar, the World Cup, would decide the championship and, still in fourth place, Richards was very much the outside chance. He not only needed to win but to lose his rivals early.

The unrated but psychologically-crucial Duke Invitational was held on the same day as the Masters final. This meant that surfers competing in both events had to organise shuttle services between Pipeline and Sunset, a couple of kilometres apart. It was a ridiculous and unneccessary strain to place on world class athletes, apparently dictated by the tight filming budgets of the network television crews covering the events. By day's end Richards and Tomson, who featured in both finals, had surfed six times. Richards emerged the winner and suddenly began to think seriously about becoming world champion.

The day after the Duke contest Mark Richards and I sat down to talk in the sparse living room of my rented house. The surf was good but Richards didn't want to know. At the phone booth outside the service station on the other side of the road a man was holding the receiver at arm's length and screaming abuse into it. "For the last time, you mutha . . ." It was hard to concentrate. Richards shook his head and laughed: "Funny place, the North Shore." I asked him if he thought he could win the title.

"Well, I don't really believe in myself as much as I should," he said, in the lazy, Californian-influenced drawl he's picked up after eight winters in Hawaii. "I know I can outsurf them, but I don't know if I can out-hassle them." Richards was referring to the new tactics of pro surfing, the cut-throat battle for positioning on the wave.

Most tournaments employ an interference ruling by which surfers who "drop-in" on their opponents' waves are penalised. In theory the surfer closest to the peak (the first section of the wave to break) has right of way, but in practice a surfer on the wrong side of the peak can often take off with no chance of making the wave and cause his opponent to be penalised.

Richards was invariably caught in the middle as the two Hawaiians, Kealoha and Larry Bertleman crossed paths, both from the wrong side of the peak, effectively preventing the surfer in the right position from catching the wave.

"I just don't believe it" Richards said. "Everyone hates each other."

A few kilometres up the road at Number 6 East condominium (not altogether unlike numbers 5 and 7 in anonymous furnishings), the reigning world professional surfing champion sat watching a talk show on television, contemplating what could possible be his last days on the

throne. Rabbit was as tense as I've ever seen him, despite the fact that wife Toni, an attractive brunette, had just arrived from the mainland.

I asked Rabbit the same question I'd asked Richards. The champ started to answer in a most positive manner but somewhere in his head a cannon went off. He recalled an article I'd written a year earlier and claimed I'd misquoted him. After a 15-minute verbal barrage the cannon disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared.

"Yeah," said Rabbit, "I reckon I might just do it." Rabbit was playing out the big bluff, psyching himself up. Although he has been the fiercest competitor in surfing for half a decade, I don't believe he felt like a winner.

That evening the presentation of the annual Duke Kahánamoku Awards was held in an open air auditorium at the Polynesian Cultural Centre. The Duke is the last truly Hawaiian surf meet, an event which should surely be a celebration of the aloha spirit. Instead it was almost funereal. Pure blood Hawaiians now number less than one percent of the population, and the few present in the half-empty theatre seemed that night to feel the passing of their race. Mark Richards accepted his trophy and cheque and said that he felt honored and privileged to be the victor in an event which meant so much to the Hawaiian people. Mrs Duke Kahanamoku, an aged and frail lady wrapped in a shawl, presented him with a lei and a kiss on both cheeks.

Saturday, December 15 was the first day of the eight-day waiting period allotted to the World Cup of Surfing. With clear skies and a 3m swell pounding the North Shore, there was to be no waiting. While the cameras and contest machinery were set up on the beach at Haleiwa, Mark Richards arrived and threw his gear down on the sand to the left of the judging stand. With him was his girlfriend, a school teacher from Gosford.

Mr and Mrs Rabbit Bartholomew arrived and sat a politically sound distance away. Horan and Kealoha were out in the water. The figures men had calculated that the points spread was such that Richards would need to win the contest with Rabbit eliminated outside the top eight and Horan and Kealoha doing no better than third. In other words a long shot requiring the biggest upset of the entire pro tour.

All four contenders came through the six-man elimination heats into the final 16. The format of the contest was that these surfers would now battle it out to the finish in two-man knockout rounds. Rabbit was first into the water, up against a seemingly easy mark in North Shore local Ken Bradshaw. But five minutes into the 20-minute heat the champ found himself out of position and a huge wave snapped his leg cord. He swam in through the rip, collected a new board and made it back into the lineup with nine minutes to go. At that point neither surfer had caught a wave, but the tiring swim took its toll.

Bradshaw caught two waves and seemed to have the advantage when another huge set loomed out to sea. Rabbit paddled frantically for the first, but couldn't muster the energy to haul himself over the Haleiwa ledge. Bradshaw took the next and rode it convincingly. It looked close. The champ bit on a clenched fist and cursed while he waited for the result. Bradshaw by a bare margin. The champ was no longer the champ.

Next to go was Dane Kealoha, who sat out to sea and waited for the bone crusher which would bring a standing ovation from the Hawaiian brethren on the beach while Edwin Santos, the contest rookie, caught three waves and rode them capably. Richards and Horan, through to the next round, traded sly glances across the beach. Both survived hard-fought quarter finals, and that left only four.

> "Mark Richards pulled out all the stops, successfully executing every high-flying manoeuvre in his extensive repertoire."

This was the day the chickens all came home to roost. Cheyne Horan, the Bondi brat and former member of the Bronzed Aussies promotions group, drew his old mentor, Peter Townend, in the first semi-final. Townend and his business partner Ian Cairns had taken on Horan as a promising junior in 1977, paying his fares and expenses around the world for his first year on the circuit. Horan, according to the senior partners committed to a three year contract, bailed out of the group after his first phenomenonally-successful year on the road. Cairns and Townend had been threatening litigation ever since and, although that now seemed unlikely, the verbal hostilities continued unabated. Now Townend had a chance to really screw the little bastard. Or, conversely, the little bastard now had the perfect opportunity to deliver the final insult.

As soon as both surfers reached the line-up Townend's tactics became obvious. In a variation on the wrong-side-of-the-peak procedure, he paddled way down the beach forcing his opponent to follow or be penalised on the first wave both surfers took. Way out of position, Horan caught a poor wave and Townend immediately paddled back to the correct take-off position. The tactic, evolved over many years of anything-goes-competition, did the job. Townend was into the final. As he faced the television cameras before entering the water Townend looked perplexed. A group of Richards' supporters called out: "Throw it." Townend gritted his teeth and pretended not to hear.

Mark Richards had been competing in the pro ranks for long enough to know better, but for some inexplicable reason he was letting Townend dictate the play. Time and again Townend dragged him out of position as he had done to Horan. Then halfway through the final, two good waves away from the world championship, Richards struggled back into position, took off on a superb, long-walled wave, banked off the bottom with his distinctive flick of the wrists and flew like a bird into the power pocket of the wave. He changed direction at the top and, arms outstretched, went momentarily airborne and . . . fell off.

Richards never falls off. Sometimes the wave will smother him and he will disappear gracefully inside the tube. But fall off? Never. Richards fell off. Meanwhile Townend was clocking up points with long, smooth rides. With minutes to go, Richards took another big wave and, sensing that there would be no more chances, he pulled out all the stops, successfully executing every high-flying manoeuvre in his extensive repertoire. As the crowd gathered around the roped-off official area, Richards could barely find words to answer the inane questions of CBS frontman, the oh-so-macho decathlon Olympian Bruce Jenner.

"Well Mark, you sure got some swell rides. How do you think you went?"

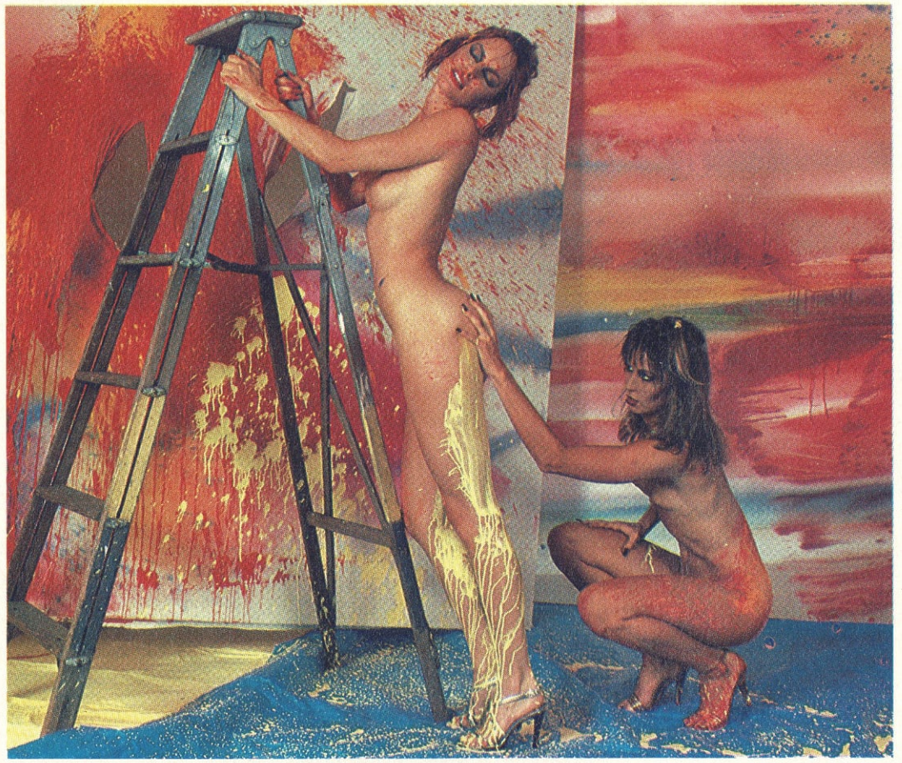
"Uh?"

"I mean, do you feel like you gave it your best shot?"

"Uh, yeah."

The judges found 3-2 in favor of Richards. There was a huge cheer. The world champ fixed his gaze somewhere on the clouds above Kaena Point and tried to smile. The girls who charged in to embrace him seemed not to notice that the champ was crying.

Ten days later Mark Richards flew out for California to oversee his business interests there before returning to Australia to prepare for the beginning of the 1980 pro tour. He had finished 1979 with more than $25,000 in prize money, making him the most successful professional in the history of the sport. This, combined with an estimated annual income of more than $30,000 from surfboard franchises in four countries, made him a wealthy young man. Still a matador in spirit, but a wealthy one.

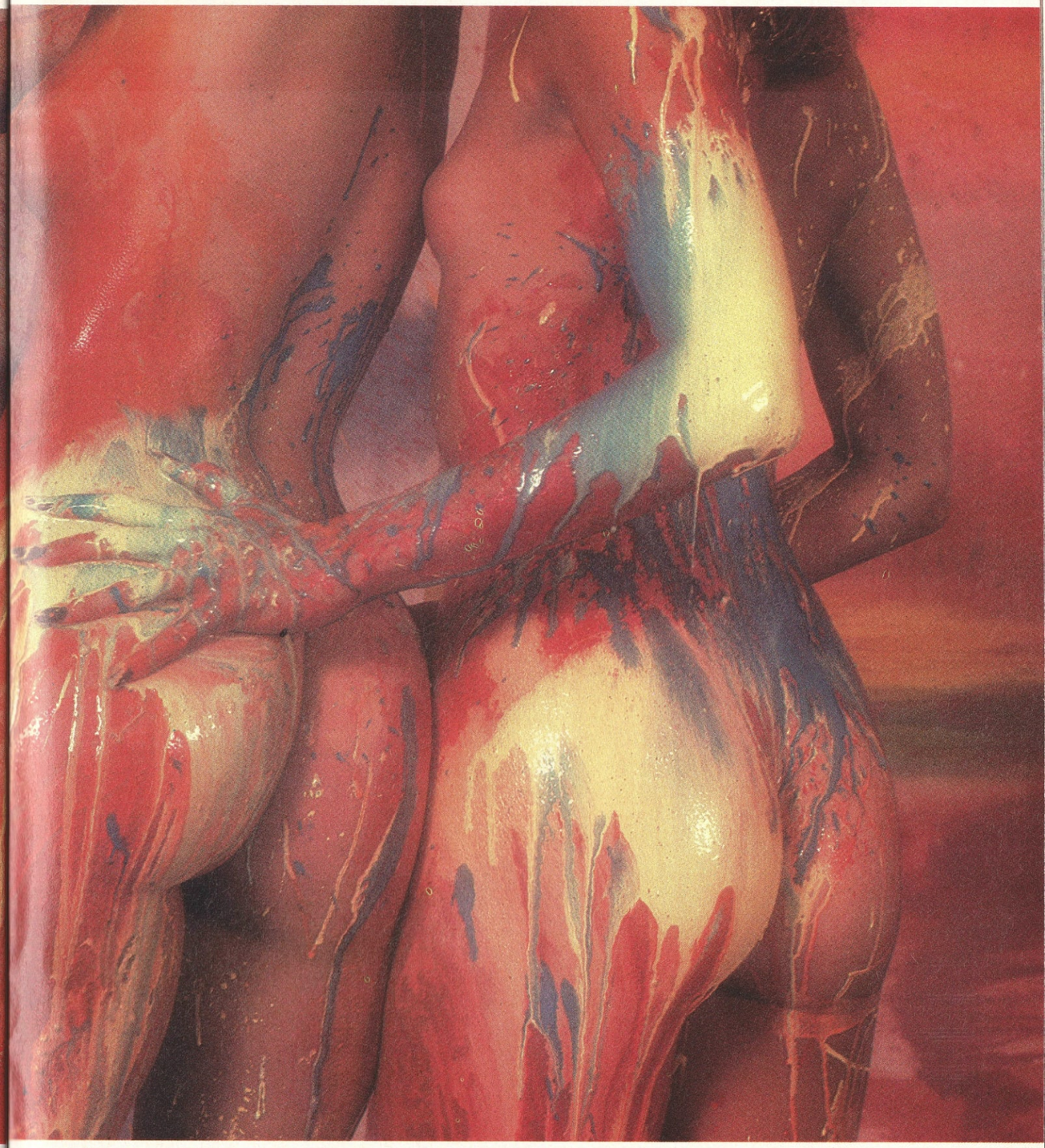


"They painted an endless palette of color, their radiance adding dimension to a swirling canvas."

THE ART OF LOVING

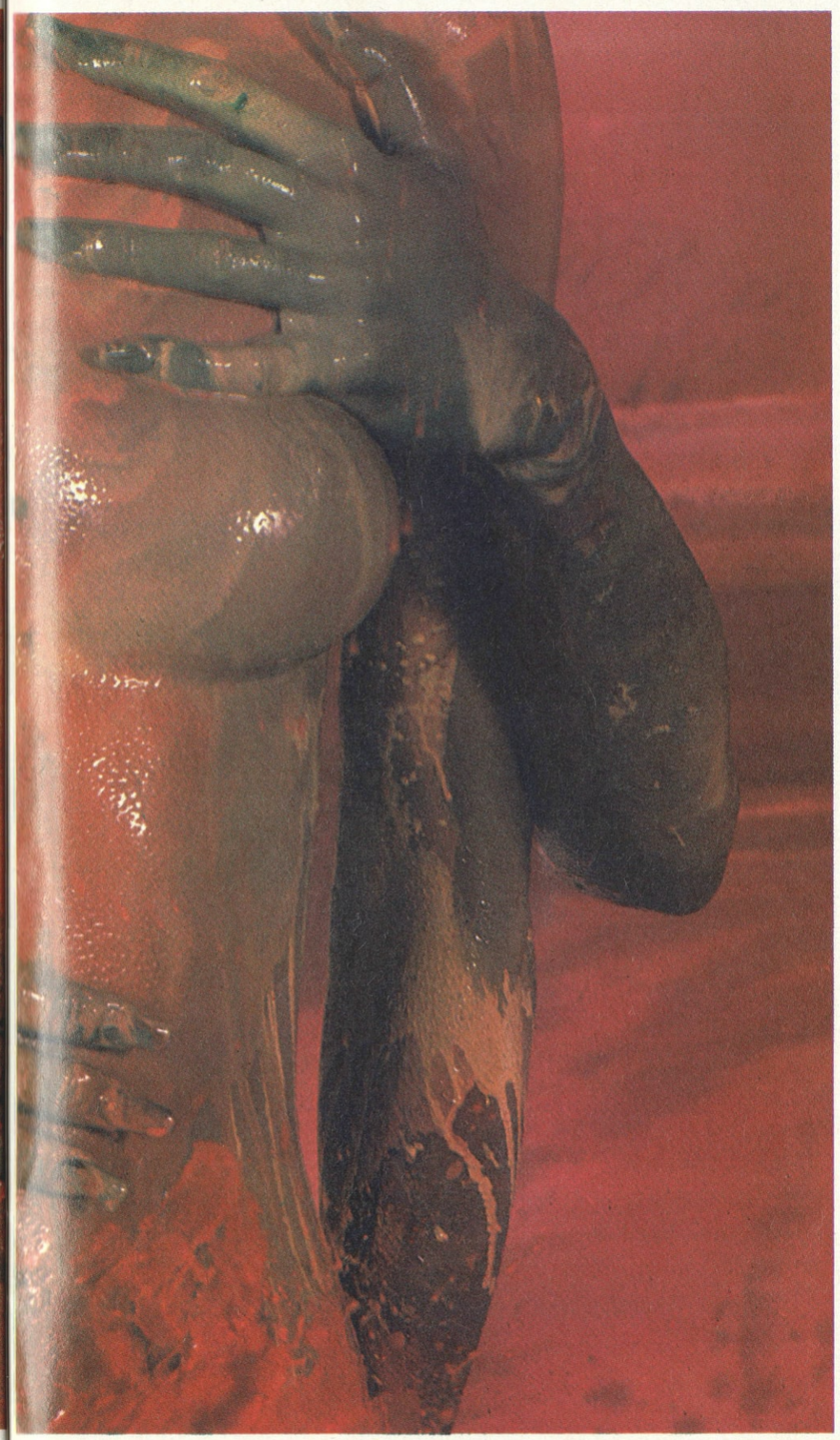
PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

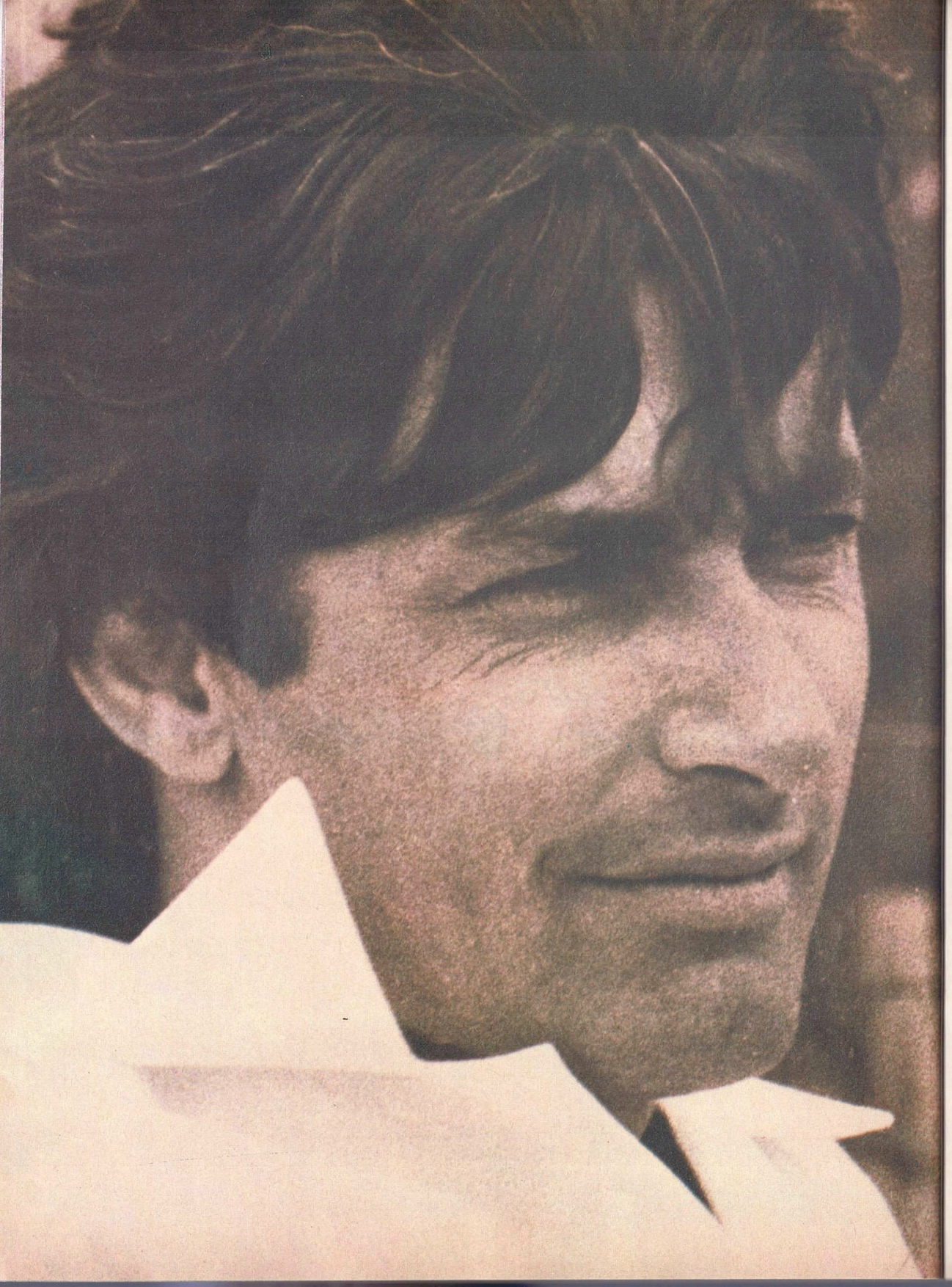
Finger painting is for little girls, but grown-ups prefer body painting, and when two artistic ladies are given paints and a live canvas, the colors fly.



In the expression of free-form art they experimented with a rainbow of colors, splashing and daubing to their hearts' content. And when the designs or tint combinations were not pleasing, it was easy to erase the canvas and start anew.

They painted an endless palette of color, their radiance adding dimension to a swirling canvas. Layer upon layer of pigment and finger-traced designs until they reached their goal — an unforgettable masterpiece of artistic love.





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

PETER BROCK

‘

When we look around the starting grid at Bathurst or somewhere like that, we see the same old faces. It doesn't seem to me that there are any new faces coming along.

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The telephone won't stop ringing. It has been like this for days. Everybody wants Brock: promotions, endorsements, requests for interviews. The offers just keep coming. But Peter Brock isn't really interested — not now. All he wants to do is go fishing. The past two months have been exhausting. In August he won the 20,000km around-Australia Repco Reliability Trial. On the last day of September he won his fourth Bathurst touring car marathon. He has become motor sport's superstar.

The last few months of 1979 took Brock from mere fame to stardom. The name Brock springs to mind as easily as Chappell or Newcombe. Every kid with a Matchbox toy car wants to be Brockie. Every motorist knows they could be another Brockie with a bit of a chance. It's easy to identify with Brock. He is a good-looking 35-year-old, has a good image and an easy manner — the young bloke next door who you always thought was okay. Women swoon and go starry-eyed at the mention of Peter Brock. To know him, and to say so, is better than any one-liner ever invented.

Brock, in fact, has been much the same since he started racing an ugly but fast and successful Holden-powered Austin A30 in late 1967. He was, perhaps, a little wilder in those days, less restrained and polished. But just as his presentation has improved in 12 years, so has his driving.

Few people would argue that he's Australia's best local driver. Certainly, he's the most popular. While it may be difficult for a motor racing purist to split Brock and Allan Moffat on driving skill, it's no contest in the personality stakes. Peter Brock wears, and always will, the white hat; Moffat has always been the one in the black . . . and always will be.

A potted history of Brock the racing driver follows a line of almost perpetual success. Even when times were tough for "The Boy from Hurstbridge", he was still a winner. The young, bearded Brock of 1968-69 was virtually unbeatable in his home-built A30. His ability was noticed by wiley Holden Dealer Team manager Harry Firth, who took the gamble of putting two rookies — Brock and Colin Bond — in his Bathurst team for 1969. Bond won, Brock came third.

Except for a three-year break when he went out on his own, Brock stayed with the HDT until it was disbanded at the end of last year. Between 1970 and 1972 he was king of rallycross, a mutant motor sport that combined dirt-road rallying with tarmac racing. During that time he had some success also in touring car races, but he didn't make his mark in that class until he won Bathurst in 1972. That was the first turning point.

In 1974 he won the Australian Touring Car Championship, then shocked the racing world late in the year by quitting the HDT. It should have been the end of his career, but it wasn't. He joined a privateer team in 1975 and, against all the odds, won the Grand Slam of touring car racing — the Hang Ten 400 at Sandown, the Hardie-Ferodo 1000 at Bathurst and the Phillip Island 500K. The next year was significant, but only mildly successful. Much of his efforts and finance were directed at racing a locally-prepared BMW coupe in the famous Le Mans 24 Hours. He didn't finish, but he won praise and the attention of European teams. In 1977 — the Year of the Fords — he was the only Holden driver to challenge and beat the Falcons of Moffat and Bond. He also raced at the awesome Spa-Franchorchamps circuit in Belgium in a 24-hour sedan car race with English ace Gerry Marshall. In a hopelessly out-classed Dealer Team Vauxhall Magnum — a two-litre coupe of little distinction — they finished second.

Brock returned to the Marlboro-Holden Dealer Team, under the new management of master race mechanic

John Sheppard. The partnership was nearly unbeatable: two Bathurst 1000s, two Hang Ten 400s and the 1978 touring car title — plus the Repco trial, the event everyone said he couldn't win.

Since 1970 Brock has been actively involved, through Victoria's Road Safety and Traffic Authority (ROSTA), in road safety. His approach, to the road toll problem is not conventional. His talks to prelicence age teenagers try to prepare young drivers about to take to the roads, rather than the standard approach of repairing the damage of inadequate driver education after the event.

This year, in every way, will probably be the most important in the life of Peter Brock. He's back to running his own team — the result of General Motors-Holden's withdrawal of support from the Dealer Team, and its subsequent dismantling because of John Sheppard's decision to retire from racing. Brock has taken over the assets, equipment and personnel of the team. He is trying to run it on the same scale without the benefit — be it implied or real — of factory involvement. It was on that note that Mark Fogarty began this *Penthouse* interview with Brock.

Penthouse: With GM-H out of racing and HDT manager John Sheppard quitting, you had almost no alternative but to run your own team. Is that a situation you're happy about?

Brock: It's not a situation I'd call ideal, but it was simply a matter of being the only course of action left open to me. I had to try my very best to keep what was the Marlboro-Holden Dealer Team together so we could keep on racing. I certainly don't want to be involved in the actual running of the team. I've got an administrator for that. My job will be to get in the car and drive it as quickly as I can and to look after the sponsors' requirements. So on that side of it I think there is the responsibility to keep everybody employed, but I certainly don't intend to be going the team manager/lead driver route. It won't work.

Penthouse: Since you have run your own team before you'd be aware of the pitfalls, and the advantages, of running your own operation. Taking into account prior experience, do you believe you can still be as successful in racing as you were in 1978-79 with the M-HDT?

Brock: Absolutely. I feel quite confident that we've retained the necessary elements for a successful team.

Penthouse: What areas of team administration have you tried to improve, or were you completely satisfied with the way the M-HDT was run?

Brock: There are some areas I'm looking at. If there are any major policy decisions to be made, well we'll sit down and discuss them. But I don't intend to be involved in that side of it any more than I have been in past years, anyway. One of the things I'm looking at is, certainly, to try to foster some young drivers. I'd certainly like to be able to run a junior team, just to put something back into the sport.

Penthouse: That sounds as if you feel you have to promote some new motor racing talent. Is there a need for new blood at the top end of the sport?

Brock: When we look around the starting grid at Bathurst or somewhere like that, we see the same old faces. It doesn't seem to me that there are any new faces coming along to step into those positions on the grid that surely must be vacated gradually.

Penthouse: What was your background before you got into motor racing?

Brock: I was born and raised about 25 miles out of Melbourne in a little bush town called Hurstbridge where I had a fairly rural sort of upbringing. I spent a lot of time on the family farm up at Doreen, and had a normal country kid's interests, like the local fire brigade — that sort of thing.

> I don't want to be involved in the actual running of the team. My job will be to get in the car and drive as quickly as I can.

You had to create your own entertainment. I never got into Melbourne very much, it was a bit of an effort to get into the big smoke. So, basically, it was a very sports-oriented country upbringing. I was very fortunate at state school, where we had a headmaster who was an extremely good teacher, and got all the kids in his particular area involved in sport.

Penthouse: What made you decide you wanted to be a racing driver?

Brock: See, among the lot of us who went to motor race meetings there was an awful lot of waffling about how we'd go compared with these blokes out on the track. There was a lot of talk and not much action. In 1964 I went to Bathurst and saw Brian Muir and Bob Jane racing and another time I saw Norm Beechey running the Chevy Nova there and a few things like that. It was Bathurst, really, that turned me on — especially at the top of the mountain. I thought "I've just got to get on the other side of that Armco railing". And I did after I finished my national service. Actually, Nasho was an excellent opportunity to do something like that because you were restricted in your activities — it meant you could direct your energies in one area, rather than if you were out spending all your brass on chasing around and not be able to do it.

Penthouse: During national service you were at Wagga Wagga in NSW, weren't you?

Brock: In the usual way that the army does things, me being interested in all things mechanical and driving, I was put into the medical corps. I'd had nothing to do with medicine whatsoever. You just treated the body as a car, you know? Fix it, regular maintenance type of thing . . . so I went through a few of their courses and became a medical assistant. Eventually, after spending a period of time at Healesville near Melbourne, I was stationed in Sydney for four or five months and then went down to Wagga.

Anyway, that's where I started building my first race car. I was actually in charge of the Regimental Aid Post at Kapooka, which from the army's point of view was a strange thing because we were a mob of national servicemen running the place. We ran it very efficiently, but we also had the opportunity to pursue some other odd-ball activities at the same time.

Of course, we found that we could get the RAP's ambulance across to the local hospital at a fairly quick rate of knots — we took notice of how quickly we could make these emergency calls, you see. In fact, one well-known Formula Vee driver was there with me all the way through national service. He, I think, took the cake in the Land Rover, really, because one day in particular he went into Hospital Corner pretty quick and the old LR got up on two wheels. So this particular Formula Vee lad did a swift bit of opposite lock correction into a paddock before it went back down on all four wheels. He's got about half a dozen patients in the back who were suffering from various things before they left and after they got there were suffering a bit more, I think. Particularly one poor bloke who had a broken leg in plaster!

Someone made a report that he was driving the vehicle a bit quickly, but he just sent in a counter-report complaining about this very badly-handling army vehicle and suggesting that maybe we should not drive this vehicle. Anyway, I started building the Austin A30 at this time.

I decided I'd better make sure my time was well spent at the RAP and since I was in charge of the place, we ordered a working bee on the A30. I had a nice big surgical bath they used to use for treating various skin complaints and getting off plaster. It was also good for cleaning out fuel tanks and things like that, particularly with the amount of methylated spirits and various concoctions we had available.

Penthouse: Were you surprised by the withdrawal of support from the M-HDT by Holden and what has been the effect of the pull-out on the sport? Was it a damaging move?

Brock: First, I wasn't overly surprised when GM-H decided to withdraw their support. There had been some hints on the horizon and, as things came along, there was very much a "will-they-or-won't-they?" sort of atmosphere. I believe there was a certain amount of opposition to them pulling out of motor sport. When we look at it in the light of where their cars are in the market, and what GM-H had achieved by being in there, there wasn't really any great need for manufacturer participation.

Short-term, it created a fairly large problem in that there was a certain number of people who depended on GM-H participation for their livelihood. In other words, sponsorship deals were viable because there was assistance from the factory. That, of course, has meant we've all had to tighten our belts a little bit and a few teams have a really hard look at what they're going to do.

Certainly, it hasn't made the job of finding a sponsor any easier, but the long-term effect will be very competitive racing — there's no doubt about that. I think the GM-H involvement in the Marlboro-Holden Dealer Team was over-rated tremendously and that's why I feel quite confident that, given ample backing, we can maintain the same level of performance we had before.

Penthouse: You say GM-H's involvement in the M-HDT was over-rated. By that do you mean the popular conception of a factory team with unlimited backing was wrong?

Brock: Yes. There is a bottom-of-the-barrel wherever you are. Also, we were doing the engineering development of the race cars ourselves. We weren't having to rely on GM-H engineers for that. In fact, probably you could look at it and say that we were finding quite a few little things every now and again that the engineering section of GM-H was very happy to find out about. You could say the same thing about motor sport, generally, anyway. But I don't believe we had any great advantage over other teams simply because of GM-H's support.

Penthouse: There has been a lot of pessimism expressed over the future of touring car racing in Australia — particularly with publicised dissatisfaction with the new rules and the lack of a variety of cars that can be raced competitively. Is the outlook for touring car racing as grim as it's been made out to be?

Brock: I can assure you that it is. But I can also see the potential for it to get to new heights and provide better racing than we've seen for the past four or five years. When we look at the optimistic side of it, we've got cars that are battling it out on the market place able to get out on the race track and really show their wares in public. Once the cars get out on the track and we start having some good battles, there's going to be an injection of new enthusiasm and life into the scene and it's going to be a very, very good year. Now, while we go along thinking pessimistically, sure, the doom and gloom that seems to pervade everyone's thinking nowadays could affect all motor sport.

Penthouse: What are your thoughts on the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport's decision not to allow the Mazda RX 7 to race with a special engine? It means that your traditional arch-rival Allan Moffat isn't racing against you in a competitive car — or a potentially competitive car, at least — for the first time in 10 years.

Brock: For a start, CAMS didn't specially put a ban on that car. They wanted that engine modification — the use of what's called a peripheral port intake system — to go through, and they tried very hard to get it through. In fact, the initial voting by the national council of CAMS was in favor of that type of engine. After making the decision, CAMS sent out a letter which said, basically, that they were in favor of the decision and would other interested parties please pass comment. After those comments were received, the council had another vote on the issue — and that's when things changed.

Moffat should be able to use that engine in the RX 7 because I believe we need him there, we need more makes of cars racing. I'd like to see touring car racing operate on the same lines as NASCAR stock car racing in America, because a manufacturer is no longer able to alter the specifications of a motor car very easily.

Penthouse: What do you think of your rivals in racing, as competitors and also as people? First, Allan Moffat . . .

Brock: As a driver he is certainly and obviously a very skilled competitor. His technique is very good indeed and so is his ability to keep a car going in long races. He had a very bad year last year and a lot of it, I think, was due to mechanical problems rather than anything to do with what Moffat does behind the wheel.

He is, without doubt, the driver you respect most when you get out on to the track because you know that when Moffat is running competitively, there's going to be one helluva bunfight before you get to the chequered flat. He's a smart cookie. As a guy, actually I don't mind Allan at all. I reckon his public image is quite a lot different from what he's like privately. I find that I can sit down and have a pretty reasonable conversation with Al these days. Of course, when we get out on to the race track it's a different story — we fight tooth and nail.

But privately, when the pressure's off after a race meeting, we can have a bit of a joke and a bit of a chat and a couple of drinks. There's no bitterness at all.

Penthouse: Bob Morris, who beat you in the touring car championship last year . . .

Brock: Morris is a very fast driver. He's able to get into a car and just absolutely extract a huge amount of performance from it. The only area that I'm sure Bob looks at very carefully is the ability to get a car home in the longer races because I think you could say that's probably the only flaw in his talent. He's got huge talent

"I want a second opinion!"

and he's certainly a world class driver, there's no doubt about it.

On a personal level, Bob's a pretty quiet sort of bloke. He likes his private life away from the track, and I find that he's a pretty easy-going sort of fellow. He doesn't get involved in too much in-depth motor racing chat whenever you're having a conversation with him. I don't know him all that well despite the number of years we've been racing against each other, which probably shows how quiet he is. He's the deep-thinking kind.

Penthouse: Allan Grice . . .

Brock: Oh now, on the track he's a man that we all love to see because he's flamboyant. He has tended to calm down his driving style a little over the last year or two, which is not a good thing in the eyes of the spectators I suppose, but you can always count on Gricey to do something spectacular. He's a hard-charger, a good operator and a determined competitor.

I reckon Gricey's always been good value and, as I said, you can always count on him to do something. I mean, it might be having an enormous shunt or something like that, but that's what motor sport is all about. The crowds love action, and I think that Gricey certainly does a great deal for motor sport because you've always got to have the unexpected, the disasters and God-knows-what to maintain any sort of public attention. Gricey certainly provides a helluva lot of it. And as a bloke, he's got a good sense of humor. A funny man, Gricey. There are two sides to him, really.

He's a really mean competitor, and he can be pretty mean as a bloke, getting out there in the business world getting things to happen the way he likes. But at the same time he's got a great sense of fun and he's a source of amusement, really.

Penthouse: John Harvey, your teammate in the M-HDT for the past two years . . .

Brock: Harves is probably slightly less spectacular than Gricey, but a driver in same vein. I mean, he goes at it really hard. Old Harves gets into a motor car and it's working pretty good, you know, and Harves is bloody into it. He's as keen as mustard even though he's been racing now for a helluva long time and his experience is unbelievable.

But you get him to the track and you just can't keep him out of the car! He's bull-at-a-gate — just wants to get in that car and be first on to the track, and do more miles behind the wheel of a race car. As a bloke, he's just an absolute, top-class fella.

Harves and I get on very well. We always knock around together at the race track, which is fairly normal I suppose for teammates. However, it's a little bit beyond that really, you know, we just happen to click together as two blokes. I reckon he's an absolute top bloke.

Penthouse: And Colin Bond, who was your teammate in the Holden Dealer Team for eight years before he switched to Ford . . .

Brock: Bondie's reflexes and his car control are exceptionally good. His technique in a couple of places is what lets him down here and there, particularly when he was running with Allan Moffat back in 1977-78. Not a great deal in it, just that Moffat would maybe get his car to run a little longer than Bondie in certain circumstances.

Then, a couple of other times he really showed the boss how to do it. When he gets his back up, old Bondie is a hard man to toss. Obviously he's had problems over the past two years with the vehicle not performing as well as it should, but all-in-all, a bloody good all-around competitor. When he's competitive, he's got a fair amount of tiger in him. When Bondie gets out there and really wants to have a go, he really fights for it. But he has to get stirred up to fire, and when he is stirred up, you've got to watch out for him.

> It's fair to say there are plenty of available ladies around. But whether these available ladies are desirable is more to the point.

He's a great bloke. We grew up together in the Holden Dealer Team and, even though he's gone Ford and I've been with The General, those old friendships take a long time to die. We still have a bit of a chat together and quite frankly, if I want to see a Ford win I usually barrack for Bondie. He's always been a bit of a battler, and as I said he's a bloody old mate — that's all it boils down to.

Penthouse: How does it feel to be a sporting star, a national identity, someone most people recognise?

Brock: Oh, I don't know . . . It's one of those things you weigh up as you go along. It's the price you pay to get behind the wheel and take part in the sport you like very much. And often the fame side of it comes as a surprise because you're doing something which you don't think is anything out of the ordinary anyway.

It's just something you can do, and you love doing it. Suddenly you find yourself elevated into a situation where people are coming up and asking you your opinion on something you wouldn't have expected to be asked about. It does take some getting used to, especially keeping your feet on the ground while you know you're being treated, quite often, on a level above where you perceive yourself to be.

Penthouse: I suppose all that's good for the ego, though. Do you have an ego that likes to be encouraged?

Brock: Not really. I mean, we've all got egos. You have to look at yourself very critically, indeed, to find out why you're doing things. I certainly never used to like reading press reports on something that I thought happened a different way, but quite frankly now I don't bother to read a lot of things about myself.

Penthouse: How would you feel about being regarded as a sex symbol?

Brock: Ah, well, I don't know. What is it? I don't know. I suppose if you think of it in terms of a few ladies hanging around the place, it wouldn't be a bad thing. Yeah, it'd be good. I don't see that anyone would, but if they did, that's their opinion. It's fine by me!

Penthouse: I'd imagine that in your position getting women wouldn't be a problem. There'd be no shortage of supply.

Brock: Oh well . . . Yeah I guess it's fair to say there are plenty of available ladies around. But whether these available ladies are desirable is more to the point, I suppose. I think if you asked the same question of any leading sportsman or personality, they'd tell you there's always a reasonable supply of willing ladies, yeah.

Penthouse: What are your tastes in women? What kind of woman do you find attractive, sexually exciting?

Brock: I appreciate two things. I like a woman to be feminine, I like them to have a certain amount of poise and what have you. And it's always handy if they've got a bit of stimulating chat there. How they shape up mentally is very important, too, and that tends to create a package that you find stimulating overall.

Penthouse: Your second marriage to former Miss Australia Michelle Downes was very well publicised, but it didn't last. Where do you think it went wrong?

Brock: It was one of those situations where I think you could say we just shouldn't have got married. We both agreed it was a mistake. There were various pressures on both of us, but that wasn't, I believe, as important as other people thought it was.

Penthouse: The Melbourne *Truth* ran stories alleging that you bashed her. They must have been distressing, particularly at that stage of your life and career.

Brock: They certainly were. It's one of the reasons why I try very hard to protect my private life now. Some sections of the media tend to break down relationships, instead of keeping them together. And that's certainly one of the problems of being in the public eye and people watching what you say and do. You've still got to get on with life as a basic human being and I try very hard to keep what I do, privately, my own business.

Penthouse: What happened about those allegations?

Brock: Oh nothing, except I think Michelle took out some sort of writ against *Truth*. I didn't bother. All you can do is go through life being basically honest and trying to be a reasonable person because eventually the truth must prevail. That's about what I feel in that matter.

Penthouse: And has the truth prevailed? Do you ever get the wife-bashing thing thrown up at you?

Brock: I don't seem to find any problem with the press these days. I think people get over the sensationalism of certain aspects that come along in any personality's life. You just keep plugging along and eventually people start realising that you're not the person they've tried to paint. I mean, my tastes in life are relatively simple and straightforward, and I think they're probably much the same as most guys'. The only thing would be that the opportunities for most things, of course, are much greater in my case.

Penthouse: Do you think you'll get married again?

Brock: Oh, I don't like thinking about it. I don't like the thought, and I try to avoid it. Marriage hasn't left a very good taste in my mouth, that's for sure.

Penthouse: How important to you was winning the Repco Reliability Trial? It was so different from the kind of events you normally succeed in.

Brock: Extremely important, because it was just an incredible thing to be involved in. Before the event I was written off as a publicity stunt by the media and a lot of other people, and to have succeeded, of course, that was another nice little rev that a person often needs to really get out there and perform.

Forgetting the winning side of it, to have performed successfully in a type of event I'd never been in before was a great personal satisfaction.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the challenge in the Repco was actually to prove the knockers wrong?

Brock: No, I wouldn't say that at all. I'm never motivated by proving someone wrong. But you are trying to prove you can do a job which people have thought you're a bit doubtful about doing. So what it's doing there is raising your level of performance because you're saying "Hang on, I've really got to nut this one out and figure out how I'm going to go about it". It's a nice little needle that every competitor likes, I'm sure.

The other point of it, of course, is that as a race driver there was always the thought that race drivers can't do any good on dirt.

I've been saying for a long time that if you can drive, you can drive. It doesn't matter what the hell you're driving. If they're going to have a ploughing race, if you can drive, you could probably get out there and do a pretty good job in that.

Penthouse: It was a big year for you last year. Not only did you win the Repco, but you also had your fourth win in the Hardie-Ferodo at Bathurst. Which of those two events meant the most to you?

Brock: Oh, the Repco, no doubt. I mean, it was just a massive adventure. It's something I'll remember for the rest of my life, one of those incredible adventures that you find only come along very, very few times in your life.

Penthouse: Is there anything in particular that happened during the Repco, be it funny or dangerous, that really sticks out in your mind?

Brock: There were a heap of funny things that happened. But the one incident I particularly remember — and I guess most of the competitors in the trial had a similar thing happen to them here and there — is when I was really cracking along up near the Birdsville track and I hit a big ditch going extremely hard. When it happened I thought I'd blown the Repco for sure. Noel Richards and Matt Phillip were having a bit of a nod because it had been a long hard haul when I hit this ditch doing about 180km/h. The whole car was airborne for about 100m, and leaping up and down and bouncing when it landed. I've gone off the track and into the salt bush and I've thought "this is the end of the whole thing".

> The car was going along on its nose at 180km/h and absolutely so close to doing an end-for-end that you couldn't repeat it.

It took about 10 seconds to get back into control. After I got back onto the road I stopped to make sure all the doors still opened and shut and put it into gear to make sure the gearbox still worked, and listened for any grinding noises under the car. I drove along for a couple of kilometres after that wondering what was going to happen because I was sure it'd had it. Anyway, I started to boot it along a bit more and realised that it was perfect. After about half an hour I'd forgotten the incident even happened.

It was staggering, incredible really because the car was going along on its nose at 180km/h and absolutely so close to doing an end-for-end that you couldn't repeat it. I'd hate to try and do it again!

Penthouse: The general opinion after the Repco was that GM-H had spent a fortune on the Commodore team and bought victory by being able to afford to rebuild the cars during the event. Is that no-expense-spared image true? Did money and extravagant factory support win the event?

Brock: Firstly, the team was organised and planned by George Shepheard, who'd been running the rally side of the M-HDT. Now, George had had limited success in rallies before the Repco and I think that a lot of people believed the whole effort was headed for disaster because those involved didn't have a magnificent track record. But George thought about it very deeply, and what resources he had, he used pretty well. There were probably only five mechanics among the service crew — the rest of them were really enthusiastic guys who took a couple of weeks off work and fired into it.

The funny thing is that we didn't really need the service backup to any large degree. The cars just didn't break down, it's as simple as that.

Penthouse: What are you considering when you quit racing? It's all very well to be a racing driver, but you can't do that all your life.

Brock: Of course you can't.

Penthouse: So, what are you going to do?

Brock: There are quite a few alternatives. It's a matter of picking one that will fit in with my lifestyle, with what I want to do more than what I should be doing. I'm looking at getting into the car trade, that's one alternative. It's very expensive, but there are ways and means of doing it. I want to help Dad make Brock's Landscaping Gardening business get along and if that ever kicked off and started going nicely I'd probably devote more and more time to it, which may or may not develop into a full-time occupation.

Then there's continuing on in motor racing in some other sphere such as development, testing, team managing. And there's a bit of work to do around the media, but whether I'd be much good at that, I've no idea. I suppose you only know by trying it.

Penthouse: Do you enjoy the limited involvement with the media that you have now?

Brock: Yes, it's quite interesting, because what you're doing is really extending yourself in another area. It's a challenge, really. You don't want to appear to be a complete idiot so you're trying to arrange your thoughts and your actions, so I find it quite interesting.

Once it gets to the stage where I think I'm losing my touch as a driver, I'm not enjoying myself — which is probably a combination of both — I believe that's the time you start looking at yourself and you'll give it away. But you look at blokes like Jack Brabham, and Jack still enjoys it and gets out there and has a bit of a fling around.

Doctors' chance discovery of the sexual rejuvenation effects of hyperbaric medicine puts new meaning into an age-old expression.

TAKING A DIVE

BY ANN BEVERIDGE

Just 90 minutes in Dr Jonah's Super Dive and wrinkles vanish, grey hair gets its color back, tired grey skin takes on the pink glow of a new-born babe. Go to your doctor after just 90 minutes in Dr Jonah's Super Dive and he will tell you your IQ is up, your eyesight has improved, your hearing is better and your body reflexes are a year younger. Go to your girl friend and your performance will be so dramatically improved that she'll be begging to take Dr Jonah's Super Dive, too.

Penthouse readers are not noted for their inability to stand up and perform when duty calls, but all men have to admit there will come a day when it might become a little more difficult. Doctors tell us that all men reach their sexual peak at 26. After that age nature drops its hints that a man is slowly declining with subtle changes of hair color and skin tone.

But there is hope. A group of doctors conducting research in different parts of the world, say all Dr Jonah's Super Dive needs to be in business is a good ad agency.

These doctors say the vehicle for a younger more sexually active life already exists in the hyperbaric chamber, a compression unit once reserved for deep sea divers with severe cases of the bends.

The rejuvenating treatment is the equivalent to plunging to more than 60 feet below sea level. It is known as "taking a dive".

It might take a few dives to get some of the more worn out models back on the road and the treatments do not last forever but they only take 90 minutes, and in the Seventies that was not even an extended lunch hour.

Illustration by Greg Somers

For years doctors all over the world have been probing the use of pressurised oxygen, or HBO as it is commonly known, to find answers to the big medical problems.

Dr Edgar End, of Milwaukee, one of the outspoken pioneers of hyperbaric medicine, who works extensively under hyper-oxygenation with his patients, has found his own sex life newly turned on as a result.

He is one of the doctors who advocates HBO as an executive brush-up treatment in health clinics. He says it is ideal for helping executives under high work pressure, particularly those in their forties and fifties. But, he says, it can also help younger men.

Every year, as Dr End points out, giant corporations pay huge sums to send their top executives for physical check-ups to places like the Mayo clinic. What the bosses are really paying for is their key men's brain power. He sees hyperbaric courses as the ideal way to pep this up.

Dr Edwin Boyle of the Miami Heart Institute advocates much the same idea. He is working to help reverse deterioration in seniles and finds hyperbaric medicine invaluable. He believes executives should do all they can to hang on to their IQ and brain power. A regular deep sea dive can be the way to do it.

Doctors came across the remarkable side effects of the hyperbaric chamber by chance while getting fantastic results in cases of severe heart attacks, gas gangrene, peritonitis, osteomyelitis, diabetes, strokes and severe burns.

In the latest major breakthrough Australian doctors have used the treatment to cure cases of paralysis caused by spinal injuries.

Doctors working inside the hospital high-pressure units — taking the "dive" with their patients to operate on them — reported what many of them felt were embarrassing side effects.

Was it possible they were beginning to look and feel younger; could it really be improving the sex lives of men well past their prime; could it retard signs of senility, improve skin tone, and wrinkles; was old skin becoming pink and smooth, and women's breasts becoming firm again?

Were balding doctors imagining that greying hair was growing dark again, liver-spots fading from ageing skin?

Could it be that a dive to 60 feet below

sea level could be improving memory and lifting IQ in patients of all ages and retarding the signs of senility? Was nail growth improving, could it sharpen deteriorating hearing and eye-sight?

As doctors compared notes with each other it seemed that the overwhelming answer to all these questions was *yes*.

Doctors — after all, they are human, too — began volunteering with a secretive nod to each other, to work extra shifts on the hyperbaric units.

From Australia, one of the world leaders in hyperbaric research, the US, Britain, the USSR and Holland, evidence of the side effects reported by doctors and patients was too similar to be chance.

Still the medical men remained embarrassed and silent. Few, if questioned, would talk and even today, while never denying the overwhelming evidence, they are loath to discuss it.

They were and are concerned that by publicising the rejuvenating side effects they will detract from the more important aspects of their research work.

Many of them still fear their serious contribution to medicine could be confused by laymen and critics with what many regard as the frivolous scramble after youth and sex.

They did not publish a medical paper on their findings until 1972. But finally they could supress the inter-hospital gossip no longer. Dr End admitted the truth. Sex, youth and a dive below the ocean did seem inevitably to be linked.

But it seems that some divers have known this for years.

Wealthy Queensland property investor, German-born Paul Schmidt, 35, goes diving regularly and believes it has put a whole new kick into his sex life.

"There is no question," he said, "diving is fantastic. I was always sexy, I enjoy a lot of sex. Perhaps it is the relaxation that diving brings afterwards but I have never been so randy.

"When I come home I get this exhilarated feeling for hours, I make love and I am ready for it all over again. It's superb, wonderful."

Paul learned to dive at Heron Island. He has been doing scuba and deep sea diving for the past six years.

"From my own experience all I can say is that in the morning I would take a dive, return about 10.30am, make love to my lady and fall asleep for half an hour, which I normally never do in the day. After lunch I would dive, return and again make hectic love. In the evening and all night I would feel just as sexy as ever and make love all over again."

Other divers report much the same results. Australian Naval divers say that when they go on diving expeditions they are usually at sea for two weeks — away from women — and they are "randy as hell" when they come home.

Queensland diver Sid Vassallo, who has been at Noosa Heads for eight years is an experienced professional of 24 years' exploring the ocean.

He's done everything from Saturation dives — descending in a diving bell to 346 feet working on the oil rigs — to giving daily diving lessons to beginners.

He had no idea there was a scientific reason behind his youthful looks and virility. "But I'm always extremely sexy," says Sid.

He wasn't so keen on the life as a professional diver on the deep sea bed.

It involved being in a decompression chamber for four hours before a dive, going down to the bottom in a bell, doing his work and then spending another eight hours in the chamber.

"It's very dangerous work, and very boring," he said. "That didn't do anything for me at all. Now I dive every day — 50, 60, 70 feet and I feel fantastic. I'm always ready for sex."

Doctors — they are human, too — began volunteering with a secretive nod to each other, to work extra shifts on the hyperbaric units.

Sydney diver Mark Tilley spends his summers in Cairns and expects his girlfriend, Trish, to go with him.

She says: "I like Mark to go diving. He's always terrific in bed, on the beach, anywhere, when he has been diving. He says it makes no difference — he's always randy — but he's always particularly good after a dive. It's almost as if he's on a high but I know he doesn't take dope and he rarely drinks when he's doing serious diving."

Mark agrees they have a good sex life and says he feels great after a big dive.

"But I always thought it was due to the sheer exhilaration. I'm fascinated by all the research going on," he said.

In hyperbaric chambers, treatments are carried out at two, or at the maximum, three atmospheric levels below sea level — technically known as 2ATA or 3ATA. This means the atmospheric level inside the chamber is pumped up to 2 or 3 times greater than is normal at sea level.

A "dive" at 3ATA would be equivalent to 2280 millimetres of mercury — which a diver would be experiencing if he dropped to 66 feet below the surface.

The patient of course, won't be wearing a diving suit or even a mask. He'll be lying relaxed and comfortable in bed.

A session in any hospital is rarely longer than 90 minutes. Dr John Yeo, Director of the Spinal Injuries Unit of Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital, has one of the world's most modern $55,000 portable hyperbaric units.

It is not used for rejuvenation purposes, although they have frequent requests from people wanting to.

Dr Yeo and his team are spear-heading international research using hyperbaric oxygenation as a possible cure for spinal cord injuries, so far with good success.

Dr Yeo, who is smooth faced and youthful, was the first to try out his own unit.

He describes his experience in a dive to a depth of 2.5ATA. "I took a dive, I did it first before I used it on my patients. In our chamber because it is small you do tend to feel somewhat claustraphobic. Even though I understood the reasons, I became apprehensive when I realised I was technically 50 feet from the surface of the water and a long, long way from the people peering into me from the outside.

"The only difficult part is the descent and ascent. You get the feeling appropriate to diving to that depth and pressure. It's an awareness of pressure on your face and ears and sinuses. Once you get to the depth you are fine.

"You just lie back and wait to come up again."

In the case of the jaded executive he'll just be waiting for the return of his virile youth. How and why does it work?

It has been shown repeatedly that in rejuvenation processes increased oxygen does somehow play a significant role in controlling the ageing process.

In the hyperbaric chamber the whole system is bombarded with pure oxygen which under pressure is absorbed much more readily into the body.

Normally breathing oxygen at 100 percent concentration only increases the partial oxygen pressure in the haemoglobin from 97 to 100 percent saturation and the oxygen in solution of plasma from .3 to 1.9 millimetres per 100.

By increasing the pressure to 3ATA the oxygen in the plasma is increased by 20 times the norm: that means to greater than 6 millimetres per 100 which is sufficient to support all the body functions, including the brain and central nervous system without the haemoglobin.

The first use of hyperbaric pressure was in England in 1662, more than a hundred years before oxygen was discovered in 1771. By the mid 19th century it was quite the vogue to take compressed air baths in Europe.

It was not until the end of the 1950s that Dutch scientist, Professor Borema at the Wilhelmina Hospital in Amsterdam, got to grips with developing the therapy. He was

"On second thoughts, skip the 'wool' file! Let's see how we're shaping in zinc!"

the first to use the treatment to save the life of a patient with gas gangrene. It was later to save many severe gas gangrene victims from the Vietnam war, where startling results were obtained with patients who otherwise would have died.

The most celebrated case of all was the US Naval Hospital at Long Beach, California. A young gunner who had suffered shell wounds on the borders of North Vietnam had been delivered to Chief Surgeon George B. Hart as a mangled piece of suffering humanity.

He had chronic osteomyelitis, a literal rotting of the bones, he was badly ulcerated, partly paralysed. Clearly he was dying. Doctors were in despair. There was no way they knew to help him.

Today George Hart's name is one of the most famous in hyperbaric research. Then Hart was just a dedicated doctor who knew he was fighting against time. He waded through medical papers trying to find a treatment.

He came across a report from five British surgeons who had treated chronic osteomyelitis with pressurised oxygen with apparent success. They had achieved a 75 percent cure rate.

Without waiting to give Washington the chance to say no to his request to use the nearby naval decompression tank, Hart went ahead taking the whole responsibility. There was no time for red tape.

He gave orders to have the patient moved into the nearby Navy Yard. The young man was by now failing and scarcely noticed what was happening to him. The tank was old fashioned. Watched by doubting colleagues, Hart gave the patient a two-hour dive at 2 atmospheric levels.

When the patient emerged after the first dive he appeared brighter and his skin pinker.

After four dives Hart had no more doubt. He was just as successful as the British doctors. Nearly 40 dives and much treatment later the young marine walked out of the hospital and went home cured.

There was only one problem in those early days. Few researchers had a pressure chamber.

Then on August 9 1963, occurred an event that was to focus world attention for the first time on hyperbaric medicine.

At the Otis Air Force Base in Connecticut, a baby, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, son of President John F. Kennedy, was born. He was a tiny 4lb 10½ ounces and as telegrams from throughout the world began to flood in with congratulations, doctors and his parents knew that his chances of survival were very slim.

As the baby struggled to hold on to life, battling for breath, doctors thought of a last ditch chance — the hyperbaric pressure chamber at Harvard University.

The tank was on lease to the nearby Boston Children's Medical Centre. Previously it had been used successfully to help save hole-in-the-heart babies. The President was asked permission to take his son to Boston. He agreed. The tank was being set up and within seconds the party was making its 67-mile emergency dash by ambulance.

The Harvard tank was a monster with glass portholes through which the President silently watched progress. Unfortunately, the baby was already on the verge of death from hyaline membrane disease. The tank might give him the boost he needed to help him through the next few hours of crisis. It wasn't. After only 39 hours of life Patrick died.

It was not, however, regarded as a black mark for hyperbaric medicine. It would have required a miracle to save that particular baby. But it was the first time that the world outside had heard of a hyperbaric chamber.

Today, there are hyperbaric units in 40 countries.

> One retired man in his seventies who underwent treatment was so sexually invigorated he married a woman in her thirties.

One of the world's leading biochemical engineers, Mr Fred Jeffriess of Vickers Medical plant in Basingstoke, England who manufacture the modern streamlined portable units, has helped set them up in universities and hospitals from Australia to the USSR, Argentina and Saudi Arabia.

He believes that before the Eighties are out hyperbaric units will be as common in most hospitals as heart units, blood banks and chest clinics.

Russians are already committed to mammoth programs to equip all hospitals throughout the USSR with two or more single patient chambers.

In Czechoslovakia it is a popular treatment. Regional centres already operate throughout Britain and in the US where much of the research has been pioneered by Dr George Hart.

Outside of hospitals, plushy new clinics with wall-to-wall carpeting are blossoming across the US, ready to cash-in on the dive boom experts predict is about to start. Businessmen are discussing developing super-dive clinics for harrassed executives, across the world.

But many doctors still keep saying "if it is so fantastic — why haven't we all heard about it before?"

There is no doubt about many of the results claimed and the beneficial effects of an underwater dive.

Today the tired executive in need of a brush-up will take his "dive" in search of youth in a gleaming streamlined chrome and perspex portable unit, a world away from the first ugly metal tanks.

Until recently hospitals had only large operating theatre size chambers in which the surgeon, full medical team and patient all took their dive together. This was of course fraught with problems, not least of which being that everyone was subject to the same pressurisation.

Doctors still have to use these big chambers for operations, but the smaller, more modern units can be used when only pressure treatment is needed. And the uses for the treatment are growing.

It is most commonly used in combating the after effects of strokes, heart infarction, severe burns, frost bite, haemorrhage, angina, arteriosclerosis, hepatitis, sleep disturbances, loss of memory retention, stomach and duodenal ulcers, bronchial asthma, chronic bronchitis and slow healing post operative wounds.

But there are always the same side effects.

Dr Hart tells of a male patient in his 60s who had been given treatment in the pressure tanks for osteomyelitis of the jawbone. A few weeks after the patient began his course of dives the man's wife came to see Hart.

She said she would like to share the treatment too. Hart was curious. Why exactly did she want the treatment? Was she ill he asked the woman? Not exactly she told Hart. Then the truth came tumbling out.

She told Hart, red faced with embarrassment, that she just couldn't cope with her husband's insistent new sexual demands. Before she said it had been rare to them to have sexual intercourse twice a year. Now suddenly it was at least twice a week.

One retired army colonel in his seventies who underwent treatment was so sexually invigorated he married a woman in her thirties only weeks later.

Doctors involved in serious research programs like Dr Yeo at Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital, point out that much of the rejuvenation evidence is not so much scientific as anecdotal, but even he admits there is an avalanche of it.

An American medical colleague visiting Australia recently was discussing the rejuvenation side of their work. He related with amusement how when accompanying his own patients into the large chambers he had noticed how much better he felt. He said he was so rejuvenated he felt dangerous.

Dr Hart carried out some intriguing tests on whether HBO treatment could help memory retention as well as increasing IQ. Hart used himself and his wife as guinea pigs in a series of experimental dives. Under normal circumstances Hart's IQ was 132.

After 15 treatments it shot up to 143 where Hart remained on top "brain form" for a further nine months.

After that it lapsed back to normal level but further dives immediately boosted it to peak power once again.

The rejuvenating results of a dive vary but they are always only transitory. They last six to nine months before a boosting dive is necessary.

Vision and hearing too seems to be improved in older people. Dr End comments on the case of a 66-year-old physician who had suffered a stroke for which he had undergone hyperbaric treatment. After six dives he reported not only marked recovery but a regrowth of strong dark new hair around the margins of his bald spots.

More and more operations are being done in hyperbaric tanks every year as knowledge and expertise grows and more doctors become aware of its potential.

One of the problems in emergency situations is that doctors don't know where their nearest tank is situated.

And in most cases of emergency the most successful results come when the patient is put under treatment fast.

Carbon monoxide poisoning asphyxiates the victim by blocking delivery of vital oxygen to the brain.

There are hundreds of victims, both suicide and accidental every year and even when rescued in time to save them dying the poison can cause serious brain damage.

When a victim is found recovery is painfully slow under conventional methods. If the patient is placed in the fresh air it will take over five hours of normal breathing before half the carbon monoxide is eliminated from the blood.

Using oxygen administered with a face mask at normal pressure that time will be reduced to one hour 20 minutes.

But, if the patient can be rushed to a hyperbaric rescue station the poison can be washed from the blood stream by pure oxygen under high pressure 10 to 25 times faster. That means that at 3ATA, using 100 percent oxygen the patients blood can be completely washed out in only 23 minutes.

In the same way would-be suicide and fire victims asphyxiated by smoke could be rescued with HBO treatment. This is one of the key reasons why so many hospitals are keen to add an HBO unit to their emergency services.

One of the finest of its kind in the world is the carbon monoxide rescue station run in Milwaukee by Dr Eric Kindwall, another of America's hyperbaric pioneers.

His colleague, Dr End, has been equally successful with the treatment of stroke victims.

Australia's Dr Yeo, who has been working in hyperbaric research since 1967, sounds a word of warning for those bent on trying hyperbaric rejuvenation.

"It's a bit like a nuclear power station," he said. "You have to weigh the advantages against the disadvantages.

He says: "It is unwise for people to go ahead using hyperbaric without very strict protocol and a good deal of informed medical assistance."

In other words don't get the idea of having your own private diving chamber in the bathroom — alongside the shower and the sauna.

Most of the early pioneer work using hyperbaric oxygen to try and find a cure for spinal cord injuries was carried out at Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital with the help of the Royal Australian Navy.

Dr John Yeo and his team shot into the headlines when he simulated serious car crash damage on the spinal cords of sheep in order to carry out experiments under oxygenation.

> Unfortunately, not a single clinical unit in this country is yet available for rejuvenation purposes.

He dropped 50 gram weights on to the sheep from a height to support his theory that hyperbaric treatment can improve recovery in severely paralysed patients.

At the time he was seriously criticised.

But today, three years later, with an increasingly impressive success rate of recoveries among his patients behind him, Dr Yeo says: "It wasn't very pleasant work. People ask if it's very fair to the sheep — it's not, of course.

"But it seems to me unfair that young people should remain permanently paralysed all their lives."

In those early days of experiments the hospital did not have its own HBO unit so every week a team of divers from the Navy's School of Underwater Medicine at Balmoral near Sydney would bring their own chamber up to the hospital grounds on the back of a truck.

Dr Yeo remembers: "It was incredible. We would all stand out in the rain, or all sorts of weather using the chamber on the back of the truck. They would bring the sheep with them too."

Recovery was significantly better in the sheep that were treated for paralysis under oxygenation. And some results he is getting as a consequence of those tests are little short of miraculous.

Today he says with firm conviction: "I think we have to speak strongly on this, but I believe that 50 percent of people who have a bruised spinal cord have some potential to recover."

His theory is based on evidence that in most cases of spinal cord bruising the damage, instead of improving gets progressively worse during the two to three months after the accident.

While patients are lying there thinking they are getting better, in many cases they're getting worse.

This is now thought to be due to a disturbance in the blood flow which causes the bruising to increase in the spinal cord.

But, if Dr Yeo can get a patient into the high pressure chamber and take a couple of dives within 12 hours of the injury and protect the nerves from further bruising he believes the patient has a much higher chance of recovery.

Typical was the case of an Australian doctor who fell to the ground and became a quadraplegic while playing a game of football. He was almost totally paralysed in his arms with only one muscle working in one leg.

Within two months of HBO treatment however, he was walking about normally and within four months was back to work full time at his practice.

Said Dr Yeo: "I think this is what is exciting to me. We are getting patients who are recovering more completely than I was used to seeing before."

He says about one third of patients being treated in the unit are now responding and recovering more quickly than he would otherwise have expected.

Now, all he needs he says is more spines to work on and more funds for research.

One portable hyperbaric unit now costs $55,000. It is not a lot, says Dr Yes, when you consider that a court award to one quadriplegic recently was $981,000.

Or, if you pause to consider the cost to the community of an estimated 200 severely disabled spinal patients each year at $500,000 each in personal and hospital expenses.

A few more units would be cheap at the price. Unfortunately for the rest of us, not a single clinical unit in this country is yet available for rejuvenation purposes. So *don't* ring the Royal North Shore.

There are however an ever growing string of HBO clinics across the United States. Others are already operating in Mexico, Sao Paulo, Brazil, Germany and Lauderdale by the Sea in Florida.

Meanwhile, if you're desperate — you could always take up diving!

The Australian news media exists to be exploited. Any thought of a truthful or objective newspaper or TV news service is laughable.

MANIPULATING THE MEDIA

BY MAXWELL NEWTON

It is fashionable these days to bewail the increasing monopolisation of newspapers and television. The cry goes that too much media ownership in one man's hands leads to that man's views being pushed down everyone's throats. The media is manipulating us.

I have always found it far more interesting to work out how to manipulate the media. The simple fact is the media exists to be exploited. It is not monolithic.

The outcries over Rupert Murdoch's raid on the Melbourne Herald organisation, the Fairfaxes, desperate and costly rescue operation, and the bleatings of the *Melbourne Age* over its Sydney control would be laughable if they weren't so pathetic in their total misunderstanding of how the media works and is cynically manipulated.

Media manipulation is a fascinating indoor game. It is of course entirely misleading to talk of manipulation of the media as if there were at the outset a whiter-than-white position of objective truth adhered to by journalists and owners.

Every piece of information published in any one of the arms of the media is published because someone, usually a journalist, has made a decision to publish it. Those who make the decisions vary in their outlook, beliefs and judgements whether they work for the nation's biggest owner, or for the smallest independent publisher.

In some cases, the owners of the media will impose their own choice patterns on the journalists working for them. These are rare occasions but when these owner-choice patterns are imposed we experience the phenomenon of "proprietorial interference" — much detested by journalists.

Some proprietors are more prone to impose their choice patterns than others. But they must all do it because they have the final responsibility for making the enterprise survive and be profitable. Hence they have the power *and the*

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

right to do what they want with their businesses.

By far the greatest part of choosing news, however, rests on individual journalists, including editors. Here it is that so much undermining can take place; here it is that the great bulk of manipulation of the media occurs.

My early experiences in manipulation were proprietorial, predominantly in the field of manipulating Labor party politicians at the behest of the management of that dark Byzantine company, John Fairfax and Sons, for whom I worked for nine years from 1956.

These were times when the Fairfax organisation was passionately opposed to Menzies and fought bitterly against Britain's entry to the Common Market.

In the late fifties the power structure of John Fairfax was very settled. Rupert Henderson had been the executive head of the company since 1939 and Angus McLachlan had been the deputy chief executive since 1949.

Warwick Fairfax was to be seen mooning around from time to time. Little or nothing was known about him by the lower orders, except that he had a tendency to get divorced rather frequently, and he had a taste for importing British journalists to be editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

The editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald* did not, however, have wide power. His authority was confined to the leader page of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. He had no control over the other pages in the paper. Other company publications — notably the *Sun*, the *Sun-Herald* and the *Financial Review* — were supposed to watch what was written in the leader columns of the *Sydney Morning Herald* and take their editorial line from that.

Because the editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald* had so little authority, the control of the paper was split and the man who had the day-to-day general influence was the news editor.

Board influence on the policies and actions of the *Sydney Morning Herald* thus tended to be felt in two ways; directly on to the editor, in matters of editorial policy statements — and here Warwick was the one who took the most day to day interest — and directly on to the news editor — and here Angus McLachlan and later Louis Leck (a former News Editor and later Assistant to the General Manager) were predominant. In the background was the presence of Rupert Henderson, a man of enormous force of personality, creativeness and totally committed to the enlargement and support of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

In the Fairfax organisation, as I knew it, there were always bound to be acute problems over policy issues. The company had, and has, considerable pretensions to publish newspapers which will attract the respect of serious readers. Yet the company organisation cannot accommodate any but minimal deviations from a central policy line — on the issues which the company management deem at any time to be important.

As in so many old established bureaucracies, the internal power plays give rise to results which seem inexplicable to the public. In the case of Fairfax, the controlling clique has been in power almost 40 years — a long time for three or four men to have such power. It is only to be expected that the results are often curious.

The Fairfax money is old money. The *Sydney Morning Herald* is getting on for 150 years old. The Fairfax family has been in control of the company for aeons. They have always been able to depend on very solid sources of revenue from their papers — they enjoy the largest weekday classified ads lineage revenue in the world. These facts explain a lot about the Fairfax policies.

Rupert Murdoch is bound to use the power he has in the papers he already owns to expand his business.

They need not be unduly worried about adopting unpopular policies. They are not terribly short-sighted in their view. They have a tradition of intellectual pride and pretensions.

Policy fights within the Fairfax organisation tend to arise from policy differences within the ruling clique. They are often obscure in their origins. They can be devastating to the journalists concerned and lead to a heavy loss of talent from time to time.

Against this, Rupert Murdoch's money is relatively new money — very new money in fact. Rupert is still under 50, and has used his paper's policies and power potential as part of the overall market development strategy for his amazing climb to power and wealth.

Being such a forceful and ambitious developer in publishing, Rupert has been influenced by two factors; first there is his nationalism in Australia, his commitment to "developing the country", a very old and strong theme in Australian thinking; secondly, there is his intense desire to back a winner.

In my experience, the first strand in his thinking made him very suspicious of the "Treasury thinking" which I espoused, notably in the area of opposition to subsidies and handouts of all kinds. This was a big source of difference between Rupert and me during the hectic first year of establishment and development of *The Australian*.

Secondly, I would explain his support for Whitlam in 1972 as a conjuncture of the two strands of his thinking.

Far more directly than the Fairfaxes, with their old money and their vast classified ads income (giving them far greater independence of circulation trends and advertiser pressure) Rupert is bound to be highly sensitive to editorial policy lines which could be seen as a threat to circulation.

In the early days of *The Australian*, I sat down one day and wrote a short editorial summarising my thoughts on the issue of State Aid for Catholic Schools — a hot issue in 1965. I said, in effect, that while one was bound to oppose the notion of the State providing support to religious schools, it was obvious that Catholics were going to stubbornly continue to send their children to Catholic schools. In practice, this meant that Catholic children were getting a sub-standard education. And although it was possible to dismiss this fact by saying that they only had their parents to blame for this, it was still true that, as a result hundreds of thousands of Australian children were getting a sub-standard education.

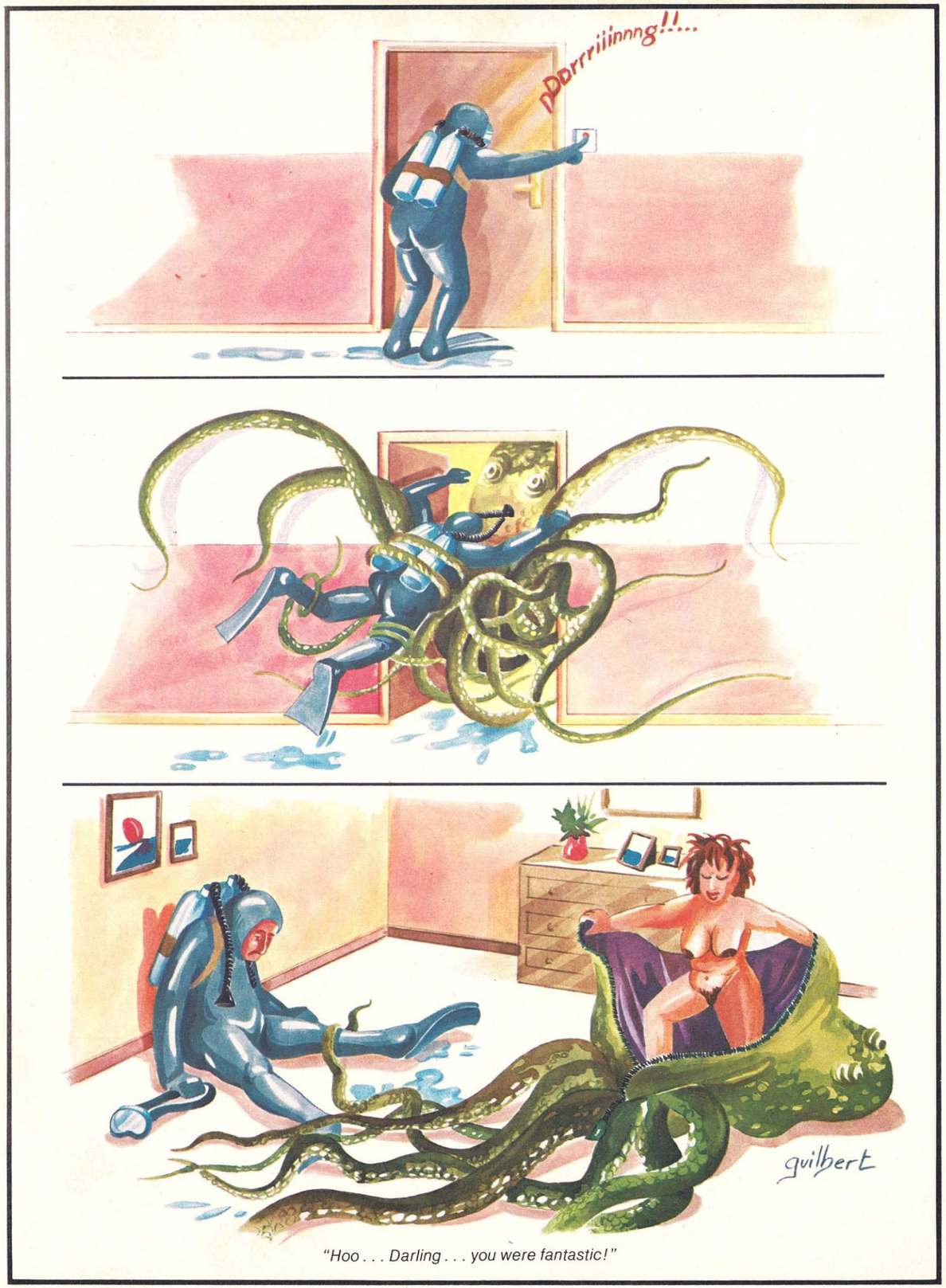
Accordingly, it was not really fair to punish the children for the prejudices of their parents.

This leader evoked a violent response from the Catholic community and with their usual fervour they responded by sending thousands of printed petitions, containing more thousands of signatures to *The Australian* in Canberra (virtually all of them from good old Irish Catholic Victoria). This experience undoubtedly unsettled Rupert.

He was further unsettled when he discovered that I would be quite happy to bomb Haiphong, while he was well ahead of the hippies in his opposition to the Vietnam war. At the same time, Rupert had made friends with Jack McEwen, who by this time did not like me overmuch. Add to these pressures the terrifying losses being sustained by *The Australian* (and the threat it eventually came to present to Rupert's whole group survival) and it was clear that Rupert and I would have to part.

Such problems are bound to be part and parcel of the development program Rupert has in mind. He is bound to judge his editors very specifically in terms of the results they achieve in circulation. And he is bound to use the power he has in the papers he already owns to expand his business.

When he does pick a winner, the possibilities for further privileges for his group



"Hoo . . . Darling . . . you were fantastic!"

from political patronage are bound to be substantial. All this makes the political stance of his papers far less predictable than that of the Fairfax papers. Apart from his fundamental "Advance Australia" stance, Rupert wants his papers to help him get further along the track to greatness, involving more money, more papers, more potential for influence.

In all these questions of the influence of the Press and TV, my experience from the inside looking out has been a sense of the immovability of the public mind, of the very slow speed with which public ideas change.

During the Whitlam years there was a period when many Australian journalists clung to the support of Whitlam. This was very true of many of the Fairfax publications, notably the *Age*, the *Financial Review* and the *National Times*. The then Fairfax board seemed to have lost its grip.

The change in the public estimation of the Whitlam years has brought about substantial moderation in the policies of the Fairfax publications. In my view, Rupert woke up to Whitlam a lot earlier than any of his journalists. He had the power to change the view taken by his papers and he did it.

This in turn made his papers look a lot more with it than the Fairfax papers, which dragged on with their sickly support for socialism long after Rupert had realised what a mistake had been made.

Of course, the Melbourne Herald group, the great grey dull weight of them around the Continent, were hardly guilty of one piercing thought of any kind about Whitlam. One of the great advantages of Rupert taking over the Herald group and splitting it up would have been the imparting of some excitement to those appallingly dull papers.

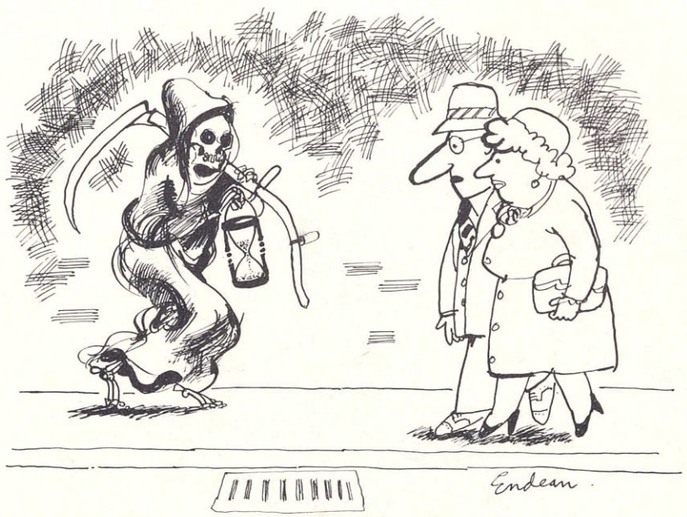
While the newspaper-TV world has a monolithic appearance, experience shows how important are the tensions within the world. Media moguls who ignore the current of market place thinking will find their products do not sell.

This worries some of them like Rupert Murdoch, more than others such as Fairfax and the great dull world of the Melbourne Herald octopus.

In the late Sixties I helped in the management of a big propaganda campaign on behalf of the margarine industry. A great deal of money was spent on this campaign which was designed to undermine the butter lobby and to bring about the abolition of quotas on table margarine, which has since occurred.

In this campaign, great public impact was achieved and the margarine case was taken on board virtually without question by all the various arms of the media.

It was astonishing to observe with what ease the journalists and editors concerned accepted the fact that margarine was being unfairly penalised.



"Good lord — that can't be the time."

In this campaign advertising was combined with editorial pressure. Such campaigns are the daily stuff of propaganda and business. I marvel at the *sang froid* with which Mike Willesee allows his name and presence to be used for the promotion of one-sided stories about Australia's oil problems on behalf of the Exxon megacorporation.

The world of thinking and discussion in this country, and indeed in the entire Western world, is muddied and confused by the torrent of lies and half-truths concocted for the purpose of promoting the commercial interests of various groups.

When I was in Canberra, Richard Farmer (now a very successful alcohol merchant but then fresh from the position of Private Secretary to the Chairman of the Public Service Board, Fred Wheeler) and I composed a little booklet explaining various techniques which might be used for the purpose of undermining journalists and using them to promote dubious causes in their columns.

One of our favored techniques was the *herd leader* play. This involves picking out the journalist who is the herd leader in his particular area of interest and undermining him so that he will take up the cause concerned. This technique was used with considerable effect in the margarine case above.

No influential journalist came out against the margarine case which was presented as a demand for fair play, and an efficient and economic use of the nation's resources.

I have had particular personal experience of the herd leader technique as I was chosen as the herd leader back in the 1950s by the Director-General of Civil Aviation, Don Anderson in promoting Don Anderson's views about how the "two airline policy" should work.

In this case, Don and his Assistant Director General, Harold Poulton, used another technique on me very effectively. This is the technique of the calculated leak which causes the journalist concerned to rush off hot breathing to give his leaked version the fullest possible play.

About 1967 I was the only Australian journalist attending the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference in Trinidad and the International Monetary Fund Meeting in Rio.

I was arrested in Trinidad by the Assistant Commissioner of Police because it happened that I had in my possession copies of several of the confidential conference discussion papers. After a senior member of the Australian delegation vouched for me, I was allowed to stay in Trinidad, although these Caribbean police people do not have much of a sense of humor where secret documents are concerned.

Subsequently, Billy McMahon who was

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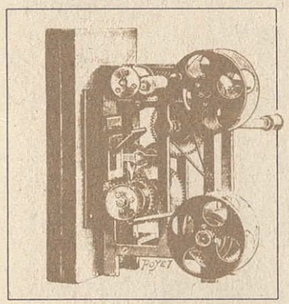
REVIEWS

FILMS



SPORTING LIFE

Three cheers for the team. Yeah, yeah, yeah. But what is a team? That's the question Ted Kotcheff's hard-hitting, uncompromising no-holds-barred film *North Dallas Forty* asks. And the end results will, to use a time-worn cliche, hit you right between the eyes.

Looking at the gut-wrenching, body-destroying game of gridiron football, the film carefully, perceptively dissects the ethics of professional sport and soon reveals that there are none. Ethics, that is.

Not that that's any news that hasn't been heralded before — we've all known that fact for ages, and other films have shown the seaminess of professional sport (*F.I.S.T., Slap Shot,* and to a lesser degree, *One On One*), but the quality which distinguishes this film from the so many others is the fact that the filmmakers have managed to convey the ugliness of the underside of what appears to be gloss sport for what it is, and it does so quite realistically.

Taking the lead role is none other than the oh-so-beautiful Nick Nolte. I say that somewhat facetiously. For up until now, the blue-eyed, blond has been just that and no more — an attractive leading man. Till his appearance in *North Dallas Forty,* I was convinced that all the man could do well was to stand in either the fore or back-ground and turn on the ladies, as he did so well in *The Deep* (1976).

There's nothing at all wrong with standing around looking great, but for an actor being paid up to five figures a week, I'd frankly expected more. And, thanks to the skilful direction of Ted Kotcheff, the very best of Nick Nolte has been allowed to surface. For not only does he look good — he can also act. And well, too. The opening sequence is testament to the fact.

As Phillip Elliott, an almost over-the-hill footballer, we view the illustrious player for the first time as he sleeps, his head on a blood-stained pillow where his almost broken nose met the once white pillowcase. And as he struggles to rise, pulling, manually, one leg, then the other, it's done with such conviction that as we watch we experience each muscle ache.

Paul Lohmann's camera follows Elliott's painful awakening, interspersed with appropriate flashbacks to the previous night's gruelling game, and we can genuinely sympathise with each moan and groan. It's not a pretty picture as the camera shows Elliott's painful walk, and the scarred and somewhat deformed body, all given in the pursuit of professional sport. This seamy and unflattering view of US pro football . . . or professional sport in general, if further enhanced by a tough script by Frank Yablans, Ted Kotcheff and Peter Gent, based on Peter Gent's best-selling novel of the same name. Elliott becomes the nucleus of the plot, a device used to expose the corruption, the unadultered business of sports today, and it's totally, unerringly convincing and engrossing.

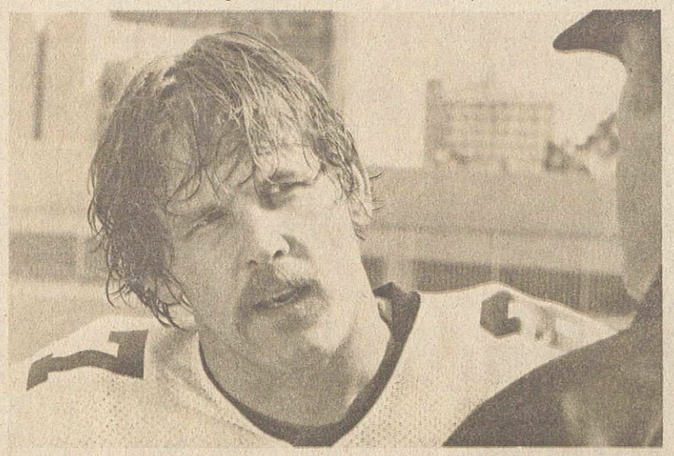
Surviving from game to game on a steady diet of cigarettes, booze and marijuana, and on the field with multi-colored and multi-purpose pills and shots, Elliott is a struggling survivor.

Swallowing a rainbow assortment of pills one morning with his friend and teammate Max (Mac Davis proving to be a better actor than singer), washing the lot down with a cold beer, he smiles and says it's the "breakfast of champions".

Elliott is the team wiseacre, the team funnyman — it helps him survive from day to day, it's his only defence mechanism. But is he in fact surviving? Doped up with pills and then injected with a "vitamin" shot in whatever part of his body that aches, he admits there's "better football through chemistry". And so he goes on . . . and on — it's the game that counts. But coaches B.A. Strothers (G.D. Spradlin) and Johnson (the fine character actor Charles Durning) aren't pleased because Elliott is "immature" . . . he likes to win and score touchdowns for himself, because it makes him feel good. They say he lacks team spirit because he doesn't win for the team.

But just what, or rather who, is the team? Is it the "family" headed by Conrad Hunter (Steven Forrest playing it cool) and his wealthy corporation which owns the North Dallas Bulls, or is it the computer which maps out the game plays and spits out composite rundown on each player — the same computer which calls Elliott "immature"?

The action in this film about a hard-hitting fast-paced game is confined more to the dressing room than to the field, where the near-naked bodies, the tension before and after the game, obscenities and all, littered with madly humorous lines (as when Max quips to his fellow team members, all seated on toilets



Nick Nolte: more than just a pretty face.

in a row, "No wonder they call Chicago the Windy City") all add to show what many feel is a genuine picture of pro sport.

Evidently the truth was closer to fact than many care to admit. Even the America's National Football League refused to co-operate with the producers in making the picture. But with their help or not, this film is a must see for anyone with any interest in any sport — professional or amateur. It's a high scorer.

Starting Over is just that for one of this unassuming comedy's principals. It's Burt Reynolds starting over. For the first time in a long time, Reynolds plays against character. And, instead of the formula macho image he has developed over the past decade in films like *Deliverance, Smokey And The Bandit* and *Hooper,* Reynolds this time portrays a sensitive, caring man who's appealingly, visibly vulnerable.

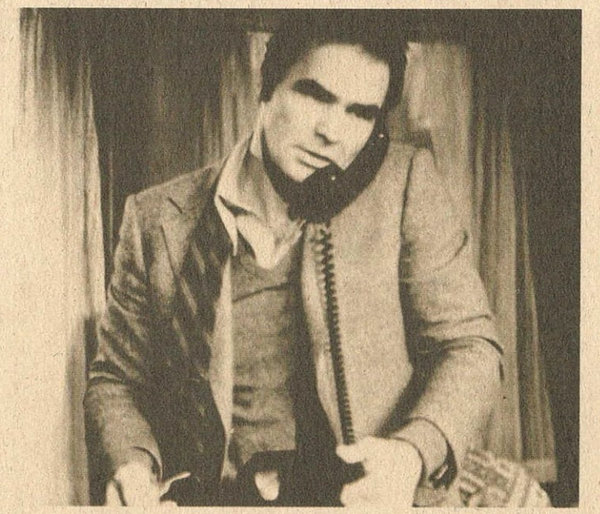
Moustacheless for his role, Reynold's face shows perceptive responsiveness which comes to the fore throughout the film's duration. Feeling takes precedence over macho appeal for once. As if this feat weren't enough to sway even his harshest critic, his sense of comic timing and snappy delivery of screenwriter James L. Brooks' witty one-liners should win him even more devoted fans.

Reynolds is the true heart of *Starting Over* — it's about and around him that the other characters find the room to move and develop in proper sequence. With his subtle downplaying, he brings warmth and life to a difficult role.

Directed by Alan J. Pakula (*All the President's Men, Klute*), *Starting Over* has already been likened to Paul Mazursky's telling film, *An Unmarried Woman.* A flip side of the same tale, if you like. In *Starting Over* it's the wife who abruptly decides to desert her lovingly devoted and most unsuspecting spouse. It's the man who must start life over again . . . alone.

Reynolds portrays the "hero" of the piece — a character with the unheroic sounding name of Phil Potter, Mr Average. Potter's a freelance writer specialising in articles for flight magazines . . . "You know the type of magazine you find on planes — the ones right behind the barf bags," he says.

His wife Jessica — lithe, sensuous, blonde and bored — wants to break the bonds that hold her to Potter. Jessica (Candice Bergen delivering a fine comedy performance) wants to grow as a songwriter and singer and feels Potter is stifling her creativity.



Burt Reynolds: sensitive role.

So there we have poor Potter, out on the street, so to speak. At the divorce proceedings he asks in all sincerity: "Why are we getting a divorce? All we really need is separate vacations." He's totally at a loss to understand why he has to move out of their swank New York apartment . . . why he has to start over. He's happy . . . why isn't Jessica? And as these two banter as Phil packs, Pakula skilfully shows the pain, the misunderstanding that can develop between two seemingly "happy" people.

The confusion and the frustration two people experience is detailed in this dialogue, one lashing out at the other.

What Potter wants is Jessica. But he knows that, for now, it's finished, and as he pines for her, he comically, tragically restructures a life for himself. Fleeing first to Boston, to his brother and sister-in-law, we watch as he licks his wounds, pours out his depression.

The fact that Mickey (Charles Durning) and wife Marva (Frances Sternhagen) are psychiatrists as well as relatives proves to be almost too much sympathy for Potter.

And as all good relatives do in such distressing circumstances, Mickey and Marva set about playing the Auntie Mame game and introduce Potter to a lonely schoolteacher, Marilyn (Jill Clayburgh).

The very soliticious Marva warns Potter before things really get under way: "Don't hurt her Phil — she's sensitive. She has small breasts." It's Pakula and Brooks' little rub against psychiatrists. It's not ridicule . . . but it is a strong statement, like much else in this entertaining film.

From this point onwards, the film centres upon the interaction of Potter with these two very different women. And while he still longs to be reunited with Jessica, he is irresistibly drawn to Marilyn. This three-way interaction is played for all it's worth.

But even though comedy is *Starting Over's* main forte, there is a seriously engrossing dramatic theme underscoring the action. Pakula and his screenwriter Brooks (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*) have managed to convey the hurt, insecurity and disorientation the newly-separated person has to contend with.

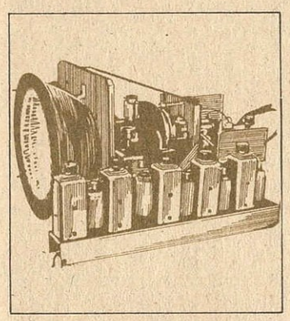
As Marva and big protective brother Mickey send Potter to a Divorced Men's Workshop at the local church, we see a stock group therapy session develop into a revealing insight into the readjustment necessary to become single again. And even though the greater portion of these scenes are played for laughs as the men bare all to the strains of organ music, they still come off as emotionally charged encounters.

Then there are the sequences which show Potter trying to stretch his bachelor legs again, his attempts at dating again, at finding out how to live alone. Setting up his new apartment, Marva says as she sees him off: "Call me if you get sad." A bemused Potter retorts: "Can I call if I get happy?" It's a poignant scene which says much about modern pessimistic attitudes.

Jill Clayburgh must rate some mention for her portrayal of a woman who's afraid to get involved emotionally, yet is drawn into relationships — relationships she's afraid to admit that she needs. Her solo scenes, as well as the interaction between herself and Reynolds, are the work of an extremely versatile actress who handles her dramatic and comic scenes with equal concern for perfection.

Starting Over is not without blemishes. There are cliches interspersed with some of the wittier lines of dialogue, some scenes are played out too long, and perhaps with a little too much cuteness. But as an entity, it's a sensitive comedy to be enjoyed by those starting over, and by those who appreciate their comedy with just a touch of warmth. — *Alex Anthony.*

TV



SHADES OF 96

The other day I was talking to an acquaintance and he was telling me about the conversations he sometimes overhears.

On one occasion he happened to be wandering near an executive suite in an Australian television studio.

A producer and a writer were discussing the format of a new serial which they planned to thrust upon an unsuspecting and undiscerning public.

"You understand that we've gotta be different with this show," said the producer (as related to me by the acquaintance, and I have no reason to doubt him because he has so far been a reliable informant).

"I understand," said the writer, thoughtfully chewing his Biro. "Tell you what, let's shove in a crippled sheila in a wheelchair as one of the characters."

"Good thinking," said the producer. "Crippled sheilas in wheelchairs are always good for sympathy."

"And a coupla token boongs," went on the writer eagerly.

"No boongs," said the producer firmly. "No one in Australia cares about boongs. But some chinks might work. Let's throw in a few Asians."

"Then we need a little old wizened up guy who's henpecked," suggested the writer.

"Right on," said the producer, who had recently been on a junket to Hollywood and tended to talk like that. "And what about a coupla of gossipy old birds?"

"And a dumb blonde with big tits."

"And a poofter. We've gotta have a poofter."

The producer and writer were now so excited they were throwing their arms around wildly.

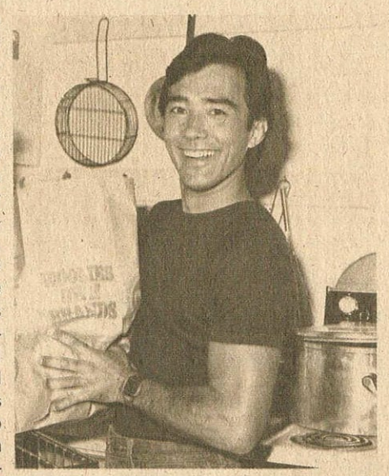
The producer, his mind full of figures which had more to do with the dumb blonde with the big tits than those disclosed by McNair Anderson shouted: "It's a winner! When can you let me have the first 20 episodes?"

"Well, it'll take me at least a day," said the writer, calming down a little. "You can't rush original, classy stuff like this."

This is what was related to me. He didn't know what show the producer and writer were talking about, couldn't say if it was *Arcade,* the new five-nights-a-week serial made by TEN10 in Sydney.

It is probably just sheer coincidence that *Arcade* features a crippled sheila in a wheelchair, a little old wizened up guy who's henpecked and a dumb blonde with big tits.

But seeing that the name of *Arcade* has arisen, we will look at that show and attempt to discover how it was produced. Or more importantly why. These questions need to be looked into, although not too deeply for fear of severe and permanent cerebral damage, because shows like *Arcade* represent the cynicism that abounds among Australian television executives. I once innocently asked an executive what his station intended to present to viewers in the way of entertainment and enlightenment. "We're going to give 'em crap," he said unblushingly.



Raymond Nock in Arcade.

TEN10 once before gave 'em crap and it turned out to financially be the best thing the station had ever done. This was, of course, *Number 96.*

It pushed up the ratings, not once a week but right across the board. It turned the station from one that was struggling to one that was rich and powerful.

Ever since those golden days the executives of TEN10 have tried to dream up another serial that would do likewise. They were successful with *The Restless Years* and *Prisoner.*

But they wanted more. They desired a show that would recapture the glory (figuratively speaking,) of *Number 96.*

So they cynically sat down — or stood on their heads for all I know — and came up with a formula that was as close to *Number 96* as was possible without re-employing Abigail.

The setting was switched from a block of flats to a shopping arcade. Instead of bedrooms and lounge rooms and kitchens there was a newsagent and a boutique and a health studio.

Sex was, apart from the odd grope and the ubiquitous big tits, removed from the show because it was screened at the children's viewing time of 7pm. Comedy was substituted for sex, although there are those who will argue about this.

(Curiously enough, *Arcade* was first plugged as a comedy. After a couple of weeks it was spoken of as a drama. It is, of course, neither.)

The station went ahead with the project with enthusiasm and cash. It is said that the sets, which are exceptionally well done, cost $500,000 alone.

Some good acting talent was recruited, including Mike Dorsey, Olga Tamara, Lorrae Desmond, Syd Heylen and Garth Meade — and one can but sympathise for the position in which they soon found themselves. But at least they are earning a regular and reasonable wage, which is more than can be said for such top actors as Bill (*Newsfront*) Hunter for one and Max (*Summerfield*) Cullen for two.

But probably the height of cynicism, the desire to recapture the days that once were, was the decision to hire as writers Johnny Whyte and David Sale. They are the men who wrote *Number 96.*

The result was that every cliche that had ever stalked, swanked, swayed and staggered across the small screen was removed from its folder in the filing cabinet and placed, like a cardboard cutout, on the *Arcade* set.

Then each cliche was given lines of such flap-doodle, such claptrap and poppycock, that new dimensions were added to the word trite.

Take, if you will (and I wish you would), the character portrayed by Miss Anne Semler. This is meant to be a woman of Hungarian extraction, who babbles in broken English at such a rate that it is almost impossible to understand her, which could well be an advantage.

Many of Miss Semler's scenes revolve around her breasts which are indeed ones of some distinction. Now jokes about the mammary glands can be mildly amusing, but only if they are delivered with a music hall smirk or a blatantly sexist leer. Frankie Howerd, for instance, can make appalling jokes about breasts without being in the least offensive. So can Ronnie Barker. The writers and the cast of *Arcade* cannot.

The list goes on. And on and on. There is a young girl in a wheelchair who keeps reminding us that people in wheelchairs have feelings, something that had never been doubted. There is a too-good-to-be-true Asian family which is so condescending that I believe it should be checked out by Al Grassby on the grounds that it is racially insulting.

There are two ageing ladies who like to gossip. One, of course, is prim, of course, while the other, of course, is slightly naughty, of course, of course.

And the girl who looks after the office of the health studio is, naturally, fat. Oh yes, she's jolly, but she shivers and shakes like a large jelly.

So it goes on. But to continue with this unspeakable list would be to bore.

The thing that confuses me is what *Arcade* is all about. It was placed at 7pm so I suppose it was meant to knock the rival shows, *Willesee at Seven,* and the relatively well made *The Sullivans,* from their high-rating perches.

Both Willesee and the entire cast of *The Sullivans* can rest easy. They have nothing to fear in fact both should increase their ratings at the expense of *Arcade.* Neither will *Arcade* affect the ABC's seven o'clock news. Nothing affects the ABC news, including the large number of stories it fails to cover. Peter Bernados, the executive producer of *Arcade* has his own simple vision of the show. He has said: "*Arcade* will be the biggest and most ambitious show ever made in the history of television. It will do for the industry during the 1980s what *Number 96* did for it in the 70s and, as did *Number 96,* help pioneer a whole new era of local stars and pride in our home-grown product."

Yes, yes, Mr Bernados, but exactly what is *Arcade* about?

"For one thing," he said, "*Arcade* will be essentially a comedy and, at this stage, there are no plans to inject as much sex as there was in *96.*"

Thank you, Mr Bernados!

It will be noted that several references were made to *Number 96.* It will be remembered that *Number 96* left the screen, after its previously huge audience was reduced by half, some years ago.

Yet they still pine for those days. And they prove that Australian television has virtually done nothing — absolutely nothing, in fact — in the last decade but run ceaselessly on the same spot. It has gone nowhere. And made large amounts of money while doing so. — *Neal Akerman.*

Christine Harris and Anne Semler in Arcade.

SOUNDS

NOSTALGIA TRIP

Just when we'd started to think rock stars were too rich to care, along comes *No Nukes* (Asylum). Yes folks, the album of the movie of the concerts of the same name, featuring a cast of hundreds and designed to re-awaken our sensibilities and save us from the ultimate holocaust.

And it could hardly have been released at a more appropriate time. We entered the 1980s with sabres rustling ominously in all corners of the planet, the powerbrokers standing by their stockpiles counting their ICBMs (see, I'm a child of the Cold War, I even know the jargon) and the future of our children's children looking, well, pretty flaky. Maybe it'll pass, maybe it's just an election year ploy. But maybe it's time we voiced more than a little dissatisfaction, just in case.

No Nukes was recorded over five sellout nights at Madison Square Garden last September, almost exactly a decade after Woodstock. The comparison is inevitable. There was an almost religious conviction to changing the world surrounding both events. But times have changed, and sadly the musicians who appear here are out of step with the current politics of youth.

The Summer of Love is long gone and, although Jackson Browne and friends didn't know it at the time, America was about to experience a winter of hate. Average age 30 plus, the stars of *No Nukes* are firmly rooted in the ideals of the '60s, and dated though those ideals may be, it sure is good to see them back on display.

Crosby, Stills and Nash: doing it on No Nukes.

The two-hour, three record set opens with the Doobies and a faithful rendition of Dependin' On You, moves along with a rocker and a ballad from Bonnie Raitt and starts to make its point with John Hall's calypso protest song, Plutonium Is Forever. There are some bad cuts (witness what Carly Simon does to The Times They Are A-Changing) but you can see where it's all leading.

There are no stage announcements, just music, and by the time Jackson Browne takes centre stage at the end of side two for his prophetic Before The Deluge, well only an automaton (or worse, a teenager) could fail to be moved by the enormity of it all.

Some of it is real goose bumps stuff, like ageing hippie Jesse Colin Young's plea for audience participation in his flower child standard, Get Together. Or James Taylor's acoustic raw edge of Captain Jim's Drunken Dream. Or Bruce Springsteen calling Browne on stage to join the chorus of Stay, and Clarence Clemons devastating bass vocal and soaring sax ... and old, balding Stephen Stills telling us to teach our children well.

Oh, there are moments a-plenty, some of them slightly embarrassing and some of them full of all the good things we remember about our woebegotten youth.

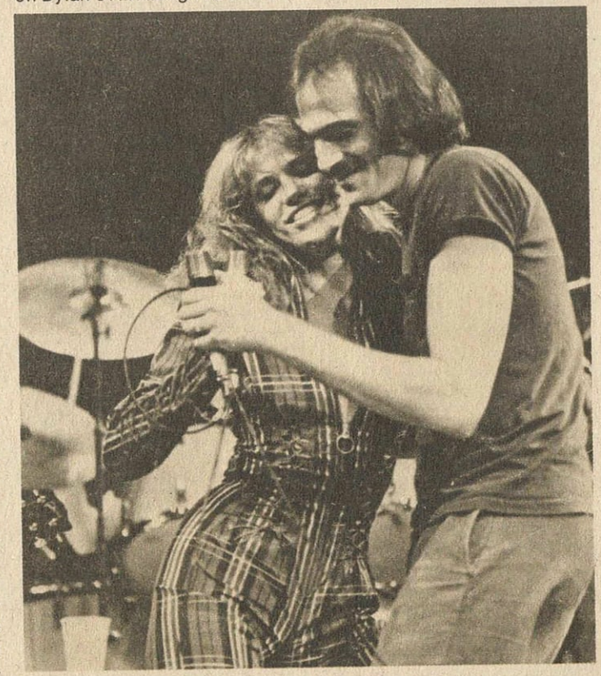
Springsteen and the Doobies take out the honors for good honest rock, Jackson Browne, James Taylor and Crosby, Stills and Nash win the emotion stakes hands down, hearts on sleeves. Let the music keep our spirits high indeed. Eighteen bucks is a lot to shell out, but if you're over 25 you can't afford to be without *No Nukes.* It says most of the things we ever thought these past 10 years. And hey, I've got a great idea. Maybe if we put acid in the water supply . . .

Steeped — nay, wallowing now — in nostalgia, your rapidly deteriorating correspondent will attempt to review *The Essential Jimi Hendrix* (Polydor). Superbly packaged, this double album set covers the career of the greatest guitar player who ever lived in almost chronological sequence. But FREAKADEAKA! Where's Hey Joe? What cruel trick is this? Would the essential Clapton exclude Layla? Perhaps the answer is of a contractual nature, but really there is no excuse. However, I shall press on. Most of the rest of the best is here. Star Spangled Banner isn't, but in my opinion ***Jimi Hendrix*** was past his best by then anyway.

We ease back into the middle '60s with Are You Experienced and Third Stone From The Sun, and by Purple Haze the whole far out thing is coming into focus. Excuse me while I kiss the sky. Where's the door for fucksake? I think I see God. A thought: if I'd been preparing this thing I think I would have floated in and out of history like an acid flashback, but as previously noted, times have changed.

The blistering feedback is a little hard to take and some of the mixing is a bit stone age, but Hendrix himself stands the test of time. He was, after all, a magician. A dozen years have done nothing to dilute the excitement of Bold As Love, or curb the energy of his brilliant runs on Dylan's All Along The Watch Tower. If he'd lived he'd be 37 and probably playing Diana Ross's lead in Hollywood musicals, but like all good rock heroes he exited with the legend intact. This compilation should help to keep it that way.

Meanwhile, back in the 1980s London New Wavers ***The Clash*** are proving to be the most durable performers of that genre's vanguard. Now that the smog has settled, Sid Vicious has moved along to the Great Pharmacy In The Sky and the rest of the Pistols have found salvation in Ronnie Biggs, The Clash rule, okay? *London Calling* (Epic) is a double set (doesn't anybody do single albums any more?) but there are very few flat spots. Eighteen pacey tracks, no bullshit and you can pogo to it. Seven out of 10. I didn't need to be sold on the band, but if I had, Jimmy Jazz on side one would have done the trick. Nice boogie.



Carly Simon and James Taylor.

Elsewhere there is evidence of the band's gutter humor and quality musicianship.

Rough is their style but it doesn't quite disguise the fact that Mick Jones can play guitar, Topper Headon can belt the skins with the best of them and that The Clash are here to stay.

I don't know a lot about ***Pearl Harbor and The Explosions*** (Warner Bros) but they rival the B52s as the best new American band I've heard in a while — witty, power-packed and tight. It comes as no real surprise that the young and shapely lady who fronts the band is using a phony name. Her real name, the liner notes tell me, is Pearl E. Gates. And that ain't all. The Stench brothers, Hilary and John, play bass and drums respectively.

From the first cut, Drivin', the Explosions set the pace for what is to come.

Clever changes, harmonies and a relentless rhythm section. Shutup And Dance is the standout track.

The ***Stockley See Mason Band,*** which may or may not currently be in existence, has an excellent live album out on Mushroom. It's called *Beg, Steal Or Borrow* and features the talents of three of our finest homegrown country rock musicians. Products of the generation that went to England in search of fame and fortune in the '60s, then starved and found country soul in the '70s, Chris Stockley and Glyn Mason never seem to stay put long enough to broaden their appeal beyond the campus and the pub circuit.

David Sanborn: superb.

Here, in the company of Sam See, who plays great slide, they provide a glimpse of what might have been. The mix is rough in spots and some of the material is a little too West Coast derivative, but it's got soul.

On the other hand, Mushroom is also responsible for *The Concert Of The Decade,* which I managed to miss. You know, the one at the Opera House that you see in the Moove ads, and the 2SM ads, and Christ knows what else. If you can stand Norman Gunston singing Miss You, Colleen Hewitt singing Day By Day and The Mixtures' Pushbike Song, you deserve the rest.

Stevie Wright provides one of the few bright spots, showing that you can't keep a good digger down with a spirited rendition of Evie. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Jerry Jeff Walker: communicating.

It's been more than 10 years since ***Jerry Jeff Walker*** gave us the standard Mr Bo Jangles. The man whose voice sounds as if it has been marinating in whisky for the same time is back with a mellow, ballad-oriented album called *Too Old To Change* (Elektra). This time he leaves the writing to other capable scribes. The first cut is Billy Jim Baker's title track with a lazy New Orleans flavored trombone and clarinet that winds past a few stolen lines from Nature Boy and ends with a feel not unlike the free-for-all on the long gone Fred Neil album, *Sessions.* Rodney Crowell's Ain't Living Long Like This follows, but I much prefer the author's version with James Burton and Albert Lee on guitars. Carole King lends her voice to Susanne Clark's delightful Texas swing, I'll Be Your San Antone Rose. The song is made even better by the addition of Johnny Gimble's fiddle and Leo Le Blanc's lap-sounding pedal steel.

Old Nashville Cowboy sounds like a non-commercial Kenny Rogers, and on the brilliant Billy Callery ballad, Hands On The Wheel, recorded in Jerry Jeff's living room, the intimacy floats off the grooves. Daniel Moore's Cross The Borderline moves one to believe Gram Parsons still lives, and the inclusion of a clarinet solo is a refreshing departure from the norm as it floats over a yodelling falsetto.

Mountains of Mexico makes tasteful use of electric piano, and a spoken introduction leads into Paul Seibel's own Bo Jangles, the reflective Then Came The Children. The song catches Walker smiling and chuckling over a swelling Hammond and is, perhaps, the best cut on the album. Willis Alan Ramsey's Northeast Texas Woman rocks along on top of Fingers Taylor's harmonica in the best Tony Joe White tradition. The Kristofferson-Foster classic, Me And Bobby McGee, closes the album with Walker showing no improvement on the numerous other versions.

Never one for convention when recording, Walker used hand-held mikes for spontaneity, and had the band in the control room on some occasions so he could monitor the sound more effectively. It's easy to see the album didn't cost a million dollars. It shows in the fact that it maintains the getting-rarer-every-day commodity — communication. I'm glad Jerry Jeff is too old to change.

When I was a kid I fell in love with Paul Desmond's playing. Now that I'm "marginally" older, it's ***David Sanborn*** who gives me goose-bumps.

Those who remember Paul Butterfield's In My Own Dream could not forget Sanborn's individual sound on alto. Since then Sanborn has guested on many albums, lending his sound to such talents as Carly Simon, The Eagles and John McLaughlin.

His own album, *Promise Me The Moon,* gets a lot of play at my place, and so too will his new release for Warner Bros, *Hideaway.*

It's a great album with some excellent playing by Sanborn and friends (including Steve Gadd, Don Grolnick, David Spinozza and Ralph MacDonald). Tracks include Anything You Want, co-written with Michael McDonald, and Carly's Song, with Carly's husband, James, on vocal backup. — *Carol Ashdown.*

WORDS

FAN FARE

Fan books have had a bad name for a long time, and for the most part that reputation is thoroughly deserved. Gushing prose churned out in a hurry to cash in on the success of the actor/sportsman/rock star/writer is not very often the stuff of which great literature is made. However, things are looking up.

Jack's Book (Thomas Nelson, $27.50) by Barry Gifford and Lawrence Lee is undoubtedly the best of the three fan books currently on my desk. In fact it only qualifies for the description by virtue of the fact that it is aimed squarely at the Kerouac converts. It's style and presentation is serious biography. The authors, a poet and a journalist, have used the Goldman/Schiller technique (so successfully with *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce*) of a collage of taped interviews to explore the life and work of the king of the beats.

Ann Charters' *Kerouac* is a better biography, but the fascinating, contradictory picture that emerges from the hundreds of interviews used here is a valuable addition to the growing volume of work on Kerouac.

The authors, like Jack, have crisscrossed the country many times in search of the truth, speaking to Kerouac's friends, lovers and enemies. Literary luminaries from the beat era, like Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Gore Vidal and Gregory Corso, all contribute telling recollections, but perhaps the most insightful of all is the writer and critic John Clellon Holmes, who manages to distance himself from Kerouac and objectively review their friendship. He recalls Kerouac's battle with the bottle, the affliction which finally killed him: "He always drank badly. He always drank too much. All of us did, some of us still do, but Jack drank seriously. That is, he wasn't just casual about it. He was drinking for reasons."

Elsewhere Holmes comments on Jack's modus operandi: "He'd blast, get high and then write all night. And the reason why those sentences are so long and exfoliating and so incredible is because of pot . . . He literally said, 'Fuck it. I'm just going to sit down and tell the truth.' And that's what he did."

Recollections of a somewhat different nature make up ***Up and Down With The Rolling Stones*** (soon to be published by Bookwise) by Tony Sanchez. Sanchez is your classic trusted employee who couldn't wait to spill his guts to the highest bidder. What he has to say about life with the best rock band in the world is not very pretty. It is, however, essential reading for rock freaks and Stones' fans, which is to say virtually everyone under 35.

Unless he gets sued or bumped off, Sanchez, the all-time loser, appears to have backed a winner. The prose is breathless, *News Of The World* scandal stuff, but if only half of it is true Mick and Keith are still 10 times more decadent than we all thought. Sanchez claims to have been on hand to witness Brian Jones' disintegration, Keith and Anita's flirtation with black magic and full-blown affair with heroin, and Jagger's constant backstabbing of friends and double-dealing while loading his nose with Peruvian flake.

According to Sanchez, the boys invariably ran to him for help and solace in times of stress, and much of the book is based on phone conversations which good old Spanish Tony taped for future reference. What Sanchez doesn't make quite clear is why he, of all people, was the recipient of so much late-night attention. He was, of course, their dealer, but even the most brutal exposes have to stop somewhere.

If the above two represent variations on the traditional fan book, ***Born To Run, The Bruce Springsteen Story*** (Angus and Robertson, $9.95) is classic, undiluted hero worship. The author, *Rolling Stone* writer and critic Dave Marsh, sees rock and roll as the new Word and Springsteen as the new Messiah.

"I believe that rock and roll has saved lives," he gushes, "because I know that it was instrumental in shaping my own."

Later he confesses: "I recognise that some of what I have written here seems overstated." Which, ironically, is the only understatement in the book.

But Marsh's syrupy style doesn't matter a bit. This is a book for people who are already sold on the scruffy dude from Asbury Park, New Jersey, and in it you'll find deep analysis of every thought, word and deed perpetrated by the guy since he first filled his nappy. Every song is dissected and reasons found for every line. And that ain't all. On every page you'll find at least one picture of Springsteen holding his guitar. Most of them are very nice pictures, but there are only so many ways to hold a guitar.

Now I quite like Springsteen. I think he plays great rock and roll and I think *Born To Run* (the record) is one of the all-time great rock albums. But *Born To Run* (the book) is too heavy. I couldn't finish it. Fan books really put you to the test and I failed. No doubt there are plenty of true followers who will succeed. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Yet another Australian wine book has emerged to jostle for an economic share of the wine book buyers market. It must take some courage to do this with Australia's relatively small population.

The Bulletin Book of Australian Wineries by Richard Beckett and Donald Hogg (Gregorys, $17.99), (one presumes there is a connection with *The Bulletin*; however, there is no visible evidence of this other than in the title) is a must for inveterate winery crawlers. It sets out all the basic information needed to embark upon a visit to the wine region of your choice. It lists more than 220 wineries in all mainland States with emphasis on South Australia, Victoria and NSW. The basic details are supported by maps, a no-nonsense text on each winery and its wines, written by the co-authors.

Richard Beckett might be best known to some under his pseudonym, Sam Orr. He appeared in *Nation Review,* writing some particularly nasty

and funny things about restaurants that failed to measure up to his or his Scarlet Lady's seemingly very basic standards. He writes as Richard Beckett for *The National Times* on food and restaurants.

Donald Hogg is an enthusiastic tourer of wineries of some 20 years' experience who has written extensively on the subject. They have succeeded in producing an attractive, no-nonsense book for travellers and holidaymakers, based on personal experience gained over the years. The introduction includes plenty of good practical advice: "In Summer, or in hot weather, avoid at all costs carrying wine in your car for any but short distances. Heat causes the wine in the bottles to expand and force the corks out." There is the mandatory glossary of wine terms and a rather familiar looking chart of grape varieties and alternative names for them.

Inevitably, it is not an exhaustive book. Western Australia gets very cursory treatment, principally because the authors didn't get there. Central Victoria is a significant omission, eliminating in the process names like Balgownie at Bendigo and Taltarni in the important Ovens Valley. The Yarra Valley gets sparse treatment. Also, in the Hunter, there are omissions, some important, like Brokenwood, which is making some of the very best new red wines from Pokolbin.

However, such criticism is minor and compensated for by an enjoyable, at times pithy, style of writing that captures the style of wineries and the personalities who run them.

Perhaps this is not yet the definitive book for winery wanderers, but since it is about the only serious attempt at one, and it is well done into the bargain, the price will be money well spent, particularly if readers heed the words of advice. — *Paul Day.*

Man, bless him, will always seek out or lust after what he cannot have. His search leads to wonderful wanderings in the fields of fantasy. It has, in many respects, brought us through the years of coyly innocent erotic photographs to these times of Helmut Newton, David Hamilton and, if you like, Bob Guccione.

Velvet Eden, by Richard Merkin (although we take note of Mr Merkin's claim that it *is* his real name we demand the right to remain unconvinced) to be published in Australia in April by Tudor Distributors ($12.95) takes us back to the start of photographic erotica.

It presents the so-called Richard Merkin Collection of Erotic Photography which includes pictures shot iate last century and in the first 20 years of this century. And it underscores the old principle that pictures don't have to be explicit to be erotic.

The Merkin collection shows women — perhaps they were hookers, perhaps they were dainty Victorian wives who would not dare expose an ankle when in company — with all their watch-the-birdie awkwardness of early photographs.

It captures a sense of camp theatre and the now-forgotten "womanly" shape of buxom backsides. As well, there is a collection of leather and whip fetish shots which make their own comments on the times.

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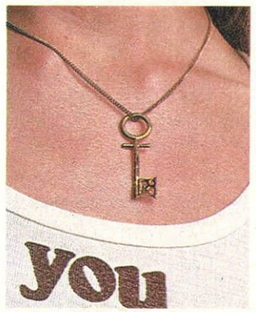

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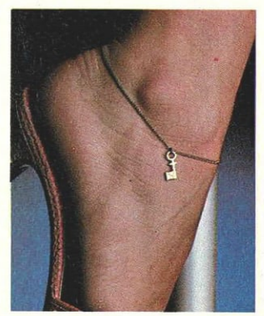

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AUSTRALIAN TENNIS?

This once-proud tennis nation can take a lesson from the Czech superkids.

In any company she would draw a second glance. Not so much for her face, which is pleasant rather than pretty, or for her tall, trim figure, but for her air of purposefulness, her unconscious grace, the way she walks tall. There is, quite clearly, something special about Hana Mandlikova, although if you did not follow sport it might be difficult to explain.

In many respects Mandlikova is much more a typical teenager than westerners possibly expect a girl from Czechoslovakia to be. She likes to wear jeans and go to discos. She can listen to Donna Summer, Abba or Elton John for hours on end. She loves to swim and ski and read Perry Mason novels, but tends to get bored with schoolwork. And, oh yes, she plays tennis. And how!

Hana Mandlikova's ability to swat tennis balls is the secret to her youthful poise and confidence. You see, she is being trained to be a world champion. At 17, she has faith in the system that is going to make this happen and probably believes what everyone is telling her: that she has a good chance of winning Wimbledon before she's 21. Most Australians who watched the Prague girl win the $100,000 Toyota Women's Classic at Kooyong and the NSW Nabisco Championship at White City will not argue with the prediction.

As Dianne Fromholtz, beaten by Hana, said: "Hana is brilliant. She makes everything look easy and will continue to improve."

What is harder to accept is that Czechoslovakia, a central European nation with only 40,000 players and a climate that can't match ours, has become so much better than Australia at turning out magnificent young tennis players. For Hana is only one of the more recent successes of what is arguably the world's most efficient tennis machine.

Jaroslav Drobny, in the early 1950s, was the first great Czech-born champion, but it wasn't until 1973 that Czechoslovakia produced another Wimbledon winner in Jan Kodes. Sceptics knocked the merit of Kodes's victory because 1973 was the year most of the pros boycotted Wimbledon. But Kodes showed his class a few

BY ALAN TRENGOVE

weeks later by running John Newcombe to five sets in the final of the US Open. He also twice won the French crown. Certainly, it was his exploits which fired the imagination of Czech youth, just as Frank Sedgman's rise at the beginning of the 1950s had young Aussies from Bunbury to Rockhampton flocking to tennis courts.

Kodes's achievements would not have been such an effective catalyst had not the State-controlled Czech Tennis Federation set about spotting and training new talent. As in other East European countries, sport is given top priority in Czechoslovakia. It is perceived to raise morale and win respect for the communist way of life.

Certainly, as a result of Czech methods, we have seen the emergence of a string of young stars, including Martina Navratilova — at 23 the world's number one woman player; Regina Marsikova, 21, now the top-ranked Czech woman; Ivan Lendl, 20, the world's best boy player in 1978; and Hana Mandlikova, a Federation Cup player at 16. Czechoslovakia, a country of modest tennis traditions, has beaten Australia in a Davis Cup match as well as in a Federation Cup final. In recent years it has won several junior team competitions while Australia has won none.

Of course, it isn't only the performances of the young Czechs that remind us that Australia, once the envy of the tennis world, has lost the knack of turning out world-beaters. A couple of months ago there were only three Australians in the world's top 60 players, as determined by the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer. They were John Alexander (18th), Peter McNamara (44th) and Kim Warwick (49th).

Today, Australia cannot find a native son to win its own national title, let alone get into the quarter-finals at Wimbledon on what is supposed to be, mark you, our players' favorite surface, grass.

Never before have Australian men rated so lowly in a sport in which once no one surpassed them. Not only do we have no young player to compare with 21-year-old John McEnroe or 23-year-old Bjorn Borg, but Australian youngsters are overshadowed by the likes of Paraguayan Victor Pecci, 24, Argentinian Jose Clerc, 21, Frenchman Yannick Noah, 19, and South African Johan Kriek, 21. In women's tennis our stocks are higher, but the new wave of young girl champions — Tracy Austin, Mandlikova, Pam Shriver, Bettina Bunge and Sylvia Hanika — are going to make Australian triumphs few and far between in the 1980s.

So what's gone wrong with Australian tennis? And what can we learn from the development of Mandlikova and the way the Czechs go about raising champions?

First, we have to admit that something is wrong. It's true that tennis is now being played by millions more people all round the world. Young athletes everywhere are turning to the game which can win them a fortune in a few short years, where before they might have devoted their energies to baseball, basketball or soccer, But the natural talent represented by two decades of Australian greats — from Sedgman, Hoad and Rosewall to Emerson, Laver and Newcombe — just doesn't dry up overnight. It still exists among Aussie youngsters, but its promise is not being fulfilled.

Hana Mandlikova began playing tennis at nine. She had one big advantage in that her father, William Mandlik, was a leading Czech athlete who reached the 100m sprint semi-finals at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics. Mandlik was also a crack soccer player, so Hana no doubt inherited her speed and ball sense.

Because of his background, Mandlik knew Vera Sukova, a dogged claycourt player who lost to Karen Susman in the 1962 Wimbledon final and who later became Czechoslovakia's national women's coach. Thus, Hana had an influential friend watching over her from the beginning, but Mrs Sukova insists that it is easy for any child to play tennis in Czechoslovakia. Children can play the game at no cost. Nor, if they are talented, are they charged for coaching.

> The natural talent represented by two decades of Australian greats just doesn't dry up overnight.

Vera Sukova did not play until she was 15, and never mastered the serve-volley game. As a coach she prefers girls to serve like men and charge adventurously to the net. "The best age to begin is seven," she says. "At seven, our players practise twice a week. They get used to handling a racquet and hitting balls against a wall. But they do not play competition until they are 10 or 11."

Czech coaches are graded into four levels. Some teach only novices, others look after advanced players. Only the top coaches, who are highly educated, specialise in grooming potential champions. In Hana's case, five coaches, plus Sukova, have had a hand in shaping her game. Her father has guided her physical training and she has also been able to call on the services of a sports psychologist.

As an outstanding prospect she has attended a special school which allows her as much time as she needs to play and practise. In other words, formal education has come second to the nurturing of Hana's one great talent, hitting a tennis ball, and in Prague she spends time every day working out on the court.

A born competitor, she was a winner as soon as she entered tournaments. At 14 she began competing in various events around Europe, invariably under the kind but watchful eye of Sukova. By 15, she was a seasoned international — as was, incidentally, Sweden's Borg, who played Davis Cup at that age. Now, she travels and plays for five months of the year.

Sukova, however, does not like to send her proteges abroad at too tender an age: "They must be strong enough. They must know how to run and to hit all the strokes. Once they can do that, okay, let's go. But if they cannot hit a backhand — and sometimes young girls can't — there is too much pressure. They go down and down. We have so many tournaments for them at home, anyway."

Czech players are firmly controlled by their federation until they are 18, when they are given some latitude in planning their tennis careers. But always they must play in their country's national championships and a local club competition, as well as in certain foreign events specified by the federation, sometimes for political reasons.

And they must also come together as a squad at least once a year, thus helping the younger ones to develop. If players cease to improve, or at any rate slacken in their efforts, they risk losing all the benefits of free coaching and travel. Like other East European countries, the Czechs are now scientifically assessing all their young people's physical attributes. Only those who possess the basic physical requirements for any particular sport (for instance, in tennis, explosive speed, quick reflexes, and good eye-hand co-ordination) are assisted. Others are encouraged to take on another sport to which their characteristics may be better suited.

Significantly enough, Australian tennis, in its golden era, benefited from a system that in some aspects operated much like today's Czech regime. In the 1950s and 1960s, promising Australian juniors were employed by sporting goods companies as soon as they left school. The companies, together with the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, and the maestro of Australian tennis, Harry Hopman, could make or break a player.

Youngsters aimed to get in Hopman's overseas squad on their way to a Davis Cup berth. If they were successful the system could make them world champions, but they had to observe Hopman's discipline and they had to play in tournaments and exhibitions around Australia as directed by the companies. Hopman was almost a national coach and kept his eye out for talent in every State.

As John Alexander recalls: "Harry greatly influenced the selection of teams and there was an element of fear with him. You knew that if he asked you to do something you would be inclined to do it without question — because that was the system. The LTAA was in complete control. You could go overseas only for a certain period and if you bucked the system you were kicked off teams. You had no way of making a private tour unless you were rich."

In 1968 the advent of open tennis, followed by a world-wide tennis boom, smashed the Australian system. Up-and-comers like Alexander, Phil Dent, Geoff Masters, Ross Case and Kim Warwick were suddenly on their own. Before they had really served their apprenticeships, they had to contend with seasoned pros like Rosewall, Laver and Newcombe. There were no easy first-round matches any more and the new generation never quite acquired full confidence.

They also lost the guidance of Harry Hopman. After two decades of triumphs the "Old Fox" became soured with Australia. His wife Nell died from a brain tumor and he failed in a bid to become president of the LTAA. The knighthood which perhaps he deserved as the father of the modern game in Australia never eventuated and he had little to show financially for his years of dedication. He emigrated to America to claim his share in the fabulously rich tennis lode.

With sponsors and television networks pouring millions of dollars into tournaments, Australian players found they could play tennis all through the year and make a very good living without ever winning a tournament. Most of the globetrotters, however, did not work on their technique, so they didn't improve.

According to Fred Stolle, a fine player of the 1960s, the new breed of Australian player in the 1970s drank too much beer and lacked the ability to apply the discipline that once would have been imposed on them. Neale Fraser, who succeeded Hopman as Davis Cup captain, had them in his charge only once or twice a year.

With the decline of John Newcombe and Tony Roche, last of the old brigade, the link with the golden era has now ended. Can we put the pieces together again and create a new chain of successes to rival those of the US, Czechoslovakia, Sweden and other countries?

In 1979 Colin McDonald, the former Test batsman who is administrative director of the LTAA, embarked on a fact-finding world tour, making Prague one of his first destinations. He was given the cold shoulder by Czech officials, apparently because they had been offended by the treatment of the 1978 Czech Federation Cup team in Melbourne. (The Czechs never got on to Kooyong's centre court and felt Australia favored the US and Britain).

But Mcdonald could not have learned much that isn't already known about the Czech program, based as it is on giving every talented child the opportunity to develop. The program entails regimentation and control to a degree that would be impracticable in Australia. It was the irksome restrictions, almost as much as the loss of income, which persuaded Navratilova to defect to America in 1975.

Under the Czech system, all prize money won by a player under the age of 18 has to be given to the national federation. The federation justifies this policy by pointing out the great expense incurred in developing a player. At 18, players can ask for permission to keep a percentage of their earnings. As much as 80 per cent may be allowed to champions like Kodes and Marsikova, but there is a trap. The money has to be deposited in an account held jointly by the player and the controlling body. Players can spend it only in their own country and subject to the government's approval. The cash is never in their hands. They purchase goods by signing vouchers, a limitation which must be increasingly frustrating as they visit the glamor cities of the West.

Playing in Switzerland last July,

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18-year-old Hana Strachonova, who was once rated ahead of Mandlikova, walked into a police station and asked for asylum for "economic reasons". Strachonova's defection, following Navratilova's walk-out, meant that the Czechs will be much more careful in their handling of Mandlikova. It seems that Strachonova had lost form and was worried that if she slipped further her government would withdraw her passport, thus curtailing her career.

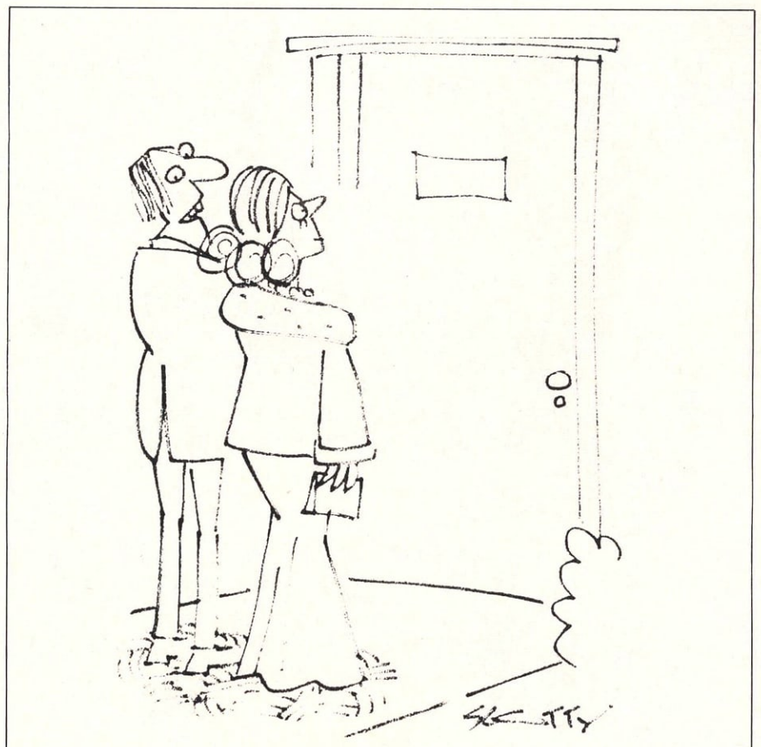
At the end of the Toyota Classic it was interesting to note that Mandlikova was ready to part with the $20,000 first prize, but that she obviously wanted to keep the Toyota Corona she had also won. It was her second car. In 1978 her father, now a sports writer, was allowed to reward her exploits by buying her a Fiat. When Hana realised the Corona would have to be sold, she expected to receive the proceeds, but Sukova reminded her that technically the money belonged to the federation.

"The prize is Czechoslovakia's, but the car is mine. It is a present," Hana firmly told the press. Most likely Sukova, whose husband is president of the Czech federation, had a hurried phone consultation with the authorities in Prague, because a few days later Hana left no doubt that she was pocketing the $6000 the car realised.

Australia probably spends just as much money as Czechoslovakia in developing young players, but whether it gains full value is another matter. In 1979 about $300,000 was ploughed into junior development. The money was spent on a program which included coaching camps, subsidising selected juniors on a satellite circuit, a network of tournaments linked on a Grand Prix basis and sending abroad junior teams. It all looked somewhat piecemeal and lacking in cohesion.

In Prague such a program would have been masterminded by a committee answerable to the Sports Ministry. The committee which runs tennis development in Czechoslovakia includes Sukova and her male counterpart, Paul Korda, who are committed full-time to creating world champions. Australia has no equivalent to Sukova or Korda. Davis Cup captain Neale Fraser spends only half the year as tennis director and the other half playing veterans' tennis overseas.

Now, the LTAA is appointing a national coach, but the envisaged salary of $25,000 is not likely to be enough to attract anyone of the calibre of Laver, Emerson or Stolle, whose experience and energies are devoted to turning out champions in America. Meanwhile, Newcombe and Roche have announced their own government-backed scheme to assess and train juniors from an early age in a much more comprehensive fashion. It is a reflection on the LTAA that a private initiative has come forward with the more thorough proposals that the situation demands.



"Alice, do we swing with the Witherspoons?"

Newcombe has been critical of Australian coaching methods and it will be interesting to see what ideas he introduces. Basically, he thinks Australian coaching is too stereotyped, that not enough coaches get overseas on study tours. Most of the top Australian players use the same sort of grips and strokes and there is a sameness about their play.

By contrast, overseas players have greatly varying styles. Consider the differences between left-handers McEnroe, Vilas and Connors, or between Borg, with his prodigious top-spin and double-handed backhand, and Nastase, who hits shots never to be found in a textbook, or Gene Mayer, another completely unorthodox player — he hits double-handed from *both* wings.

Newcombe believes that modern Australian players lack the confidence to survive in the big league. One of the roles Hopman played was as a booster of morale — just to have him sitting quietly by, offering a quiet word of advice now and again did wonders for his proteges.

In recent years, at the major overseas tournaments, I have watched Borg's close association with his manager/coach, Lennart Bergelin, Vilas's dependence on his mentor, Ion Tiriac, and Gerulaitis's consultations with Fred Stolle. Connors in his earlier days was often advised by Pancho Segura and last year, so sure were they of the value of a manager/coach, a group of Americans including Tanner, Smith and Stockton paid Dennis Ralston to play the part in Europe for them.

At the same time I have seen the leading Australian players floundering without the guidance and prop that even the toughest-minded characters find extremely useful.

When he was 18, Brad Drewett was by himself in London. Coming down with a virus on the eve of Wimbledon, he had no one looking after him and had to find a hotel doctor himself. Drewett was not given the close attention and support he would have received had he been a Czech. Nor was Mark Edmondson after he had beaten John Newcombe in the final at the 1976 Australian Open. Under the old Australian system, the talent of Drewett and Edmondson would have been protected and groomed by Hopman.

As Newk says: "Nobody is grabbing hold of the promise these guys have shown . . . nobody is there, worrying about them. It's a big world and there are so many good players around. A guy has to have complete confidence in himself."

Here are three examples of some of the hapless ineptitude marring Australian tennis.

• Since she won the Queensland women's title at 14, Sue Leo has been an obvious candidate for world honors. Some officials, who have recently made all sorts of excuses for the behavior of John McEnroe, condemned her volatile court manners and threatened to punish her if she didn't conform. That she had raw talent and the spirit to make something of it there was no doubt. At 16, Leo left her family behind in Brisbane and moved to Melbourne to gain tougher competition. She boarded and got no official help in making the move.

She accepted an invitation to make a private trip to the 1978 US Open, accompanied by a Melbourne sports clothing distributor. In the 1979 Toyota Classic the unseeded Leo, in her first Colgate Series tournament, had impressively beaten the No. 3 seed, Kerry Reid, in the first round and was hitting up against Renee Blount in the second when a process server walked on to the court and presented her with a $2000 writ relating to her travelling expenses in 1978.

Naturally, she was shattered and easily beaten. Could you imagine that happening to a Mandlikova or Austin?

• Melbourne coach Ian Barclay, who has unearthed some of Australia's best talent such as Mark Hartnett, Patrick Cash and Anne Minter, wanted to take them and a couple of other bright 14 and 15-year-olds to Europe in 1978 to give them competition against the embryonic Borgs and Nastases on their own courts. Businessmen supported the project, but little assistance was obtained from the LTAA. Among some officials there seemed to be a suspicion that youngsters should not be taken overseas so early. Barclay's tour went ahead anyway, though it was necessarily brief. The kids have since shown great improvement.

• A power struggle within the Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria has resulted in a breakaway organisation called the Victorian Tennis Association, which is boycotting Kooyong. Thousands of young players were bewildered in December when both bodies ran schoolboy and schoolgirl tournaments concurrently. Doubts arose over whether they would miss out on representative teams if they chose to play in one tournament rather than the other. Factional fighting occurs in most of the other State associations. In NSW hardcourt officials are usually vying for positions with grasscourt officials, while in Tasmania there is bitter rivalry between North and South. It goes without saying that such non-productive wrangling would not be tolerated in Prague. The Sports Ministry would sack all the culprits and appoint new officials.

Until the associations put their houses in order, the best hope for Australian tennis may well lie with "Operation Tennis", the brainchild of Newcombe and Roche.

Perhaps, after all, that is only fitting. As the last outstanding products of the Hopman era — and as men who know what it takes to win the big ones — Newk and Rochey may very well come up with the aces Australian tennis needs.

How are you with your jocks off?

Read what Women's Weekly dare not tell about guys, and what Cleo leaves out.

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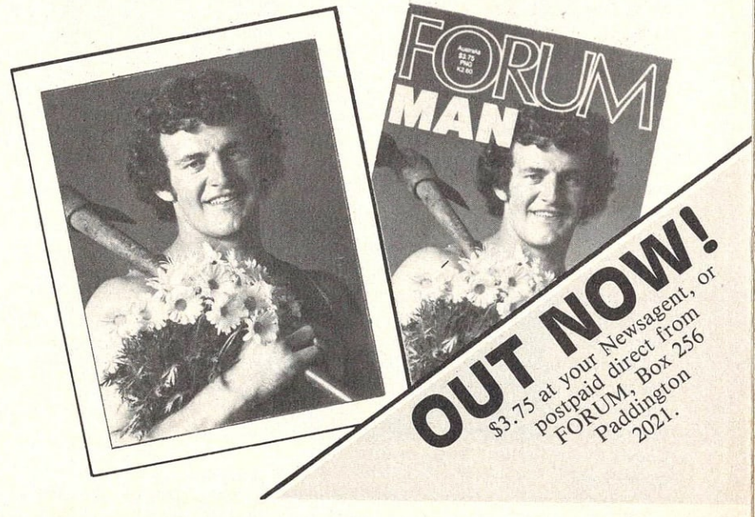
If you want to find out a little or a lot more about yourself — or why you don't have to prove a thing — it's all there, balls and all, in FORUM MAN — out now!



MANIPULATING THE MEDIA

Continued from page 128

leading the Australian delegation, gave me the documents anyway, including the forecasts the British had given the conference of their balance of payments.

As these forecasts showed rather clearly that the British had been telling their own people lies, it was of interest to have these documents published in the British Press. I was at the time Australian Correspondent for the London *Economist* and the London *Financial Times*. I handed over these secret papers to the staff members of those papers present in Trinidad, with a view to undermining the British, which is what Billy wanted me to do anyway. Similarly, at the 1961 Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference on the British entry to the Common Market, Jack McEwen gave me the usual private briefings, with a view to undermining Menzies who was then commited to condoning the British plan to go into the EEC without giving any but derisory safeguards for Australian trade.

Again, at the time of the Vernon Report in 1966 there was a very strong and determined operation mounted by the Commonwealth Treasury to undermine the Vernon Report and particularly Jack McEwen. In this case, the Treasury deployed one of their most capable officers to run a parallel operation to the working of the Vernon Committee. (This Vernon Committee, under Sir James Vernon of CSR was being used by McEwen to produce very gloomy balance of payments forecasts for Australia and then use these forecasts to justify highly protectionist tariff policies and eventually the establishment of an alternative top economic policy secretariat to challenge the Treasury.)

By the time the Vernon Report was ready to be presented to Parliament, the Treasury had prepared a devastating rebuttal. I was invited to a private briefing, with the Treasury people and was taken through the Vernon Report paragraph by paragraph with a full and detailed explanation of the Treasury critique. No doubt other journalists had the similar experience. Certainly, Peter Samuel (who was at that time I believe still working for the *Canberra Times*) came out with a criticism of the Report no less devastating than mine.

Menzies gave the Report a frightful shellacking in Parliament and it died on the spot. This was an excellent example of the power of the calculated leak when used by efficient and determined operatives.

In the Civil Aviation case, I was writing for the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Financial Review* at the time. Don Anderson and Harold Poulton used to give me exhaustive briefings on the development of their policies at a time when these policies were hotly debated. I used to check back all the facts of these often involved stories with them. They gained access, through a very enlightened policy of preferred leaking, to the editorial pages of two very influential papers and had their plans played to their public — the Parliament, the airline industry, and to a degree the people at large — in the manner designed by them.

This goes on all the time.

The calculated leak can also be used for self-protection by journalists. Thus, in 1968, when Gorton and McEwen were trying to have me imprisoned for allegedly breaking the Official Secrets Act, I knew that Gorton had become personally embarrassed by an incident with a woman, and I was able to have the woman make a Statutory Declaration against Gorton, which I put in a safe. I made it known to Gorton that I had it.

> It is possible from a tiny base to raise issues which would blow up into the sort of political explosion papers cannot ignore.

A vitally important source of information to journalists in these days of the virtual irrelevance of the House of Representatives (the Senate being the only parliamentary skerrick of protection left for the people against the executive) is the Commonwealth Public Service. It is essential to penetrate the Public Service and of course the calculated leak is a major weapon used by civil servants in their incessant tribal wars.

In 1959-60, I recruited a senior officer in the Department of External Affairs (as it then was) to write for the *Financial Review*. He was paid twenty pounds per article and during the months he worked for me, he provided a valuable source of calculated leaks of impeccable authority. Unfortunately, he became infatuated with my first wife and tried to run off with her so I had to get rid of him.

During the 1960s, I had officers of the Department of Trade working for me and they were paid for that. The information they leaked to me, including handwritten copies of cables, was most helpful in the process of undermining Jack McEwen and Alan Westerman.

On another occasion, I had the daughter of a Permanent Head of a Commonwealth Department working for me and she provided many goodies taken from her daddy's briefcase. This information was in turn used to undermine her daddy, now deceased.

Experience also shows it is possible to have a big influence with a tiny publication. For some time between 1965 and 1971, I wrote a weekly political and economic newsletter which caused a great deal of trouble and aroused deep passions in the breasts of the likes of Jack McEwen and Billy McMahon.

In this, I devoted myself primarily to penetrating the Commonwealth Public Service, and at one time I had numerous Public Servants on my payroll.

Jack McEwen reached the point of such loss of control over the information unfavorable to his cause being published in this newsletter that he named me as a Japanese spy in the Parliament and attempted to have me expelled from the Parliamentary Press Gallery. His Press Secretary went round the Gallery telling journalists if they voted to expel me, Jack would guarantee to leak to them in the future. This offer was made public by, among others, Alan Wood (now Director of the prestigious Syntec economic forecasting organisation) and Jack's offer rebounded on him.

On another occasion, Jack and Gorton between them had my house in Canberra raided by the Commonwealth Police. Due to the incompetence of the Commonwealth Police they got nowhere.

On a further occasion, Jack produced various cheques in Parliament attempting to show that I was behind a campaign to denigrate the Country Party through a publication called "The Great Dairy Hoax".

Although I was in fact responsible for this campaign, Jack got the wrong cheque and once again fell on his face.

Yet again, after Harold Holt was killed, Jack announced (through the pages of *The Australian*) that he would not serve under Billy McMahon as Prime Minister because I was supposed to be exerting some sort of Svengali influence over Billy. The point is that it is possible from a tiny base to raise issues which will blow up into the sort of political explosion papers not only cannot ignore, but will attempt to increase in size. The media exists to be exploited.

The best exponent of this at present is Bob Hawke. He has done nothing to justify the sort of space he commands. His achievements are minimal, yet he is a supreme publicist, a manipulator, a play actor.

He has manipulated the media to the point where, without a shred of evidence in support, he is being touted by the opinion polls as a potential Prime Minister. What an achievement for a publicist; what a laughing stock this makes of thoughts of the impregnability and immovibility of the media!

It is sometimes forgotten that the big metropolitan papers and TV stations are not the be-all and end-all of the media in Australia. In the early 1970s I owned all the country papers fom Nowra to the Victorian border.

At that time, the State NSW member for this area was Jack Beale (also a Minister). Jack and I cooperated in efforts to ensure Jack's re-election. We succeeded on one occasion and failed on another.

At this time there was no other independent newspaper on the coast, and Jack Beale got the full run of my papers. I am not sure it did Jack a lot of good, but he thought it was important at the time. This was my tyrannical use of a relatively minor power situation.

From my point of view, I was able to use the believed power of the papers to strike bargains which I hoped would be helpful to me.

No doubt this is what Rupert and the Fairfaxes get up to. Some people, feeling frustrated, want to own papers for a particular propaganda purpose. I have always thought this an expensive way to solve a public relations problem. Yet Hancock and Wright asked me to do this in Perth some years ago.

I undertook to set up a new paper for them, including the purchase of all the plant, establishment of the factory, hiring of journalists and the rest. This task was accomplished and the paper concerned achieved a modest circulation, as the *Sunday Independent*. The cost of this program was huge and the enterprise is still only a commercially marginal proposition, according to what Lang Hancock has told me. He has expressed his disappointment with the project and has pulled out of it.

He wanted the *Independent* to be the spokesman for his views — with which I have great sympathy — in opposition to big Government. He also wanted something to have to use against Charlie Court.

As it has turned out, the paper acquired a life of its own and in the process, it ceased to be the outspoken champion of the causes loved by Lang. He would have done far better to spend his money on hiring a competent but small team of propagandists.

Not only Australian Governments use manipulation. Foreign governments routinely manipulate Australian journalists; one such important measure being the free trip to the country concerned. I spend several months in the United States on a so-called Leader Grant, which is a typically frank American way of pointing up the importance of identifying and then attempting to undermine the "herd leaders" of the future. I also went to Britain twice at their Government's invitation as well as to Sweden.

The Japanese are very assiduous in the matter of manipulation. They have a highly organised system of calculated leaks which penetrates not only the orthodox Japanese press but also the wide range of incredibly well informed "trade press".

I had quite a lot to do with this Japanese apparatus. I became very involved with a leading publisher in the Japanese trade press and was in turn taken into a part of the closed circle of the Japanese "old boy network" in Tokyo. I was presented to Mr Ohira about 1971-72 well before he became Prime Minister — and was told after the interview that Mr Ohira would be very grateful if my company would care to retain him for a fee of $A16,000 per year.

I did not go ahead but was able to observe the devastatingly practical manner in which the Japanese operate their own highly developed (and highly lucrative) system of manipulation, involving as it does Japanese Government officials, Japanese publishers, Japanese trading houses and Japanese politicians in a remarkably woven net of intrigue, deals and manipulation.

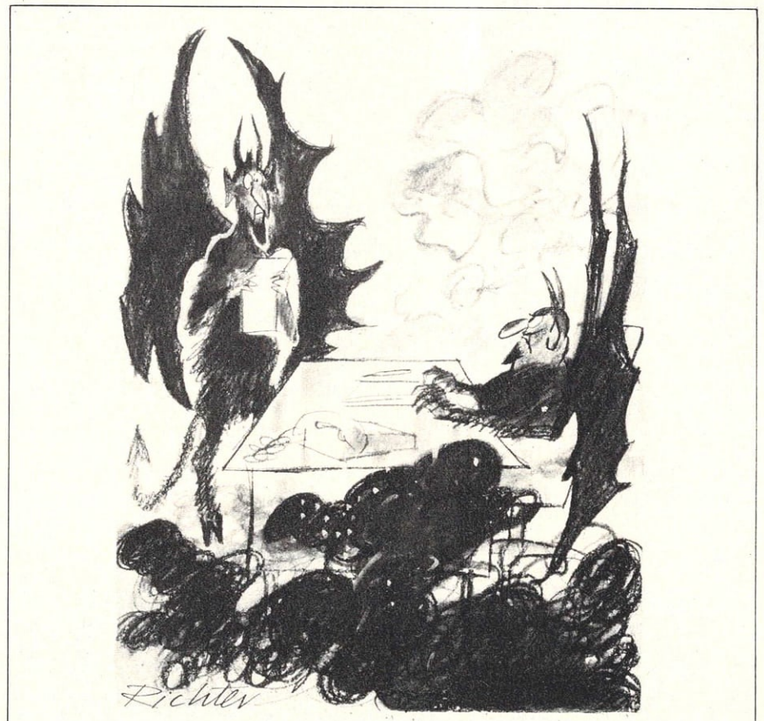
It was quite common to have to make such payments, on the joint venture account I operated with my Japanese agent as "two suit lengths of English cloth for Trading Company manager, helping establishment of information section". There are other times when the process of manipulation becomes more intimate and direct.

Thus, during the 1975 election campaign when I had the control of the *Sunday Observer* and John Sorell was Editor, we committed the paper, as well as our whole printing facilities, to the cause of Phil Lynch, who is one of the very few honest politicians I have met. A very strong effort was made to promote Phil and to give all the available printing and publicity support from the whole of that (relatively insignificant) organisation.

In sum, the process of manipulation, of management of "news", of pressures, of favors, is so widespread and so diverse that I find it laughable that anyone could seriously talk about a "truthful" press or an "objective" TV news service.

The whole idea is a joke.

We live in a world where at all times the media organisations are subject to constant pressure, aimed at undermining those organisations for the purpose of promoting the interests of the thousands of diverse power structures in our community. There is no institutional "cure" for this. The only thing worth doing is to study the way these things are done and learn to recognise some of the worst abuses. ○



"The next bunch may require special handling, sir, it appears they were all pardoned by the president."

Whatever our energy-starved future holds, they'll never build another car like the Jaguar XJ-S Cannonball.

CANNONBALL EXPRESS

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

One long trip down the highway says it all: the Jaguar XJ-S can put a double century of kilometres, complete with lumbering transports and kamikaze kids, behind its twin exhausts and leave you feeling as fresh as if it were just a quick flip around the block.

It manages this with a level of handling and responsiveness uncanny in a car which, with two adults, three children and personal effects, weighs in at close to two tonnes. Outstanding interior comfort completes the picture.

The unsurprising "secret" of the car's appeal is the all-alloy V12 motor, a well-proven piece of successful engineering which pulls the whole shebang along with almost total indifference to any demands placed on it.

Since this power plant has been used for years to transport well-padded bums between the stock exchange and the country estate at little more than idling speed, a lot of people probably believe all that energy — 212.5kW at 5500rpm — is only good for running the air conditioning and servo-power systems without hassle.

This misconception was laid to rest in spectacular style in last year's "Cannonball Baker Sea to Shining Sea Memorial Trophy Dash", a highly-illegal race from New York to Los Angeles organised as a protest at the blanket 88km/h speed limit on US roads.

It's named after Ernest "Cannonball" Baker who, in 1933 — at a time when the word "expressway" had not been invented — made the run in 53 hours and 30 minutes at an average speed of almost 100km/h.

Last year's event, the fourth since 1971, was won by an XJ-S driven by American car dealers/race drivers Dave Yarborough and Dave Heinz. Distance covered: more than 5100km. Time: 32 hours, 51 minutes. Average speed: 156.5km/h. Crossing the US coast-to-coast by road in under 33 hours is a fairly good way to answer critics of the car's reliability and performance.

And the Cannonball is certainly not all expressway travelling. In spite of the best efforts of the organisers to keep everything quiet until the race gets under way, word inevitably leaks out and gives every red-necked sheriff in a dozen states the chance to show the smart-arse city slickers a thing or three.

So to dodge the radar traps and plain old-fashioned roadblocks, drivers have to spend a good part of the time skirting major freeways on sump-thumping back-country roads — probably something like the Federal Highway from the Hume Highway to Canberra.

Other tricks are used, such as the team who entered an ambulance fitted with a 370kW racing engine and complete with patient and doctor in the back.

Naturally enough, success in this event would please the most sanguine of motor company executives. Leyland Australia decided to express their feelings by producing some XJ-S specials called Cannonballs. The idea is that no two will be exactly alike, at the same time providing a high level of extra equipment at no extra cost.

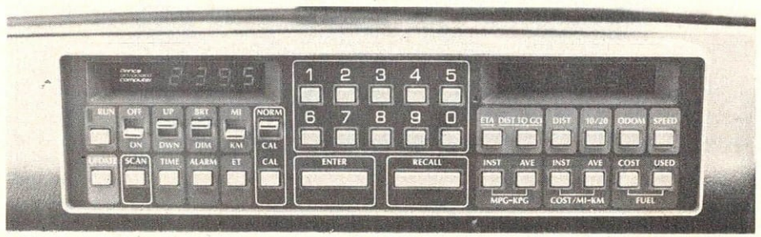
Although it's fair to expect a well-equipped car at a base price of $39,950, the special extras add considerable value to the car — as an example, about $1200 for the wheels and $500 for the computer — a remarkable free offering from any car maker.

The Cannonball option package includes a two-tone paint job; twin halogen fog lights; matt black finish on brightwork; pure wool, soft-pile inserts on the leather seats; leather-bound sports steering wheel; 50-function Prince On-board Computer; and three-piece Compomotive alloy racing wheels. I'm assured by Leyland that any or all of these options may be selected.

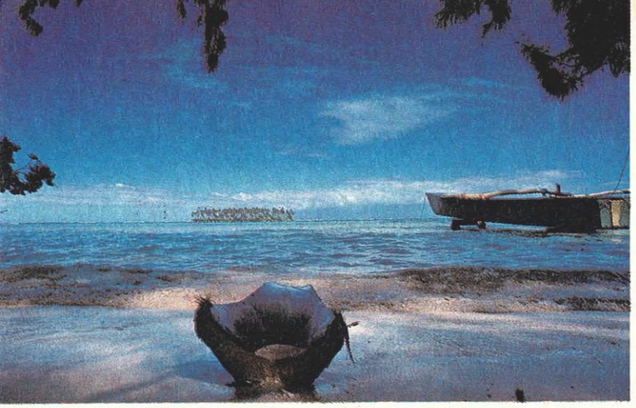
The least successful of the options is the paintwork, not in execution but in design. On the base yellow XJ-S I drove, a pale olive paint had been applied from front to back below the waistline, with a thin red stripe a little below where the two colors meet. The effect is wishy-washy. The matt black finish on the door handles is hopeless, since it was already severely scratched by keys by the time I received it.

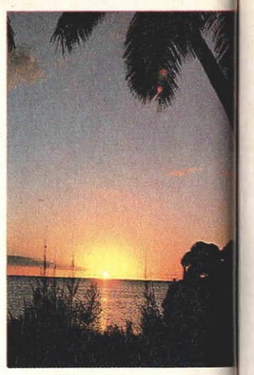
The best features are the beautiful Compomotive wheels, with gold colored centres on my car, and the sports steering wheel, a vast improvement on the large and skinny standard item. The computer is fun to play with after you have an hour or so to work it out, but is hampered by the fact that it registers in US gallons.

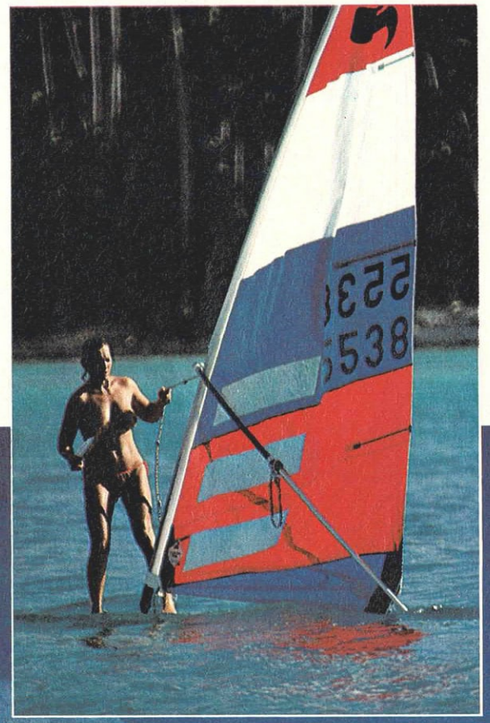
As usual, giving the XJ-S back was tough; not only because, in any format it is pure delight to drive if you can overcome the guilt feelings associated with getting as low as 28 litres/100km (10 mpg); but also because one knows that, whatever our energy-starved future holds, they'll never build another one quite like this.

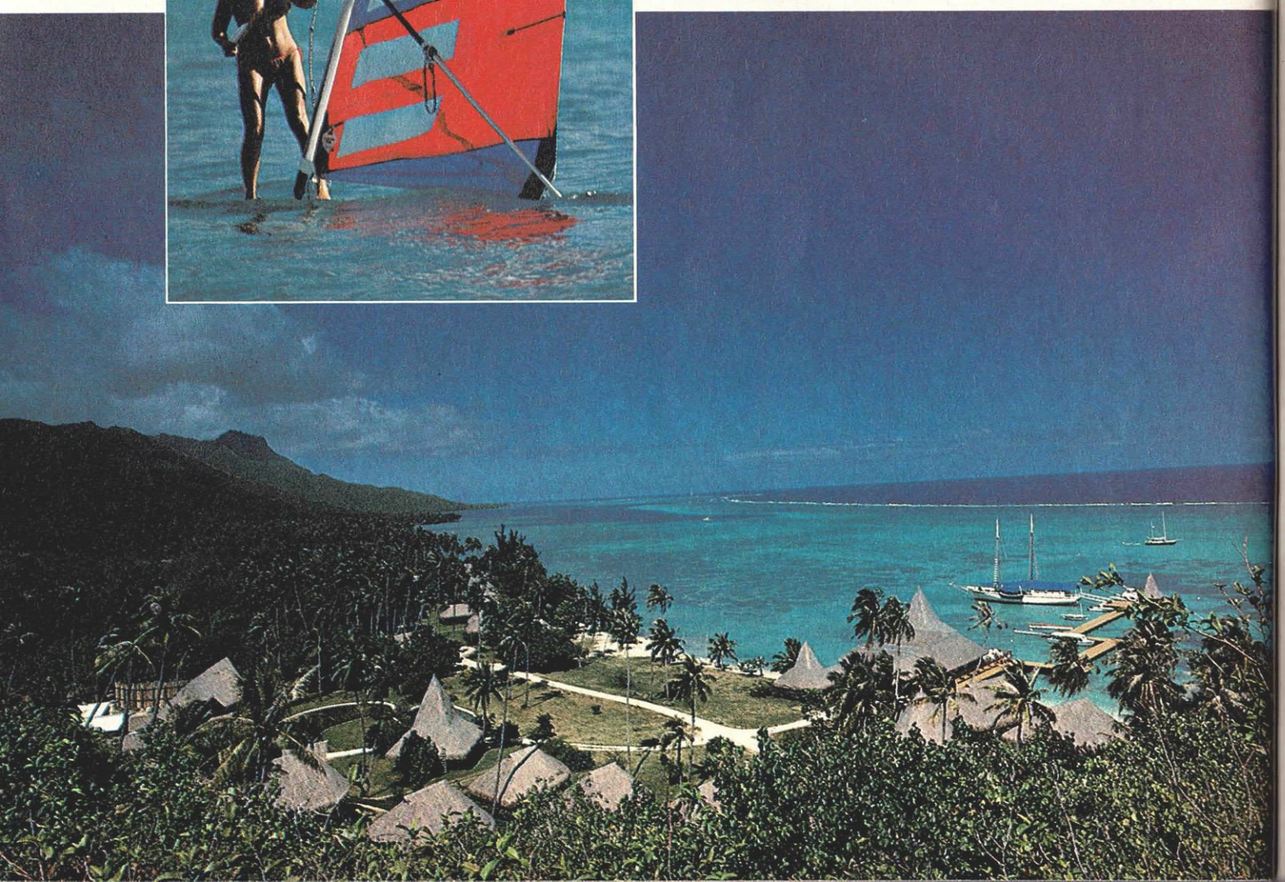


The Prince On-board Computer.









What a way to G.O.

It's one of the most sought after jobs in the world — lazy living and love in the sun.

BY ROB KLIMA

Tucked away in a back room in Paris, there's probably a group of the world's smartest psychologists celebrating the creation that is Club Mediterranee.

Who else could have designed a way of selling hedonism to the world at an all-inclusive price, and made it work? The world's largest resort organisation, with 85 clubs spread from the snowfields of the French Alps to the beaches of the Bahamas. It's a long way from Paris to resorts with such image-conjuring names as Agadir, D'jerba la Douce, Paradise Island and Playa Blanca. So out in the field (if the "field" can be a coral lagoon hemmed by waving palms), giving life to the concept, are more than 14,000 resort staff who'll tell you they don't have a job . . . they have a lifestyle.

They're the GOs — *gentil organisateurs* (nice organisers) as distinct from the guests, the GMs — *gentil membres*. That distinction is fairly fine, because a large part of the GO's job is to live as close a life as possible to the GM's, living in similar accommodation, sharing tables at meals, sharing sporting facilities and sharing friendships. A lot of the time the only difference seems to be that the GOs have better suntans.

It's a bit of a culture shock when you first arrive at the Club Med. We didn't expect stand-offish, cummerbunded waiters at the village on Tahiti's Moorea island, but it was surprising to recognise one of the girls from the traffic office mingling topless on the beach.

And one of the water ski instructors was being far from platonic in his discussion with a young lady guest into the late hours in the bar.

The principle didn't gel for a couple of days, until one night when we were at the same dinner table as Jean from the club's diving team.

His life, as he outlined it, was just about ideal: at home in

France he was a journalist, diving as a hobby and writing about marine research . . . with the club he could combine all that and enjoy resort life in Tahiti as well.

A few nights later we sat down to dinner with the club's accountant, a Frenchman illogically named Patrick.

He might have spent half the day casting doubtful eyes over our chits for beads to buy drinks at the bar, but he was, in effect, just someone else sitting at the table chatting about the weather.

The gregarious GOs come into their own in the club's stage shows, better than average amateur hour, but like all the club's facilities . . . it's there if you want it: stay at the bar if you don't.

Cunning psychology or not, the principle is a logical extension of the club's humble origins in 1950, when a former Belgian Olympic swimmer, Gerard Blitz, got together with a few friends to found a private holiday and sports club where all would share the cooking and cleaning.

Even when the first village, on Majorca, grew to have a staff of five sporting instructors, the members still took turns cooking and washing up.

It's a bit easier on the members these days and the job of GO has become what must be one of the best in the world — the working holiday that needn't end. Every six months they're moved from one club to another: today Tahiti, tomorrow the world, via Morocco, or Mexico, or Spain, or . . . And paid, between $85 and $100 a week depending on whether it's working as a clerk in the traffic office or bank, or as a skilled sporting instructor.

In the words of one GO, Paul Oremek: "If you are on time and have a fairly serious attitude to the job, the fooling around is endless."

Paul is a sailing instructor at Club Med's newest village in New Caledonia. Formerly a diver working on Britain's offshore oil rigs, Paul picked up his first job with the Club while driving overland from England to Australia. He dropped in on Paris headquarters on the off-chance and found himself in the scuba team at Caravelle in Guadaloupe.

At 34, Paul was the old man of a group recruited in Australia for New Caledonia. Of his work as a GO, he said: "In the morning you take a group of people for a lesson or a supervised dive. That's a couple of hours, then a long, leisurely lunch, then the same in the afternoon." And the rest of the time?

"You're just expected to be full of *joie de vivre*. Some GOs spend a lot of time preparing for the club's stage productions, others just do things like making fun at dinner for the people around them.

"On a couple of occasions I struck up a friendship with a girl. In four or five days you can touch each other's soul. You can be open and frank without consideration for the future . . . knowing you're just creating nice memories. It's not only with girls. Some weeks you get involved with a group and stay up late. The next week you take it easy and go to bed straight after dinner each night.

"You're not expected to socialise hard, day in and day out, just help the members as they need help."

And, strangely out of place in a tropical resort, the rat-race label of job satisfaction seems to fit. Said Paul: "I would hate to teach schoolchildren, but I love to teach at Club Med. It's a wonderful thing to give something like the underwater world to people who want to know.

"One day off I took a girl of 13 on a closely supervised dive of 10ft. Another day two of us took two women, one aged about 60, on a similar dive. They loved it . . . to be introduced to something they could never experience otherwise .

"On one occasion about 14 of us went for a swim. We weren't wearing any clothes — the sort of thing we wouldn't have done in normal life. We swam out to a boat and climbed on board.

"It was uncanny, in the gently rocking boat. There was silence for about 20 minutes: just the sound of palms creaking and lapping water. A breeze came we felt the coolness. And the peace.

"Finally I had to break the spell. I said: 'Shall we go ashore?' I felt I had touched the Coconut Islands."

Another GO on the same flight to New Caledonia as Paul was Gayle Sedgman, daughter of tennis champion Frank Sedgman. Gayle left her job as a fitness analyst at a Melbourne sports assessment centre to join the club's sports team.

Twenty-two, really blonde and really pert, Gayle sees being a GO as "passing out good vibes to people".

"There's about four hours a day work," she said, "and drama skits. I really want to get into drama."

Merv Middling decided to take a job in the New Caledonia club's bank after a holiday at the village on Moorea, Tahiti.

He dropped $200 a week as manager of a jeans shop in Chatswood, Sydney, to become a GO at $340 a month, food, accommodation, drinks at meals, an allowance for drinks at the bar "and girls if I'm lucky. Tahiti was a really wild place."

Club Med's Australian managing director and Asian regional director, John Youngman, tells of people to whom money meant even less when it came to working as a GO: "When I was working in Montreal the vice-president of our advertising agency said he wanted to be a GO.

"That was in 1968. He was in his mid-40s and earning $50,000 plus. I said no, but he pestered me and finally we gave in, and at 48 he became a GO."

And for many, being a GO has been more than a working holiday. Dotted around the world are couples who have

Continued on page 160

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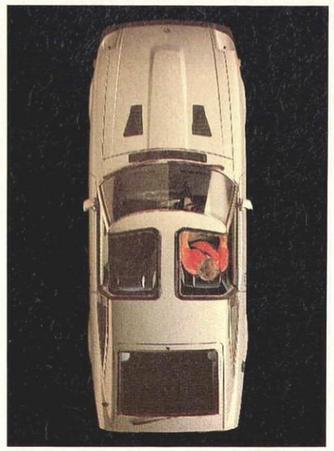
AVC

Alas, many people will find the look of our beautiful new 280ZX 2 + 2 with T-bar roof just a little too daring. A shame, because in reality it is a very sensible luxury car. A logical alternative to those rather staid and expensive saloons.
The problem is that to some people it doesn't look entirely sensible. Frankly, it looks as if it will go like the wind. And we must confess that those accustomed to the sedate manners of ordinary cars will find its performance rather breathtaking. The outstanding roadholding and the exhilarating acceleration provided by our race-proven 2.8 litre fuel injected engine have to be experienced to be believed.



But performance and appearance aside, it is a first class, fully-imported, luxury vehicle. With air conditioning, multi-directional stereo and ZF designed power-steering. And with a T-bar roof which very sensibly allows you to take advantage of our excellent climate and fine scenery.

It's just a pity that it looks so distinctive.

People tend to notice you.

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

NEW DATSUN 280ZX

OH, WICKED WANDA! TM

With the aid of the time machine, Wanda has left the 20th century and has travelled back through history to 13th century England. She has got it into her head that she might be able to alter the course of history!

If she could prevent the signing of Magna Carta could she save mankind from becoming preoccupied with those unattainable ideals—liberty, equality and fraternity?

And could she rid mankind of the greatest burden of all—the rise of the common man?

While we are pondering these great issues, Homer Sapiens is entertaining a lady friend.....

Allow me to top up your brandy glass, juicy noodlink—or would you prefer a little more champagne?

Ooh, look, Homer! There's Kermit! An' Miss Piggy!

Homer baby—you've got it made!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

...and the faithful grud watches over the controls of the time machine.

What if there was a power failure?

The mostress would be marooned forever in olde England!

And messrs. Mullally and Embleton would be out of a job! Perish the thought, grud! Last month we left our luscious heroines in a damp and dreary dungeon, prisoners of the Red Baron! They're still there....

I wanna go home, boo'ful. To dreary old 1980! I don't like bein' in this cold and drippin' dungeon!

Hang on, pusscake! When old King John refuses to sign Magna Carta the whole structure of European history will be changed! Think what that'll mean!

Bishop! It is time for thine afternoon nap!

Be silent! I am undergoing a crisis of conscience! I am trying to make up my mind whether or not I really have a vocation for this game!

PEASANT CRUSHER PAT. PENDING

What are they?

They're called **women!** Thou hast been in here a long time, hastn't thee!

I don't give a fig for history! I like the good old wicked, decadent 20th century—an' I wish I wuz there right now!

...in an ongoing fate-worse-than-death situation they will trigger a neutrino-ray emergency code to me across time and space!

Conceal these devices high up in your—uh—er—persons.....

If I was to—y'know—sacrifice myself to our brutal jailor, we could be outta here—lickettysplit!

IN KING JOHN'S STATE APARTMENT, HIS LADY WIFE CASTS A SHREWD EYE OVER THE SMALL PRINT IN THE MAGNA CARTA

I'FAITH, SIRE, THE MAID SPOKE WISELY! 'TIS A RASCALLY DEVICE TO STRIP THEE OF THY ROYAL PERKS!

Magna Carta

THE VARLETS!

SIRE?

SIR ROGER!

AND HOW ROYALLY THOSE PERKS DO STRIP!

ROB the WAG
Best stand up jester on the castle circuit available for
Coronations
Bar mitzvahs
Executions

I ORDER THE RELEASE OF THE DARK MAID AND HER PRESENCE HERE IN COURT!

THERE'S ONE LADY IN WAITING WHO WON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER TO WAIT!

SIR ROGER DE LOZEUR WITH A ROYAL WARRANT FOR THE RED BARON!

THIS WAY, LORD!

AHEM!

I SHOULD THINK SO TOO! IS AN ARISTOCRAT TO MUDDY HIS BOOTS NOW?

THOU FOOT WIPERS HAST IT TOO EASY THESE DAYS!

THOU DOST NOT TAKE PRIDE IN THY WORK LIKE THY FORE-FATHERS DID!

THOU HAST A GODDLY SECURE POSITION HERE! VALUE IT!

IT ISN'T EVERYONE WHO CANST ENJOY SUCH NOBLE PATRONAGE!

THE RED BARON AT HOME.....

VERY WELL! THE KING DEMANDS YE RELEASE OF YE DARK WENCH....

HANDS OFF! THOU SORDID SLOB!

... BUT YE FAIR ONE STAYS AS HOSTAGE! SEE TO IT, JAILOR!

VIN BLANC

SOME OF THESE NOUVEAU RICHE HAVE SUCH DISGUSTING HABITS!

I MEAN—WHITE WINE—WITH LAMB!

AN ANTE ROOM TO THE GREAT HALL OF KING JOHN.....

HERE, CHILD—'TIS MEAGRE BUT T'WILL CONCENTRATE THE KING'S ATTENTION ON THY GOODLY COUNCIL!

WHY DOES THERE ALWAYS HAVE TO BE A COMEDIAN?

THE DARK MAID IS WITHOUT, SIRE!

WITHOUT WHAT, SERF?

WITHOUT FOOD OR CLOTHING, MAJESTY!

FEED HER AND THEN BRING HER IN, CRETIN!

MORE FOWL, DEAR?

PERHAPS A MORSEL OF BREAST!

GERROFF, HALF PINT! AS I WAS SAYING, SIRE, I HAVE POWERS TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE.....

SO THAT'S WHY THEY PASS THE PORT TO THE LEFT!

'TIS THE PRESENT I WOULD FEIGN SEE INTO!

THAT'S MY WISHBONE!

SIGN THAT CHARTER AND YOU CONDEMN MANKIND TO THE TYRRANY OF PETTY AMBITIONS AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE COMMONEST OF MEN!

I SAY! I SAY! I SAY! AND THEY DON'T COME ANY COMMONER THAN ME!

YOUR MISERABLE LITTLE PEASANTS WILL WIND UP RULING THE WORLD!

AND WILL YOU BE MY QUEEN? I SAY! I SAY! I SAY!

FREE MY HAND-MAIDEN AND I SHALL BARE ENGLAND'S ENTIRE FUTURE TO YOU, SIRE!

TURNETH ME ABOUT, SORCERESS, AND YE FUTURE CAN TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!

HO-HO-HO! THAT'S THE BEST COMEDY ROUTINE I'VE SEEN IN YEARS!

I'M HIS AGENT, MAJESTY! PUTTEST THY MONNIKER ON THIS ROYAL CONTRACT — AND HE'S THINE FOR YE SEASON!

YOU'VE JUST SET MANKIND BACK A THOUSAND YEARS — CLOWN!

SPLAT!

I AM FED UP WITH THIS ROTTEN STRIP!

I HAVE BEEN STUCK IN THIS LOUSY DUNGEON FOR TWO INSTALMENTS!

WELL I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

I AM ABOUT TO GIVE MY ALL FOR KING AND COUNTRY!

I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE —FAST!

JAILOR!

AND SO, ACROSS TIME AND SPACE TO THE SCHLOSS...

RED ALERT

OH MYGAWD!

NO! NO!

HOMER! HURRY! IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN— THE MOSTRESS HAS SUFFERED A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

OOH, I LOVE THIS SCENE— SNIFF! IT'S SO ROMANTIC!

THAT'S MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR THIS DUMPLING!

OF ALL THE GIN JOINTS IN ALL THE TOWNS IN THE WORLD— SHE WALKS INTO MINE!

THE EMERGENCY RETURN MECHANISM OF THE TIME MACHINE IS ACTIVATED, BRINGING OUR HEROINES HURTLING THROUGH THE CENTURIES!

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING— BRINGING US BACK LIKE THAT?

BUT, MOSTRESS — THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL! YOU WERE SUFFERING A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

YIKE! 700 YEARS IN SEVEN SECONDS! HAVE I GOT A JET LAG!

I WAS WHAT?

OH! I SEE....

PUSSCAKE! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!

OKAY! SO I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO ALTER THE COURSE OF HISTORY—BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY THAT I CAN USE THAT DAMNED MACHINE TO MY ADVANTAGE!

I DON'T CARE! I DON'T CARE! I THINK YOUR TIME MACHINE IS A ROTTEN GAME!

IS THERE ANYONE OUT THERE READING THIS STRIP? WELL, IS THERE? IS THERE ANY WAY THAT WANDA CAN USE THE TIME MACHINE TO HER ADVANTAGE? IF WE DON'T COME UP WITH SOMETHING SOON — WE'LL BE OUT OF A JOB!

COMING IN MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The teenage wasteland

Michael Parkinson

Thoroughbreds

The Ockerisation of a Generation — There is a new mood among the teens and sub-teens who congregate at rock concerts and outdoor functions such as the Sydney Opera House New Year party. It is to get wildly, blindly boozed, and it leads to a new national ugliness. The Australian editor of *Billboard* magazine, Glenn A. Baker, has watched our teenagers adopt "C'mon Aussie, C'mon" as the drinking song of a generation and quotes concert promoters such as Michael Chugg, as saying: "There is a definite under age drinking problem: I've seen 1000 under-age kids at a pub gig, very much into an alcohol trip." Baker explores the teenage wasteland for this disturbing report.

The Russians aren't coming — Malcolm Fraser has thrown himself bodily into the front line of America's diplomatic shock troops, pledging to go from A to Zee with Jimmy C. But Fraser's anti-Russian stance is based on all the wrong premises, including an inability to recognise that the Russians are the diplomatic dunces of the world. Robert Duffield, noted Australian foreign affairs commentator, backgrounds the opening to the Second Cold War and concludes that Fraser has failed to understand the *realpolitik* of the situation.

Parkinson on Parkinson — Michael Parkinson has returned to Australia for another season of his chat show on the ABC. Parkinson showed last year his ability to draw out of his guests revealing and hitherto unknown aspects of their life or character. Christopher Greenwood turns the tables on Parkinson in a *Penthouse* Interview which probe's the TV interviewer's *modus operandi,* his views on the power of TV to influence people's thinking, and the manner in which he has climbed to the top of his profession.

Merging Australia's Airlines — Veteran aviation writer Stanley Brogden says there is only one solution to the archaic two-airlines policy — a merger. This should not only encompass Ansett and TAA, but Qantas as well. Public cries for lower fares and more competitive timetables are just not on unless there is a merger, and even then the public will have to trade the frills for efficiency. Brogden's advice to Rupert Murdoch, new head of Ansett is to sell out while he still has time.

Breeding bullion — Like gold, the value of horseflesh is skyrocketing in the horse sale rings of the world. Purchases worth hundreds of thousands of dollars are being made with easy nonchalance and the full knowledge that even if some horses never race they will return their investment many times over by performing in mating rituals as bizarre as a Z-grade movie. Richard Sleeman reports on the burgeoning thoroughbred industry in this *Australian Penthouse* exclusive.

And there is more — Top fashion with a warming winter glow; super pictorials of Australian Pets; the wowser backlash; sexual norms, why big is better in the TV industry, and of course, the *Penthouse* Forum and wonderfully Wicked Wanda.

What a way to G.O.

Continued from page 150

married as GOs, stayed with the Club and now have children who are also GOs.

They're the exception. Most stay for a few years — moving to a different club every six months.

Still others make a career with the Club's organisation. With Youngman was Francois Camus of the foreign marketing department of Paris headquarters, who was out here looking at the Australian operation. He joined the Club as a GO 10 years ago and moved through Morocco, the French West Indies, the Ivory Coast and Israel before taking an office job.

Youngman said the GO's life was designed to be free of problems: "When you have no problems of your own you can help with other people's problems.

"In a hotel there is a distinct master-servant relationship: 'you are here to serve me'. We go out of our way to see that this relationship doesn't exist.

"The GO is equal to the guest. It's just that he's a working member, not a paying one. Everything possible is looked after. You have no problems . . . well, no personal problems apart from your love life."

Toujours l'amour for the GO? "For many it tends to be a bonus. A lot of them are among the best looking men around. And you can expect them to be the best at looking over the girls. And for the girls, getting to know a GO can add zest to a holiday. "We do have a certain reputation. Our brochures have good-looking, suntanned people. You tend to see hedonism. But the members tend to be middle-class or upper middle-class and there are plenty of families. They're not interested in a wild orgy."

Whatever the image, as Youngman summed up: "Everyone finds what he wants at Club Med."

Don't bother checking next Saturday's positions vacant ads: "We have people ringing or writing all the time," said the Club's public relations manager, Marie Jones. Funny about that! ○+□

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